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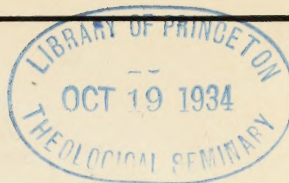








TENTH THOUSAND.



# THE HYMNARY

A BOOK OF CHURCH SONG

William Cooke & Benjamin Webb  
ed.



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# PREFACE.

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THE Editors of the Hymnary believe that no collection of Hymns can be considered perfect or final, or worthy of exclusive adoption by the Church, so long as devout men continue to pour out in humble worship fresh gifts of song and music before the feet of the Incarnate Lord. They have attempted, in the present compilation, to supply some practical wants in all existing Hymn-Books, which have been felt by themselves, and by many others who have communicated with them. Their work is the result of more than twenty years of hymnological study; one of them having been the compiler of one Hymnal, and joint-editor of another, which attained no mean circulation; the other, one of the original editors of the "Hymnal Noted."

The special features of the Hymnary are as follows. More than ninety hymns are provided for the Days of the Week; of which seventeen, on the Cross and Passion, have been assigned to Friday, in order to obviate the necessity of divorcing from Passion-tide the hymns more especially suited to that season. A larger variety of hymns than usual is appropriated to each of the Church's Seasons, especially to Epiphany, Septuagesima, Passion-tide, Ascension-tide, and Whitsun-tide. The hymns for Septuagesima, in accord with the key-note of the ancient offices, embody the proper character of that season, as representing man's present state of exile, trial, and labour, in contrast to the hoped-for return, and victory, and rest, in the joy of God's Presence in the heavenly country. Each Festival of the Apostles and Evangelists, as well as the Festivals of the Purification and Annunciation, has its proper hymn or hymns. The translations from the Sarum and other Sequences are, with a few exceptions, entirely new. These are valuable at the present time as embodying in exact theological language the several aspects of the cardinal truth of the Incarnation.

With these remarks the Editors leave the Hymnary to speak for itself, conscious that it falls short of the ideal they had proposed to themselves; and praying that God will over-rule their effort to His glory and praise, for Jesus Christ's sake.

WILLIAM COOKE, M.A., *Hon. Canon of Chester.*

BENJAMIN WEBB, M.A., *Vicar of S. Andrew's, Wells Street.*

[A few alterations and omissions have been made since the publication of the First Edition of the Hymnary. The Editors have also added a few hymns at the request of many correspondents.—August, 1872.]

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## PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION WITH MUSIC.

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IN considering the state of Church music at the present time, the efforts that have been made for its advancement and improvement, and the degree of success which those efforts have achieved, we find it necessary to recognise certain fixed principles. Many writers on the subject seem to have started with somewhat vague ideas as to the scope and purpose of this part of our religious service; and the question has often arisen, whether up to the present time any real and tangible advantage has resulted from the earnest efforts of the clergy to improve the musical portion of the Church Service; and in how far our Church music, as it stands at present, may be considered as constituting a dignified and worthy sacrifice of praise and prayer.

In the first place the great and essential point of difference between ordinary music, both sacred and secular, and that which is specially intended for the service of the Church, should be distinctly realised. The office of ordinary music is to provide a high intellectual enjoyment. Church music is distinctly an offering dedicated to God. In the music produced by man for his own delectation, or that of his fellow-man, the object may, generally speaking, be considered as attained, when the evident enjoyment of the discriminating musician gives token of success; but in the music that is to be used in God's house, in the solemn act of worship, a far higher criterion is required. Church music must have also the elements of solemnity; it must be redolent of the incense of worship and adoration.

It has sometimes been argued, that, because a congregation sings a certain tune with the zealous unanimity of evident enjoyment, the tune must be good. Such an argument might be admitted, if the personal enjoyment produced by singing, were the end and aim of Church music. But it entirely falls to the ground, if we proceed on the principle that the singing of every hymn is an act of worship. For in every act of worship

solemnity is indispensable, if the services of the Church are to be conducted "decently and in order." There is, consequently, no excuse for those who continue to use in God's house a class of music, which from its want of refinement, and even of ordinary musicianly qualities, would be scarcely admitted into any drawing-room.

The true test of a hymn tune is, that it shall equally satisfy the worshipper, whether musician or amateur. It should be capable of embodying the purest thoughts and noblest aspirations of both religion and art. But if, after a fair trial, it fail, through its too great severity, to stimulate the best feelings of the amateur, or if it offend the susceptibilities of the musician, by an excess of laxity, it is surely unfit for its high purpose. The professional musician should at the same time remember, that in a hymn tune a certain element of simplicity should hardly ever be wanting.

The efforts of the clergy towards improving the music in our churches have been most praiseworthy; but it can hardly be asserted that the means employed have in all cases been judicious. In instances where the clergy took the matter into their own hands, the crude suggestions of amateur friends, frequently contradictory and vague, were hardly likely to aid in a matter requiring technical knowledge and great experience. It was not to be wondered at, therefore, that the clergy soon split into two parties. The one adopted an ancient and severe style of music, almost devoid of interest, save that which is known as antiquarian. Against this tendency it is necessary to say but little. The evil will remedy itself. It would be as natural to expect members of the English Church to pray in a language which they do not understand, as to suppose they would long continue to offer their sacrifice of praise through the medium of a style of music the idiom of which has long since died. The other party went perhaps as far as possible, certainly further than was prudent, in the opposite direction. They introduced a series of melodies heretofore associated with profane subjects, and pleased with the fact that congregations eagerly caught up these secular airs, and adopted them with great readiness, they lost sight of the grave fact that an offering was being made of things which were at least second-hand.

Precisely as the Church authorities divided and went to extremes upon the choice of music for the Church, so they divided upon the manner of its performance. Whilst the one party raced, the opposite faction drawled. It is difficult to avoid sympathising with the latter, rather than with the former, on this subject. Nothing could well be imagined more indecorous than the pace at which hymn music is taken in very many churches.

Not alone may it be said that the music is utterly ruined by it—that the sanctuary is profaned—that the sacred words to which these strains are sung degenerate into a mockery: these evils are as nothing compared with the fact that those hurried strains are supposed to represent a sacrifice of praise, humbly offered at the foot of the throne of grace. It would be a mitigating circumstance, if this high rate of speed were confined to hymn tunes of a jubilant character: but even this is not the case. Tunes of a dignified, as well as those of a penitential cast, suffer the same treatment. To the defenders of such things, the metronome marks placed at the commencement of each tune in this book would seem to indicate a tempo suggestive of sleep. But let these marks be tested by the pace usually adopted in the chorales in the oratorios of Bach, Handel, and Mendelssohn, and it will at once be proved what is the appropriate speed at which a hymn tune should be taken.

On the subject of the best method to be adopted in bringing out the spirit and feeling of this class of music, little can here be said that would be of much use. Everything depends upon the Director of the Choir. When a competent musician is found, he should be proportionately valued—for such are rare.

Upon these general principles this book has been compiled. It is hoped there is not one composition in this large collection, which falls below the musician's test; whilst it is confidently believed, that, should the amateur give each tune a fair trial, he will find few that do not appeal to his higher and better feelings. As to the appearance of the tunes, it will be seen that the plan adopted in the Editor's own collection of "Original Tunes to Popular Hymns," has been followed, in substituting the modern for the ancient style of notation, and discarding the use of intermediate double bars, still maintaining that whilst "common sense first suggested the reform, experience has always tended to its justification."

The Editor has now to express his acknowledgments to:—

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Further, the Editor's acknowledgments are due to those professional and amateur musicians who have contributed to this work, and whose names will be found at the head of their respective compositions.

Should any copyright have been infringed, or any acknowledgment omitted, he begs to tender his heartiest apologies, further promising that on such being pointed out, they shall be rectified or added in future editions.

It is finally hoped that this book, which has cost some years of earnest labour, may prove not wholly unworthy of the high purpose it is intended to fulfil.

J. BARNBY.

# CONTENTS.

---

	Hymns.
Hymns for the Week . . . . .	1—50
Morning . . . . .	51—63
The Third Hour, &c. . . . .	64—69
Evening . . . . .	70—91
Midnight . . . . .	92—93
Advent . . . . .	94—125
Christmas . . . . .	126—146
S. Stephen's Day . . . . .	147—149
S. John Evangelist's Day . . . . .	150—152
The Innocents' Day . . . . .	153—155
New Year's Eve . . . . .	156—157
The Circumcision . . . . .	158—165
The Epiphany . . . . .	166—187
The Week before Septuagesima . . . . .	188—189
Septuagesima . . . . .	190—207
Lent . . . . .	208—228
Passion-tide . . . . .	229—261
Easter . . . . .	262—296
Rogation Days . . . . .	297—300
Vigil of the Ascension . . . . .	301
Ascension . . . . .	302—317
Vigil of Whitsun-Day . . . . .	318—320
Whitsun-tide . . . . .	321—333
Trinity Sunday . . . . .	334—340
S. Andrew . . . . .	341
S. Thomas . . . . .	342
Conversion of S. Paul . . . . .	343—344
Purification of S. Mary the Virgin . . . . .	345—349
S. Matthias . . . . .	350
Annunciation of Blessed Virgin Mary . . . . .	351—356
S. Mark . . . . .	357
S. Philip and S. James . . . . .	358
S. Barnabas . . . . .	359—360
S. John Baptist . . . . .	361—363
S. Peter . . . . .	364—365
S. James . . . . .	366
The Transfiguration . . . . .	367—369
S. Bartholomew . . . . .	370
S. Matthew . . . . .	371
S. Michael and All Angels . . . . .	372—377
S. Luke . . . . .	378

	Hymns.
S. Simon and S. Jude . . . . .	379
All Saints . . . . .	380—387
Apostles . . . . .	388—392
Evangelists . . . . .	393—396
Martyrs, &c. . . . .	397—417
Ember Days . . . . .	418—423
Laying the Foundation Stone of a Church . . . . .	424
Consecration of a Church . . . . .	425
Feast of the Dedication of a Church . . . . .	426—430
Holy Communion . . . . .	431—444
Occasional Prayers—	
For Rain . . . . .	445
For Fair Weather . . . . .	446
In the Time of Famine . . . . .	447
For Peace . . . . .	448, 449
In the Time of Pestilence . . . . .	450
For Hospitals . . . . .	451
In the Time of Cattle Plague . . . . .	452
In any Time of Trouble . . . . .	453
For Travellers by land . . . . .	454
For Travellers by water . . . . .	455
For a Prisoner condemned to death . . . . .	456
Thanksgivings—	
General . . . . .	457—460
For Rain . . . . .	461
For Fair Weather . . . . .	462
For Plenty . . . . .	463—468
In a Bad Harvest . . . . .	469—471
For Peace . . . . .	472
For Deliverance from common sickness . . . . .	473
Processional . . . . .	474—479
Holy Baptism . . . . .	480—485
For Children . . . . .	486—496
School Festival . . . . .	497—499
Confirmation . . . . .	500—503
Holy Matrimony . . . . .	504
Burial of the Dead . . . . .	505—509
To be used at Sea . . . . .	510—515
At the burial of their dead . . . . .	516—517
Missions . . . . .	518—521
Alms-Giving . . . . .	522—525
General . . . . .	526—635
Special . . . . .	636—640
For Private Use . . . . .	641—646



# INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

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HYMN.	No.
A few more years shall roll ...	641
A great and mighty wonder ...	143
A hymn of glory let us sing ...	303
Abide with me ...	74
Again the daylight fills the sky ...	52*
Again the Holy Morn ...	7
Again the Lord of life and light ...	12
All blessing to the Blessèd Three ...	336*
All creation groans and travails ...	452
All glory, laud, and honour ...	252*
All hail, Adored Trinity ...	334
All hail, Redeemer of mankind ...	434
All hail the power ...	530
All hail, ye infant martyr-flowers...	153*
All people that on earth ...	531
All praise and thanks to God ...	457
All praise to God ...	67
All praise to Him Who built ...	201
All praise to Him Who dwells ...	75
All praise to Thee, my God ...	76
All praise to Thee, O Lord ...	155
All praise to Thee, O Lord ...	183
All ye who seek for sure relief ...	596
Alleluia ! Alleluia ! hearts and voices	288
Alleluia, alleluia. The crown ...	281
Alleluia let the nations ...	271*
Alleluia, song of sweetness ...	188*
Almighty Father, hear our cry ...	510
Almighty Father, heaven and earth ...	522
Almighty God, Thy throne ...	68
Amen, the deed in faith is done ...	483
An exile for the faith ...	151
And wilt Thou hear, O Lord...	216
Angel-voices ever singing ...	532
Angels of peace, look down ...	32
Approach, all ye faithful ...	129*
Are thy toils and woes ...	38
Art thou weary...	597
As now the sun's declining rays ...	69
As the sun doth daily rise ...	54
As with gladness men of old...	178
Assessor to thy King ...	370
At even ere the sun was set ...	77
At length six days their course ...	49
At length the longed-for joy ...	304
At the Lamb's high feast ...	278
Awake my soul ...	56
Awful thought of endless doom ...	316

Be present, Holy Father ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	17*
Be present, Holy Trinity ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	337*
Before the ending of the day ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	70*
Behold an Israelite indeed ... ..	<i>Bishop A. C. Coxe</i> ... ..	631
Behold Christ's heralds ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	393
Behold He comes, thy King ... ..	<i>Benjamin Webb</i> ... ..	112
Behold, the Bridegroom cometh ... ..	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i> ... ..	93
Behold the Lamb of God ... ..	<i>M. Bridges</i> ... ..	548
Behold, the radiant sun on high ... ..	<i>J. D. Chambers</i> ... ..	66
Behold, the tomb its prey ... ..	<i>Isaac Watts</i> ... ..	19
Beneath a mighty arm ... ..	<i>I. Williams</i> ... ..	279
Beth'l'hem, not the least of cities... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	166
Bishop of the souls of men ... ..	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i> ... ..	350
Blessed City, heavenly Salem ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	428*
Blessèd feasts of blessèd Martyrs ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	400
Blessed souls in heaven rejoice ... ..	<i>H. M. C.</i> ... ..	380
Blessing, honour, thanks ... ..	<i>J. Wesley</i> ... ..	508
Blest are the pure in heart ... ..	<i>J. Keble</i> ... ..	598
Blest Maker of the light ... ..	{ <i>Based on W. J. Blew and</i> <i>J. D. Chambers</i> ... }	15*
Blest morning ... ..	<i>Isaac Watts</i> ... ..	13
Break forth, O earth, in praises ... ..	<i>Sir E. Denny</i> ... ..	533
Brief life is here our portion ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	199
Bright glows the morn ... ..	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ... ..	269*
Brightly gleams our banner ... ..	<i>T. J. Potter</i> ... ..	474
Brightness of the Father's glory ... ..	<i>Based on W. J. C.</i> ... ..	21*
By precepts taught in ages past ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	212
By the Angel's word of love ... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ... ..	495
By the Blood that flowed from Thee } (part ii.) ... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ... ..	495
By the Cross sad vigil keeping ... ..	<i>Bishop Mant</i> ... ..	242
By the first bright Easter day (part iii.)	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ... ..	495
Cease, ye tearful mourners ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	506
Children of God, rejoice... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	282*
Christ before thy door is waiting ... ..	<i>J. Keble</i> ... ..	360
Christ had regained the sky ... ..	<i>E. A. Dayman</i> ... ..	325
Christ has come ... ..	<i>E. A. Dayman</i> ... ..	140*
Christ, in highest heaven ... ..	... ..	375
Christ is born ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	142
Christ is gone up ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	419
Christ is made the sure foundation ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	426*
Christ That ever reigneth ... ..	<i>E. A. Dayman</i> ... ..	99*
Christ, the Life of all the living ... ..	<i>C. Winkworth</i> ... ..	41
Christ the Lord is risen again ... ..	<i>C. Winkworth</i> ... ..	289
Christ the Lord is risen to-day ... ..	<i>C. Wesley</i> ... ..	266
Christ, Whose glory ... ..	<i>C. Wesley</i> ... ..	58
Christ's Church in heaven is glad ... ..	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ... ..	403*
Christian, dost thou see them ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	599
Christian, seek not yet repose ... ..	<i>Charlotte Elliott</i> ... ..	202
Christians, awake ... ..	<i>J. Byrom</i> ... ..	130
Come, ever-blessèd Spirit, come ... ..	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i> ... ..	500
Come, gracious Spirit ... ..	<i>Simon Brown</i> ... ..	549
Come, Holy Ghost ... ..	<i>John Cosin</i> ... ..	328
Come, Holy Ghost, with God ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	64*
Come, let us all with one accord ... ..	<i>H. M. C.</i> ... ..	8
Come let us sit and weep ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	241
Come, my soul ... ..	... ..	59

Come, O Creator Spirit blest	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	326
Come, O Holy Ghost, within us	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	322*
Come, O Spirit, from on high	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	320*
Come, pure hearts	...	<i>S. Ninian's Hymns</i> ...	396
Come, Thou Holy Paraclete	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	323*
Come Thou, O come	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i> ..	550
Come, Thou Who dost the soul	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	329
Come, ye faithful choirs	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	347*
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem	...	<i>John Hupton and J. M. Neale</i>	534
Come, ye faithful, raise the strain	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	285
Come, ye nations, thankful own	...	<i>Altered from Hymnal Noted</i>	144*
Come, ye thankful people, come	...	<i>Dean Alford</i> ...	463
Comforter, possess and cheer us (part iii.)	...	<i>C. S. Calverley</i> ...	324
Creator of the earth, to Thee	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	195
Creator of the rolling flood	...	<i>Bishop Heber</i> ...	365
Creator of the starry height	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	102*
Creator of the world, do Thou	...	<i>I. Williams...</i> ...	191
Crown Him with many crowns	...	<i>M. Bridges</i> ...	535
Darkly frowns the evening sky	...	<i>G. Phillimore</i> ...	257
Daughter of Sion	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	233
Day all jubilant, all splendid	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	324*
Day of death	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	106
Day of wrath, O dreadful day	...	<i>Dean Stanley</i> ...	107
Day of wrath	...	{ <i>F. W. Faber altered, and W. J. Irons</i> ... }	505
Days and moments	...	<i>E. Caswall...</i> ...	551
Deep down beneath	...	<i>H. Bonar</i> ...	517
Deep sorrow on the apostles...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	263*
Dost Thou in a manger lie	...	<i>E. Charles</i> ...	141
Draw near, thou lowly Christian	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i> ...	636
Draw nigh and take the Body	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	444
Draw nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	103*
Dread Trinity in Unity	...	<i>W. J. C.</i> ...	29
Earthly pilgrim, joyful see (part iii.)	...	<i>F. Trappes</i> ...	638
Eternal Beam of Light Divine	...	<i>J. Wesley</i> ...	552
Eternal Father, strong to save	...	<i>W. Whiting</i> ...	455
Every morning mercies new	...	<i>G. Phillimore</i> ...	57
Fair waved the golden corn	...	<i>J. H. Gurney</i> ...	486
Far be sorrow, tears, and sighing...	...	<i>B. H. Kennedy</i> ...	275
Far from our heavenly home	...	<i>H. F. Lyte</i> ...	203
Far from their home	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	351
Father, blessing every seed-time	...	<i>Judith Madan</i> ...	297
Father, by Thy love and power	...	<i>Joseph Anstice</i> ...	78
Father, here we dedicate	...	<i>L. Tuttielt</i> ...	164
Father of love	...	<i>W. J. Irons</i> ...	204
Fierce raged the storm of wind	...	<i>H. W. Beadon</i> ...	184
Fierce was the wild billow	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	553
First of Martyrs	...	<i>I. Williams...</i> ...	147
For aye shall mortals bless	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	317*
For the beauty of the earth	...	<i>J. Pierpoint</i> ...	487
For thee, O dear, dear country	...	<i>J. M. Neale...</i> ...	600
For Thy mercy and Thy grace	...	<i>H. Downton</i> ...	157
Forth in Thy name, O Lord	...	<i>C. Wesley</i> ...	60
Forty days and forty nights	...	<i>G. H. Smyttan</i> ...	219
Forward! be our watchword	...	<i>Dean Alford</i> ...	475
Framer of the earth and sky...	...	<i>S. Ninian's Hymns</i> ...	51



From Greenland's icy mountains...	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	...	518
From lands that see the sun ...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	126
From Sinai's trembling peak... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	395
Gentle Shepherd ... ..	<i>C. Winkworth</i>	...	509
Glad sight! The Holy Church ...	<i>F. Pott</i>	...	481
Gladdening Light ... ..	<i>William Cooke</i>	...	71*
Glory be to Jesus ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	246
Glory of the highest heaven ...	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	...	30
Glory to the glorious One ...	<i>H. Bonar</i>	...	18
Glorious things of thee ... ..	<i>J. Newton</i>	...	601
Go to dark Gethsemane... ..	<i>J. Montgomery</i>	...	43
God, Creator and Preserver ...	<i>J. Ellerton</i>	...	470
God from on high hath heard ...	<i>J. R. Woodford</i>	...	138
God is much to be admired ...	<i>C. B. Pearson</i>	...	402
God of grace, O let Thy light ...	<i>E. Churton</i>	...	519
God, of life and light ... ..	<i>F. Oakeley</i>	...	340
God of mercy, God of grace ...	<i>H. F. Lyte</i>	...	181
God, That madest earth ... ..	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	...	79
God the Father, Whose creation...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	464
God the Lord hath heard ... ..	<i>H. H. Wyatt</i>	...	458
Gracious Saviour ... ..	<i>E. H. Bickersteth</i>	...	488
Gracious Spirit, Holy Ghost ...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	554
Granted is the Saviour's prayer ...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	331
Great City of our God (part ii.) ...	<i>R. C. Singleton</i>	...	478
Great Giver of all good ... ..	<i>S. Childs Clarke</i>	...	479
Guide Thou, O God... ..	<i>G. Phillimore</i>	...	420
Guide us, Thou Whose Name ...	<i>Wm. Williams</i>	...	555
Hail blessèd morn ... ..	<i>A. C. C.</i>	...	352
Hail, Blest Redeemer ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	136*
Hail, harbinger of morn ... ..	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i>	...	361*
Hail, O Thou of grace divine ...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	556
Hail the day that sees Him rise ...	<i>C. Wesley</i>	...	311
Hail, Thou Eternal Priest... ..	<i>From J. Wesley</i>	...	435
Hail, Thou Head ... ..	<i>E. Charles</i>	...	244
Hail, Thou King of saints ... ..	<i>H. Kynaston</i>	...	34
Hail to the Lord's Anointed ...	<i>J. Montgomery</i>	...	179
Hark! the Baptist's voice ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	95
Hark! hark, my soul ... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	602
Hark, the glad sound ... ..	<i>P. Doddridge</i>	...	113
Hark, the heaven's sweet ... ..	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	134*
Hark! the herald-angels sing ...	<i>C. Wesley</i>	...	145
Hark, the hosts of heaven ... ..	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	132*
Hark! the sound of holy voices ...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	411
Have mercy, Lord, on me ... ..	<i>Tate and Brady</i>	...	220
Have mercy on us ... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	557
He comes! He comes! ... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	330
He is coming, He is coming ...	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	...	114
He is risen, He is risen ... ..	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	...	290
He sleeps, and from His open Side	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	40
He, Who once in righteous ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	235
Heal me, O my Saviour, heal ...	<i>Godfrey Thring</i>	...	558
Hear our prayer ... ..	<i>Harriet Parr</i>	...	80
Heaven with alleluias ringing ...	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	401
Here in Thy presence dread... ..	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	503
Holy Ghost, Illuminator ... ..	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	314
Holy, Holy, Holy! ... ..	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	...	536
Holy Trinity, before Thee ... ..	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	450

Honour and glory ...	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i> ...	101*
Hosanna to the living Lord ...	...	<i>Bishop Heber</i> ...	537
How blest were they ...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	196
How bright those glorious ...	...	<i>W. Cameron</i> ...	407
How sweet the Name of Jesus ...	...	<i>John Newton</i> ...	603
I heard the voice of Jesus say ...	...	<i>H. Bonar</i> ...	642
I need Thee, precious Jesus ...	...	<i>F. Whitfield</i> ...	643
If there be that skills to reckon ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	384*
If thou wouldest life attain ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	604
In exile here we wander ...	...	<i>A. C. C.</i> ...	205
In His Mother's pure embrace ...	...	<i>Based on W. J. C.</i> ...	346
In stature grows ...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	169
In sweet consent ...	...	<i>Adapted from Hymnal Noted</i> ...	189*
In the far celestial land ...	...	<i>H. M. C.</i> ...	605
In the hollow of Thy Hand ...	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i> ...	446
In the hour of trial ...	...	<i>J. Montgomery</i> ...	644
In the Lord's atoning grief ...	...	<i>F. Oakeley</i> ...	236
In Thy glorious Resurrection ...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i> ...	291
In token that thou shalt not fear... ..	...	<i>Dean Alford</i> ...	482
It is the midnight hour ...	...	<i>Based upon E. Charles</i> ...	92
Jerusalem, my happy home ...	...	...	606
Jerusalem on high ...	...	<i>Samuel Crossman</i> ...	607
Jerusalem the glorious (part iii.) ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	600
Jerusalem the golden (part ii.) ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	600
Jerusalem the heavenly ...	...	<i>I. Williams</i> ...	381
Jesu, all hail, Who for our sin ...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ...	256
Jesu, by Thy supreme command ...	...	<i>From J. Wesley</i> ...	437
Jesu, Creator of the world ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	559
Jesu, good beyond comparing ...	...	<i>H. Kynaston</i> ...	245
Jesu, let Thy sufferings ease us ...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i> ...	44
Jesu, Lord of life and glory ...	...	<i>J. Cummins</i> ...	561
Jesu, Lord, Thy praise we sing ...	...	<i>S. Ninian's Collection</i> ...	149
Jesu, Lover of my soul ...	...	<i>C. Wesley</i> ...	562
Jesu, meek and gentle ...	...	<i>G. R. Prynn</i> ...	490
Jesu, most loving God ...	...	<i>I. Williams</i> ...	427
Jesu, my Lord, my God ...	...	<i>H. Collins</i> ...	563
Jesu, Name all names above ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	215
Jesu, now Thy new-made soldier ...	...	<i>J. W. Hewett</i> ...	484
Jesu, Redeemer of the world ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	127
Jesu, solace of the soul ...	...	<i>H. Kynaston</i> ...	35
Jesu, the Author of our Life ...	...	<i>J. Keble</i> ...	260
Jesu, the world's Redeemer, hear ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	412*
Jesu, the world's Redeeming Lord ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	280*
Jesu!—The very thought ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	170*
Jesu;—The very thought ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	172*
Jesu, the very thought of Thee ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	560
Jesu, we praise Thee ...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i> ...	357
Jesu, with fast for sinful man ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	210*
Jesu, Word of God Incarnate ...	...	<i>William Cooke</i> ...	148*
Jesus Christ is risen to-day ...	...	...	292
Jesus Christ our Saviour ...	...	<i>W. Whiting</i> ...	489
Jesus in helpless infancy ...	...	<i>I. Williams</i> ...	345
Jesus lives! no longer now ...	...	<i>F. E. Cox</i> ...	293
Jesus, Lord of Life Eternal ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	310
Jesus shall reign ...	...	<i>Isaac Watts</i> ...	608
Jesus, transporting sound ...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i> ...	564
Joy dawned again on Easter Day...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	264*

King of Saints, O Lord	...	...	<i>The Editors...</i>	...	341
Lamb of God for sinners slain	...	...	<i>J. R. Woodford...</i>	...	491
Last of creation's days	...	...	<i>T. Whytehead</i>	...	39
Lead, kindly Light	...	...	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	...	565
Let all on earth with songs	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	391
Let all the world	...	...	<i>G. Herbert</i>	...	538
Let every heart exulting beat	...	...	<i>J. D. Chambers</i>	...	528
Let our choir new anthems	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	406
Let the whole world chant	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	268*
Lift up the Advent strain	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	97
Light's abode, Celestial Salem	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	609*
Lo! from the desert homes	...	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	363
Lo, He comes with clouds	...	...	...	...	115
Lo, night and clouds	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	25
Lo, now is our accepted day	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	213*
Lo, round the Throne	...	...	<i>M. L. Duncan</i>	...	408
Lo, sea and land their gifts	...	...	<i>R. C. Singleton</i>	...	371
Lo! summer comes again	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	466
Lo, the Bread which angels feedeth (pt. ii.)	...	...	<i>A Cento</i>	...	637
Lo, the day of Christ's appearing	...	...	<i>E. Charles</i>	...	108
Lo, the Father hears our prayer	...	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i>	...	321*
Lo! the firmament doth bear	...	...	<i>T. Whytehead</i>	...	22
Lo, the golden sun is shining	...	...	<i>W. J. C.</i>	...	27
Lo, the pilgrim Magi	...	...	<i>J. D. Chambers</i>	...	168
Lo! the world from slumber	...	...	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	273
Lord, ever shew	...	...	<i>R. C. Singleton</i>	...	81
Lord God, we worship Thee	...	...	<i>C. Winkworth</i>	...	472
Lord, in these days	...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	221
Lord, in this Thy mercy's day	...	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	222
Lord, in Thy Name	...	...	<i>J. Keble</i>	...	298
Lord of all power, at Whose	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	28
Lord of our life	...	...	<i>Sarum Hymnal</i>	...	448
Lord of the harvest	...	...	<i>J. H. Gurney</i>	...	465
Lord of the hearts of men	...	...	<i>J. R. Woodford</i>	...	197
Lord, our strength	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	566
Lord, pour Thy Spirit	...	...	<i>J. Montgomery</i>	...	421
Lord, thrice Holy, God of might	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	335
Lord, Thy bitter Passion past	...	...	<i>W. J. Blew</i>	...	312
Lord, when we bend	...	...	<i>J. D. Carlyle</i>	...	223
Lord, while Thy chastening	...	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	192
Lord, while Thy courts we tread (pt. iii.)	...	...	<i>R. C. Singleton</i>	...	478
Lord, Whose good-will	...	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i>	...	447
Morn's roseate hues	...	...	<i>William Cooke</i>	...	267*
Most Holy God	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	26
My God, how wonderful	...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	567
My God, I love Thee	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	568
My God, my Father	...	...	<i>Charlotte Elliott</i>	...	569
My Shepherd is the living God	...	...	...	...	632
Near the tomb where Christ	...	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i>	...	294
Nearer, my God, to Thee	...	...	<i>Sarah Adams</i>	...	570
Nearer, O God, to Thee	...	...	<i>W. W. How</i>	...	571
New every morning is the love	...	...	<i>J. Keble</i>	...	61
Not by the Martyr's death alone	...	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	414
Not by Thy mighty Hand	...	...	<i>J. R. Woodford</i>	...	186
Now God be with us	...	...	<i>C. Winkworth</i>	...	633
Now, my soul, Thy voice	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	243



Now thank we all our God ...	...	<i>C. Winkworth</i> ...	...	459
Now the billows strong and dark...	...	<i>W. Whiting</i> ...	...	514
Now the sighs and the sorrows	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	...	353*
Now the thirty years ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	230
Now, when the dusky shades	...	... ..	...	53
O Blessèd Trinity ...	...	<i>Based on J. M. Neale</i> ...	...	299
O Blest Creator, God most high	...	<i>J. D. Chambers</i> ...	...	3
O Bounteous Framèr ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	24
O Christ, how potent ...	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	...	368*
O Christ, Thou art the Light ...	...	<i>W. J. C.</i> ...	...	214
O Christ, Thou Lord of all ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	...	392*
O Christ, Thy soldier's crown ...	...	<i>H. W. Beadon</i> ...	...	409
O Christ, Who dost our herald	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i> ...	...	318*
O come, all ye faithful ...	...	<i>F. Oakeley</i> ...	...	128
O come, and let us tell ...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ...	...	160*
O come and mourn with me ...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ...	...	247
O come and praise, with chant ...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ...	...	171*
O come, loud anthems let us sing	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ...	...	135*
O come, new anthems let us sing	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ...	...	133*
O day of joy ...	...	<i>William Cooke</i> ...	...	5*
O day of rest and gladness ...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i> ...	...	20
O Father, Who the traveller's ...	...	<i>W. Whiting</i> ...	...	454
O Father, Who this earth ...	...	<i>I. Williams</i> — ...	...	193
O Food, the pilgrim needeth ...	...	<i>P. Schaff</i> ...	...	412
O Fount of good ...	...	<i>P. Doddridge</i> ...	...	523
O Gift of gifts ...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ...	...	611
O God, and is Thy table spread	...	<i>P. Doddridge</i> ...	...	441
O God, before the sun's bright ...	...	<i>G. Phillimore</i> ...	...	62
O God of life ...	...	<i>A. T. Russell</i> ...	...	572
O God of mercy, God of love ...	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i> ...	...	445
O God of truth, Almighty Lord	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	...	65
O God, our help in ages past ...	...	<i>Isaac Watts</i> ...	...	573
O God the Christian ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	...	397*
O God the Lord ...	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i> ...	...	460
O God the Son Eternal ...	...	<i>Bishop Heber</i> ...	...	376
O God, what do I see and hear ...	...	<i>Dr. Collyer</i> ...	...	116
O God, Who lovest to abide ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	...	425
O God, unseen, yet ever near ...	...	<i>E. Osler</i> ...	...	440
O Guardian of the Church ...	...	<i>T. Chamberlain</i> ...	...	422
O happy band of pilgrims ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	...	612
O happy day ...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i> ...	...	158
O heavenly Father ...	...	<i>A. C. C.</i> ...	...	362
O Heavenly Wisdom ...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ...	...	119
O Holy Ghost ...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	574
O Holy Ghost, Who ever One	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	575
O Holy Ghost, Who with the Son	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	418
O Holy Lord, content to dwell ...	...	<i>W. W. How</i> ...	...	497
O Holy Spirit, God most High ...	...	<i>William Cooke</i> ...	...	327*
O Jesu Christ, if sin there be	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	224
O Jesu Christ, Incarnate Word	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	413
O Jesu, Crown of Virgins, Thou ...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ...	...	415*
O Jesu, crowned with all renown	...	<i>E. W. Benson</i> ...	...	300
O Jesu, God and Man ...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i> ...	...	492
O Jesu, joy of loving hearts ...	...	<i>Ray Palmer</i> ...	...	634
O Jesu, King most wonderful (part iii.)	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	560
O Jesu, Light of all below (part ii.)	...	<i>E. Caswall</i> ...	...	560
O Jesu, Lord gone up on high	...	<i>From J. Wesley</i> ...	...	438

O Jesu, O Redeemer	...	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie...</i>	...	378
O Jesu, our Belovèd King	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	206
O Jesu, our Redemption, Love	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	306
O Jesu, our salvation	...	...	<i>J. Hamilton</i>	...	225
O Jesu, Son of God, look down	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	576
O Jesu, Thou art standing	...	...	<i>W. W. How</i>	...	578
O Jesu, Thou the beauty art (part iv.)	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	560
O joyful rose this sacred morn	...	...	{ <i>Based on one of S. Ninian's</i>	...	354*
			<i>Hymns</i>	...	
O Just Judge, to Whom belongs (part iii.)	...	...	<i>Dean Stanley</i>	...	107
O Key of David, hailed by those	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	122
O Lamb of God	...	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i>	...	296
O Light Eternal	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	338
O Light in darkness	...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	580
O Lord, be with us when we sail	...	...	<i>Sarum Hymnal</i>	...	511
O Lord, how joyful 'tis to see	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	613
O Lord of health and life	...	...	<i>G. Phillimore</i>	...	185
O Lord of heaven and earth	...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	524
O Lord of hosts	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	424
O Lord our God	...	...	{ <i>Hymns from the Land of</i>	...	539
			<i>Luther</i>	...	
O Lord, refresh Thy flock	...	...	<i>J. Anstice</i>	...	581
O Lord, the heaven...	...	...	<i>W. Whiting</i>	...	82
O Lord, the rolling years fulfil	...	...	<i>Based on I. Williams</i>	...	104*
O Lord, Thy voice	...	...	<i>Adapted from I. Williams...</i>	...	344
O Lord, through instruments	...	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i>	...	389*
O Lord, turn not Thy face	...	...	<i>J. Mardley</i>	...	226
O Lord, within Thy sacred gate	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	540
O Lord, Who art enthroned	...	...	<i>Altered from J. Chandler</i>	...	190
O Love Divine	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	45
O Love, how deep	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	177*
O Love, Who formedst us	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	582
O Loving Maker of mankind...	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	211
O Master, it is good to be	...	...	<i>Dean Stanley</i>	...	369
O My people, O Mine own	...	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i>	...	255
O Paradise! O Paradise!	...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	617
O praise the Lord, the King	...	...	<i>Based on J. D. Chambers</i>	...	194*
O praise the Lord this day	...	...	...	...	356
O Root of Jesse	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	121
O Sacred Head now wounded	...	...	<i>J. W. Alexander</i>	...	579
O Saviour of the world forlorn	...	...	<i>W. J. C.</i>	...	139
O sing to the Lord	...	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i>	...	461
O Sion, open wide Thy gates...	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	348
O the joy, the exultation (part ii.)	...	...	<i>C. S. Calverley</i>	...	324*
O the Mystery, passing wonder	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	433
O Thou, Eternal King	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	302
O Thou, from Whom	...	...	<i>T. Harris</i>	...	583
O Thou, on Whom the nations	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	124
O Thou, the heaven's Eternal	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	265
O Thou, Who camest down	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	120
O Thou, Who didst with love	...	...	<i>Emma Toke</i>	...	342
O Thou, Who gav'st	...	...	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	...	152
O Thou, Who hangedst	...	...	<i>From J. Wesley...</i>	...	456
O Thou, Who in the light	...	...	<i>Altered from I. Williams</i>	...	16
O Thou, Who in the pains	...	...	<i>W. Cooke</i>	...	238*
O Thou Who makest souls	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	423
O Thou, Whose Name	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	125
O Trinity of blessed light	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	1*

O what their joy	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	...	4*
O Wisdom of the God of grace	...	...	<i>J. D. Chambers</i>	...	...	349
O wondrous love	...	...	<i>H. Kynaston</i>	...	...	33
O Word of God Incarnate	...	...	<i>W. W. How</i>	...	...	541
O world, behold upon the Tree	...	...	<i>C. Winkworth</i>	...	...	42
O worship the King...	...	...	<i>Sir R. Grant</i>	...	...	542
O Unity of Threefold Light	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	...	584
O Very God of Very God	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	...	123
O'erwhelmed in depths of woe	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	237
Of the Father sole-begotten	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	...	137*
Of the glorious Body telling	...	...	<i>A Cento</i>	...	...	431
Oft in sorrow, oft in woe	...	...	<i>H. Kirke White</i>	...	...	610
Oh ! who like Thee, so calm	...	...	<i>Bishop A. C. Coxé</i>	...	...	46
On Jordan's bank	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	...	96
On the fount of life eternal	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	614
Once, only once, and once for all	...	...	<i>W. Bright</i>	...	...	436
Onward, Christian Soldiers	...	...	<i>S. Baring Gould</i>	...	...	476
Open is the starry hall	...	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	...	416
Our blest Redeemer	...	...	<i>Harriet Auber</i>	...	...	615
Our God stands firm	...	...	<i>R. C. Singleton</i>	...	...	616
Pleasant are Thy courts above	...	...	<i>H. F. Lyte</i>	...	...	585
Ponder thou the Cross all holy	...	...	<i>E. H. Washburne</i>	...	...	37
Praise God, the Holy Trinity	...	...	<i>Benjamin Webb</i>	...	...	637
Praise, my soul, the King	...	...	<i>H. F. Lyte</i>	...	...	543
Praise, O praise our Heavenly	...	...	<i>H. Trend</i>	...	...	467
Praise, O Sion, thy salvation	...	...	<i>A Cento</i>	...	...	638
Praise the Lord through	...	...	<i>J. Montgomery</i>	...	...	545
Praise the Lord ! ye heavens	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	...	544
Praise the Rock of our Salvation	...	...	<i>Benjamin Webb</i>	...	...	430
Praise to Jesus, Lord and God	...	...	<i>William Ball</i>	...	...	496
Praise to our Lord and Saviour	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	...	272*
Praise to the Holiest in the height	...	...	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	...	...	635
Praise to Thee, O Lord	...	...	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	...	398
Princes of the Court on high	...	...	<i>Adapted from J. D. Chambers</i>	...	...	388
Purge out the leaven old of sin	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	...	270*
Raise, raise thine eyes	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	...	248
Rejoice, ye pure in heart	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	...	477
Ride on ! ride on in majesty !	...	...	<i>H. H. Milman</i>	...	...	253
Rock of ages, cleft for me	...	...	<i>A. M. Toplady</i>	...	...	586
Sabbath of the saints of old	...	...	<i>T. Whytehead</i>	...	...	50
Safe home, safe home in port	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	...	507
Saints of God	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	...	379
Saints, whom in heaven	...	...	...	...	...	385
Saviour, again to Thy dear Name	...	...	<i>J. Ellerton</i>	...	...	83
Saviour, Blessèd Saviour	...	...	<i>Godfrey Thring</i>	...	...	587
Saviour, sprinkle many nations	...	...	<i>Bishop A. C. Coxé</i>	...	...	520
Saviour, when in dust to Thee	...	...	<i>Sir R. Grant</i>	...	...	249
See from on high, the Source	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	240
See, where in shame	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	239
See the Conqueror mounts	...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	...	313
See the destined day arise	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	...	254
Shadows of good, the Law (part ii.)	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	...	270*
Sing alleluia forth	...	...	<i>J. Ellerton</i>	...	...	526
Sing, my tongue	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	229
Sing, O earth	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	...	308
Sing to the Lord a joyful song	...	...	<i>J. Monsell</i>	...	...	63

Sinners, turn, why will ye die	...	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	618
Slain for my soul	...	...	...	<i>H. Kynaston</i>	...	47
Sleep thy last sleep	...	...	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	639
So rest, our Rest	...	...	...	<i>W. Mercer</i>	...	259
So wrought He all (part ii.)	...	...	...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i>	...	272*
Soldiers of Christ, arise	...	...	...	<i>C. Wesley</i>	...	619
Soldiers who to Christ belong	...	...	...	<i>Adapted from I. Williams</i>	...	386
Son of Man	...	...	...	<i>H. Kynaston</i>	...	36
Son of Man, to Thee we cry	...	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	588
Soon the fiery sun ascending...	...	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	301
Sovereign of Heaven	...	...	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i>	...	319*
Spirit of Christ	...	...	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	443*
Spouse of Christ	...	...	...	<i>William Palmer</i>	...	383
Stars of the morning	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	377
Summer ended, harvest o'er	...	...	...	<i>G. Phillimore</i>	...	468
Sun of my soul	...	...	...	<i>J. Keble</i>	...	84
Supernal Word...	...	...	...	<i>J. H. Newman</i>	...	94
Sweet Saviour, bless us	...	...	...	<i>F. W. Faber</i>	...	85
Sweet the moments	...	...	...	<i>Walter Shirley</i>	...	250
Take up thy cross	...	...	...	...	...	48
That day of wrath	...	...	...	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	...	110
That fearful day	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	111
The Baptist's cry	...	...	...	<i>J. D. Chambers</i>	...	175
The bird, the harbinger of light	...	...	...	<i>Adapted from various sources</i>	...	23
The blessed Cross now shines	...	...	...	<i>E. Charles</i>	...	232
The brightening dawn	...	...	...	<i>W. H. Burleigh</i>	...	86
The bygone days	...	...	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	200*
The Church has waited long...	...	...	...	<i>H. Bonar</i>	...	207
The Church of God	...	...	...	<i>W. C. Dix</i>	...	286
The Church's one foundation	...	...	...	<i>J. Stone</i>	...	620
The Cross is on our brow	...	...	...	<i>W. C. Dix</i>	...	501
The darkness flies	...	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	209
The day is gently sinking	...	...	...	<i>Bishop Wordsworth</i>	...	87
The day is past and gone	...	...	...	<i>W. F. Blew</i>	...	88
The day is past and over	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	73
The day, O Lord, is spent	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	89
The Day of Resurrection	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	287
The deep of many a former sin	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	217
The eternal gifts of Christ our King,	}		...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	390*
The Apostles'			...		...	
The eternal gifts of Christ our King,	}		...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	399*
The Martyrs'			...		...	
The flaming sun has sunk	...	...	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	2
The foe behind	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	295*
The glittering morn bedecks	...	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	262*
The God, Whom earth and sea	...	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	355*
The Head that once was crowned with	}		...	<i>T. Kelly</i>	...	623
thorns			...		...	
The hymn for conquering	...	...	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	154
The Lamb's high banquet	...	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	277
The Law's weak elements	...	...	...	<i>Adapted by the Editors</i>	...	163
The life, which God's	...	...	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	150
The Lord comes forth	...	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	167
The Lord hath burst	...	...	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	358
The Lord is King	...	...	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	449
The Marriage Feast is ready	...	...	...	<i>Gerard Moultrie</i>	...	117
The mighty host on high	...	...	...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i>	...	372*



The night is closing o'er us	...	<i>W. J. Blew</i>	...	622
The ocean hath no danger	...	<i>Godfrey Thring</i>	...	512
The people that in darkness sat	...	<i>J. Morrison</i>	...	180
The radiant morn hath passed	...	<i>Godfrey Thring</i>	...	90
The roseate hues of early dawn	...	<i>C. F. Alexander</i>	...	621
The Royal banners forward go	...	<i>Altered from Hymnal</i>	<i>Noted</i>	231*
The shadow of the Almighty's	...	<i>John Keble</i>	...	502
The shadow of the glory	...	<i>C. Stuart Calverley</i>	...	367*
The solemn season calls us now	...	<i>Based on J. Chandler</i>	...	208
The Son of God goes forth	...	<i>Bishop Heber</i>	...	410
The Son of Man shall come	...	<i>H. W. Beadon</i>	...	187
The Star proclaims the King	...	<i>Hymnal</i>	<i>Noted</i>	174*
The strain upraise of joy	...	<i>Hymnal</i>	<i>Noted</i>	527*
The strains of joy	...	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	382
The strife is o'er	...	<i>F. Pott</i>	...	283
The sun is sinking fast	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	72
The triumphs of the martyred	...	<i>Bishop Mant</i>	...	404
The triumphs of the Saints	...	<i>Hymnal</i>	<i>Noted</i>	405*
The wintry time hath ended	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i>	...	462
The Word of God proceeding forth	...	<i>Hymnal</i>	<i>Noted</i>	432*
The Word, Who dwelt above	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	161
The world is very evil	...	<i>J. M. Neale</i>	...	109
The year begins with Thee	...	<i>J. Keble</i>	...	195
The year is gone	...	<i>William Cooke</i>	...	156*
The voice that breathed...	...	<i>J. Keble</i>	...	504
Thee, Jesu, suffering	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	227
Thee we adore	...	<i>J. R. Woodford</i>	...	439
There is a river deep and broad	...	...	...	625
Thine arm, O Lord	...	<i>E. H. Plumtre</i>	...	451
This day, by Thy creative Word	...	<i>W. W. How</i>	...	14
This day the Blessed Trinity	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	6
This is the day the light	...	<i>W. F. Hook</i>	...	11
This is the house where God	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	429
This day the Father	...	<i>William Cooke</i>	...	9*
This day the wondrous Mystery	...	<i>E. Caswall</i>	...	234
Thou art gone up on high	...	<i>E. Toke</i>	...	315
Thou art the Way	...	<i>Bishop Doane</i>	...	589
Thou God, 'mid Cherubin	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	100*
Thou knowest, Lord	...	<i>H. L. L.</i>	...	590
Thou, sore oppressed	...	<i>C. Winkworth</i>	...	261
Thou That art celestial Light	...	<i>W. J. C.</i>	...	577
Thou the Saviour Everlasting	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	98*
Thou, Who didst bid	...	<i>People's Hymnal</i>	...	473
Thou, Who dost build for us	...	<i>I. Williams</i>	...	307
Thou, Whose Almighty Word	...	<i>J. Marriot</i>	...	591
Three in One, and One in Three	...	<i>Gilbert Rorison</i>	...	593
Through all the changing scenes...	...	<i>Nahum Tate</i>	...	624
Through Jewry's darkness	...	<i>J. Chandler</i>	...	176
Through the day Thy love	...	<i>Thomas Kelly</i>	...	91
Thy Blood, O Christ	...	<i>Dean Alford</i>	...	159
Thy way, not mine, O Lord	...	<i>H. Bonar</i>	...	645
Thy will be done, O King	...	<i>W. H. Bullock</i>	...	469
To Barnabas, Thy servant blest	...	<i>H. M. C.</i>	...	359
To Christ, Whose Cross...	...	<i>F. Oakeley</i>	...	258
To give Thee glory	...	<i>C. B. Pearson</i>	...	374
To God we lift our hearts	...	<i>J. Wesley</i>	...	332
To Him God's only Son	...	<i>E. A. Dayman</i>	...	131*
To share the Lamb's	...	...	...	417

To the Name ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	529
To the throne He left, victorious...	<i>E. H. Plumptre</i> ... ..	305 <sup>1</sup>
To Thee, O Father ... ..	... ..	546
To Thee, O God, we Gentiles ...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	343*
To Thee, O God and Saviour ...	<i>J. Wesley</i> ... ..	592
To-day, O Lord ... ..	<i>Altered from J. Chandler</i> ...	31
Tossed upon life's raging billow ...	<i>G. Bethune</i> ... ..	513
Trinity, Unity ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	339*
Unto the Paschal Victim bring ...	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	274*
Uplift the banner! Let it float ...	<i>Bishop Doane</i> ... ..	521
Upraised from sleep ... ..	<i>R. C. Singleton</i> ... ..	55
Wake, awake ... ..	<i>Based on E. A. Dayman</i> ...	118
Wake hearts devout whom love ...	<i>H. M. C.</i> ... ..	394
Warrior Kings their titles gain ...	<i>Based on J. D. Chambers</i> ...	162*
We are but strangers here ... ..	<i>Jackson</i> ... ..	646
We give his body to the surge. ...	<i>Based on J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	516
We give Thee but Thine own ... ..	<i>W. W. How</i> ... ..	525
We love the place, O God ... ..	<i>Altered from W. H. Bullock</i> ...	626
We march, we march to victory ...	<i>G. Moultrie</i> ... ..	640
We praise Thy Name ... ..	... ..	366
We thank Thee, Lord ... ..	<i>Bishop Mant</i> ... ..	498
Weary of earth ... ..	<i>Rev. J. Stone</i> ... ..	228
Welcome, happy morning! ... ..	<i>John Ellerton</i> ... ..	284
What God does, is done aright ...	<i>H. M. C.</i> ... ..	471
What star is this ... ..	<i>J. Chandler</i> ... ..	173
When day's shadows lengthen ... ..	<i>F. G. Lee</i> ... ..	594
When earth's fierce tempest ... ..	<i>J. Chandler</i> ... ..	198
When God of old came down ... ..	<i>John Keble</i> ... ..	333
When, His salvation bringing ... ..	<i>I. King</i> ... ..	493
When I survey the wondrous Cross ...	<i>Isaac Watts</i> ... ..	251
When in silence and in shade ... ..	<i>Hymnal Noted</i> ... ..	10*
When in that tremendous day (part ii.)	<i>Dean Stanley</i> ... ..	107
When in the hour of utmost need ...	... ..	453
When Jesus Christ was crucified...	<i>W. Whiting</i> ... ..	480
When Jesus left ... ..	<i>J. Montgomery</i> ... ..	494
When morning gilds the skies ... ..	<i>E. Caswall</i> ... ..	547
When night has veiled ... ..	{ <i>Based on J. Chandler and</i> } <i>J. D. Chambers</i> ... ..	105
When our heads are bowed ... ..	<i>H. H. Milman</i> ... ..	595
When this passing world is done ...	<i>R. McCheyne</i> ... ..	499
When through the torn sail ... ..	<i>Bishop Heber</i> ... ..	515
Whence shall our tears begin? ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	218
Where high the heavenly temple stands	<i>M. Bruce</i> ... ..	627
Where the angel host adore ... ..	<i>I. Williams</i> ... ..	373
Where the mourner weeping ... ..	<i>F. E. Cox</i> ... ..	628
Where the prison bars ... ..	<i>I. Williams</i> ... ..	364
While shepherds watched ... ..	<i>Nahum Tate</i> ... ..	146
Who are these like stars ... ..	<i>F. E. Cox</i> ... ..	387
With all your floods attending ... ..	<i>H. Kynaston</i> ... ..	309
With Christ we share ... ..	<i>J. M. Neale</i> ... ..	485
With gladsome feet we press ... ..	<i>R. C. Singleton</i> ... ..	478
Within the Father's house ... ..	<i>J. R. Woodford</i> ... ..	182
Ye angel hosts above ... ..	<i>Benjamin Webb</i> ... ..	630
Ye choirs of new Jerusalem ... ..	<i>R. Campbell</i> ... ..	276
Ye servants of the Lord ... ..	<i>C. Wesley</i> ... ..	629

# INDEX OF METRES.

No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
LONG METRE.			
1	G. M. Garrett, in B♭.	172	Schumann, in G.
2	Berthold Tours, in C.	173	E. G. Monk, in F.
3	J. Barnby, in F.	174	Henry Smart, in G.
5	J. Barnby, in C.	175	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
14	R. Redhead (No. 4), in C.	177	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, in E♭.
15	Old Melody (Melcombe), in E.	190	Henry Smart, in E♭.
23	R. Redhead (No. 4), in C.	193	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
26	C. H. H. Parry, in D.	194	G. M. Garrett, in B♭.
28	F. R. Statham, in D.	195	German (Weimar), in E♭.
33	J. Stainer, in E.	196	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E.
40	German (Weimar) in E♭.	201	J. Barnby, in G.
48	E. J. Hopkins, in E♭.	210	G. M. Garrett, in E♭.
49	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E.	211	Ancient Melody (Gregory), in F minor.
52	German (Erfurt), in D.	213	Old Melody (Babylon's Streams), E minor.
56	R. Redhead (No. 4), in C.	214	German (Breslau), in A.
60	Jno. Naylor, in D.	231	German (Erfurt), in D.
61	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.	238	Samuel Reay, in F.
64	Old Melody (Melcombe), in E.	247	1st Tune, German, in D minor.
65	Old Melody (St. Clement's), in G.	"	2nd Tune, Sir John Goss, in C♯ minor.
66	S. S. Wesley, in E♭.	"	3rd Tune, Old Melody (St. Luke) in F minor.
67	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.	251	J. Barnby, in C minor.
68	Chas. Steggall, in G.	253	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in B♭.
70	G. A. Macfarren, in G.	258	C. H. H. Parry, in D.
76	Old Melody (Tallis's Canon), in G.	260	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
77	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.	262	Ancient Melody, in F.
84	Old Melody (Hursley), in F.	263	Ancient Melody, in F.
86	T. E. Aylward, in E.	264	Ancient Melody, in F.
96	Old Melody (Winchester New), in C.	269	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
102	G. M. Garrett, in E♭.	277	Old Melody (Alfreton), in A.
104	J. B. Calkin, in G.	280	Old Melody (St. Paul), in A.
105	W. Metcalfe, in D.	286	German (Erfurt), in D.
110	1st Tune, Old Melody (Babylon's Streams), in F minor.	303	G. M. Garrett, in A♭.
"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in C minor.	304	Old Melody (Alfreton), in A.
127	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E.	306	Philip Armes, in E.
136	Old Melody (Ely), in A.	317	A. R. Reinagle, in F.
139	German (Breslau), in A.	318	Old Melody (St. Paul), in A.
152	Chas. Steggall, in G.	326	German (St. John), in E.
153	H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.	327	Old Melody (Norfolk), in A.
156	F. R. Statham, in E♭.	334	Samuel Reay, in E♭.
158	Berthold Tours, in C.	336	Old Melody (Melcombe), in E.
160	German (Oldenburg), in E♭.	337	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, in F.
161	Samuel Reay, in E♭.	338	German (St. John), in E.
170	Henry Smart, in E.		

No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
343	Old Melody (Alfreton), in A.		
344	German (Erfurt), in D.		
349	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E.		
352	E. J. Hopkins, in E♭.		
354	German (Oldenburg), in E♭.		
355	Chas. Steggall, in G.		
359	C. H. H. Parry, in D.		
362	F. R. Statham, in D.		
365	German (Weimar), in E♭.		
366	J. Barnby, in G.		
374	Anonymous, in D.		
389	Henry Smart, in E♭.		
390	Old Melody (Melcombe), in E.		
391	Anonymous, in D.		
397	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, in E♭.		
399	Old Melody (Melcombe), in E.		
408	J. B. Calkin, in E.		
412	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.		
414	F. R. Statham, in D.		
415	Old Melody (Dorchester), in A minor.		
417	F. R. Statham, in E♭.		
421	G. M. Garrett, in E♭.		
422	Old Melody (Alfreton), in A.		
423	Old Melody (Devonshire), in E♭.		
424	J. Barnby, in G.		
432	G. M. Garrett, in A.		
438	Henry Smart, in D.		
441	Old Melody (Rockingham), in E♭.		
445	E. J. Hopkins, in E♭.		
447	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, in E♭.		
449	Ferdinand Hiller, in D.		
453	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, in E minor.		
456	F. R. Statham, in E♭.		
473	H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.		
483	Old Melody (Gillingham), in A.		
497	Henry Smart, in G.		
498	F. R. Statham, in E♭.		
500	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.		
502	Henry Smart, in D.		
510	H. J. Gauntlett, in E minor.		
516	J. Barnby, in C minor.		
521	1st Tune, J. B. Calkin, in D.		
"	2nd Tune, J. B. Calkin, in E♭.		
522	S. S. Wesley, in E.		
528	Rev. R. Brown-Borthwick, in E♭.		
531	Old Melody (Old rooth), in A.		
540	J. Barnby, in F.		
546	T. E. Aylward, in F.		
549	1st Tune, French Melody, in D.		
"	2nd Tune, W. Harrison, in F.		
552	Henry Smart, in D.		
559	Oliver A. King, in D.		
608	W. H. Gladstone, in D.		
613	S. S. Wesley, in E.		
627	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.		
634	W. Spark, in F.		
637	Ancient Melody, in F.		
			DOUBLE LONG METRE.
		46	Old Melody (Bucklebury), in D.
		63	J. Barnby, in E♭.
		154	Sir John Goss, in C.
		369	Sir John Goss, in C.
			COMMON METRE.
		9	Old Melody (London New), in D.
		11	Old Melody (Dunfermline), in G.
		12	Old Melody (Dunfermline), in G.
		13	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
		19	Old Melody (St. Matthias), in E♭.
		24	Old Melody, in C.
		29	S. S. Wesley, in E♭.
		31	Dr. Crotch, in E.
		62	Philip Armes, in D.
		69	1st Tune, A. R. Reinagle, in E♭.
		"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in E♭.
		75	Old Melody (York), in G.
		94	J. B. Calkin, in E.
		113	G. M. Garrett, in F.
		119	Old Melody (St. James's), in A.
		120	Old Melody (Bedford), in E.
		121	Old Melody (Abbey), in A.
		122	Old Melody (Tallis), in E♭.
		123	R. Redhead, in D.
		124	Old Melody (Winchester), in G.
		125	H. S. Irons, in E.
		126	Henry Smart, in E.
		146	Old Melody (St. Magnus), in A.
		150	Old Melody (Abbey), in A.
		159	J. Hamilton Clarke, in D minor.
		169	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.
		176	German (St. George), in F.
		180	Chas. Steggall, in A♯.
		191	Old Melody (Gloucester), in G.
		198	Old Melody (Windsor), in A minor.
		204	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in G.
		206	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
		208	H. J. Gauntlett, in D.
		209	Old Melody (Byzantium), in D.
		223	Old Melody (St. Mary), in D minor.
		226	Old Melody (Arnold), in A minor.
		234	German (Cologne), in F minor.
		276	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
		298	W. Metcalfe, in F.
		302	H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.
		330	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
		333	J. Barnby, in C.
		342	Old Melody (St. James), in A
		348	Old Melody (Dundee), in F.
		351	R. Redhead, in D.
		357	Old Melody (Bedford), in E.
		358	Old Melody (London New), in D.
		407	J. Barnby, in E♭.
		410	Old Melody, in C.
		419	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.



No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
425	Berthold Tours, in A.	88	W. Metcalfe, in F.
436	F. R. Statham, in E♭.	89	J. Barnby, in A minor.
437	W. Metcalfe, in F.	97	Sir John Goss, in G.
440	Old Melody (Abbey), in A.	151	Philip Armes, in A.
482	F. R. Statham, in A♭.	155	Old Melody (Durham), in E♭.
485	H. J. Gauntlett, in D.	163	Philip Armes, in A.
494	Mendelssohn, in G.	165	German (Potsdam), in E.
511	J. Barnby, in D minor.	182	Old Melody (St. Michael's), in A.
523	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.	183	German (Franconia), in E♭.
530	Ferdinand Hiller, in E.	184	T. A. Walmisley, in G minor.
557	J. Hamilton Clarke, in D minor.	186	E. G. Monk, in D.
560	Part I., R. Redhead, in D.	187	E. G. Monk, in A minor.
"	Part II., Anonymous, in A.	197	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.
"	Part III., Old Melody (London New), in D.	203	1st Tune, S. S. Wesley, in G.
"	Part IV., Berthold Tours, in G.	216	2nd Tune, Philip Armes, in A.
567	James Turle, in D.	"	Old Melody (Southwell), in F♯ minor.
568	Old Melody (Windsor), in A minor.	220	Old Melody (St. Bride's), in A minor.
573	Old Melody (St. James), in A.	237	1st Tune, Old Melody (St. Giles), in G minor.
576	F. R. Statham, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in E♭.
580	German (St. George), in F.	356	Old Melody (Durham), in E♭.
583	Oliver A. King, in G minor.	395	J. Barnby, in C minor.
584	James Turle, in E♭.	409	1st Tune, F. R. Statham, in E.
589	Old Melody (St. James), in A.	"	2nd Tune, Samuel Gee, in E.
596	S. S. Wesley, in G.	427	J. B. Calkin, in G.
603	Berthold Tours, in A.	477	1st Tune, S. Wesley, in D.
606	James Turle, in D.	"	2nd Tune, Anonymous, in A.
611	F. R. Statham, in A♭.	481	H. G. Trembath, in D.
623	W. Spark, in E♭.	486	Jno. Naylor, in F.
624	S. S. Wesley, in F.	501	1st Tune, German (Potsdam), in E.
625	Anonymous, in A.	"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in E♭.
631	Old Melody (St. David's), in E.	525	1st Tune, W. Winn, in G.
632	Old Melody (Bedford), in E.	"	2nd Tune, W. H. Monk, in G.
635	Old Melody (Byzantium), in D.	581	Mendelssohn, in C minor.
DOUBLE COMMON METRE.		598	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in F.
6	Samuel Reay, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, F. R. Statham, in E.
25	E. J. Hopkins, in E.	619	1st Tune H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
93	G. A. Macfarren, in C.	"	2nd Tune, G. M. Garrett, in A.
167	Old Melody (Wearmouth), in E♭.	629	1st Tune, W. H. Monk, in G.
171	E. J. Hopkins, in E.	"	2nd Tune, H. G. Trembath, in D.
212	Old Melody (Penitence), in E minor.	DOUBLE SHORT METRE.	
224	J. Stainer, in E.	92	E. G. Monk, in E♭.
227	Ch. Gounod, in G minor.	315	Jno. Naylor, in D.
232	Ch. Gounod, in G minor.	535	1st Tune, Ferdinand Hiller, in C.
265	H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in B♭.
300	H. J. Gauntlett, in D minor.	641	Henry Smart, in A.
404	Samuel Reay, in E♭.	4.4.7.7.6.	
451	Old Melody (Wearmouth), in E♭.	259	German (Minden), in G minor.
480	Old Melody (Wearmouth), in E♭.	261	J. B. Calkin, in F.
621	1st Tune, Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, in E♭.	4.6.4.6.4.6.4.6.	
"	2nd Tune, Sir John Goss, in D.	639	J. Barnby, in D.
"	3rd Tune, E. J. Hopkins, in E♭.		
642	Spohr, in E♭.		
SHORT METRE.			
7	H. J. Gauntlett, in C.		
39	Old Melody (St. Bride's), in A minor.		

No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
	4.6.6.6.6.2.	475	Henry Smart, in G.
550	1st Tune, Rev. J. R. Lunn, in E♭.	476	A. S. Sullivan, in F.
"	2nd Tune, Anonymous, in E.		6.6.4.6.6.4.
	4.6.10.4.	591	1st Tune, Ferdinand Hiller, in E.
574	W. T. Best, in E.	"	2nd Tune, Old Melody, in G.
	5. FOUR LINES.		6.6.6.4.8.8.4.
461	Oliver A. King, in A♭	548	1st Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in D minor.
	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.	"	2nd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in D minor.
542	Old Melody, in A.		6.6.6.6.3.6.
	6. FOUR LINES.	339	Berthold Tours, in G.
138	J. Barnby, in E.		6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.
279	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.	363	Old Melody (Burnham), in D.
626	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in F.	607	Chas. Steggall, in C.
"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in E.		6.6.6.6.4.4.7.4.4.7.
645	J. Barnby, in E.	99	G. M. Garrett, in C.
	6. SIX LINES.		6.6.6.6.6.6.8.
325	Old Melody, in E.	372	Berthold Tours, in B♭.
547	Rev. H. F. Sheppard, in B♭	405	Berthold Tours, in B♭.
	6. EIGHT LINES.		6.6.6.6.8.8.
392	1st Tune, Berthold Tours, in E♭.	332	Old Melody (Burnham), in D.
"	2nd Tune, Albert Lowe, in D.	507	A. S. Sullivan, in D.
	6. NINE LINES.	564	Sir John Goss, in E♭.
131	Berthold Tours, in G.		6.6.6.8.8.6.
	6.4. EIGHT LINES.	469	Henry Leslie, in C minor.
553	E. Silas, in C minor.		6.6.7.7.7.7.
	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.	435	Ferdinand Hiller, in F.
570	A. S. Sullivan, in G.		6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.
571	Sir John Goss, in A.	478	G. A. Macfarren, in D.
	6.4.6.4.6.6.6.4.		6.6.8.6.6.8.
646	A. S. Sullivan, in A.	299	Old Melody (Hilary), in E.
	6.4.6.6.		6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6.6.
72	1st Tune, Henry Smart, in D♭.	207	Chas. Steggall, in E♭.
"	2nd Tune, E. J. Hopkins, in E.		6.6.8.6.10.10.
	6.5.6.5.	218	E. H. Thorne, in G minor.
246	Ancient Melody (Geneva), in F.		6.6.8.10.
490	W. Jones, in G.	241	Berthold Tours, in E minor.
628	Anonymous, in B minor.		6.6.10.6.6.10.
	6.5.6.5.6.5.	361	G. M. Garrett, in E.
594	Anonymous, in E♭	466	Rev. E. B. Whyley, in E.
	6.5. EIGHT LINES.		6.7.6.7.6.6.6.6.
168	Chas. Steggall, in G.	459	German (Nun danket), in G.
489	J. B. Calkin, in D.	472	German (Nun danket), in G.
506	E. Bunnett, in E♭.		6.8.6.8.
587	H. S. Oakeley, in G.	492	W. G. Cusins, in F.
599	Anonymous, in G minor.		6.10.6.10.
644	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in F.	630	S. S. Wesley, in D.
	6.5. TWELVE LINES.		
474	J. Barnby, in D.		

No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
	6.10.10.6.	257	German, in A minor.
370	Ferdinand Hiller, in C.	312	German (Dix), in A.
	7. TWO LINES (WITH ALLELUIAS).	323	Old Melody, in F.
268	Henry Smart, in G.	350	A. S. Cooper, in E♭.
	7. THREE LINES.	458	Henry Smart, in E♭.
222	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	487	Henry Smart, in E♭.
346	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	499	S. S. Wesley, in E♭.
558	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	514	R. Redhead, in D.
	7. FOUR LINES.	556	Henry Leslie, in F.
51	German (Lubeck), in D.	566	S. S. Wesley, in E♭.
54	Philip Armes, in G.	586	R. Redhead, in D.
147	German (Lubeck), in D.	588	Henry Leslie, in F.
157	Jno. Naylor, in E♭.	604	E. J. Hopkins, in B♭.
162	1st Tune, German (Vienna), in A.		7. EIGHT LINES.
„	2nd Tune, Chas. Steggall, in E.	144	Sir George Elvey, in G.
219	German (Hernlein), in D minor.	149	German, in G.
236	R. Redhead, in C.	249	1st Tune, German, in E.
254	German (Hernlein), in D minor	„	2nd Tune, A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.
255	R. Redhead, in C.	266	Sir George Elvey, in G.
316	Rev. F. A. J. Hervey, in C.	278	German (Salzburg), in D.
320	Old Melody (Battishill), in G.	294	German, in E.
321	Old Melody (Norwich), in E.	402	E. J. Hopkins, in C.
331	German, in E.	463	Sir George Elvey, in G.
335	German (Biberach), in A.	471	German (Salzburg), in D.
380	Old Melody (Norwich), in E.	495	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in D.
386	J. B. Calkin, in C.	496	E. J. Hopkins, in C.
388	Anonymous, in A.	508	German (Salzburg), in D.
467	German, in F.	562	J. Barnby, in G minor.
468	J. Adcock, in E.	585	1st Tune, E. Silas, in D.
491	1st Tune, James Turle, in D.	„	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in F.
„	2nd Tune, G. M. Garrett, in G.	605	German, in G.
577	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.	618	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in D.
595	R. Redhead, in C.		7. TEN LINES.
610	G. M. Garrett, in E♭.	78	Rev. Sir. F. A. G. Ouseley, in F.
638	Part III., Anonymous, in G.	145	Mendelssohn, in G.
	7. FOUR LINES (WITH ALLELUIAS).		7.5.6.5.6.
289	German, in C.	353	J. Barnby, in E.
292	1st Tune, Ch. Gounod, in C.		7.5. EIGHT LINES.
„	2nd Tune, Old Melody, in D.	164	J. Barnby, in F.
311	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in C.		7.5.7.5.8.5.
„	2nd Tune, Ch. Gounod, in C.	134	Sir John Goss, in E.
	7. FIVE LINES.		7.6. FOUR LINES.
10	Henry Smart, in A.	17	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
22	G. A. Macfarren, in G.	143	German (Lincoln), in D.
	7. SIX LINES.	199	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
18	A. S. Cooper, in E♭.	„	2nd Tune, S. S. Wesley, in C.
43	Rev. Sir F. A. G. Ouseley, in E minor.	381	German (Lincoln), in D.
50	Old Melody, in G.	462	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
57	E. J. Hopkins, in B♭.	504	H. J. Gauntlett, in G.
58	S. S. Wesley, in C.	541	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
107	J. Stainer, in D♭.	612	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
178	German (Dix), in A.	622	Ch. Gounod, in E♭.
181	Henry Smart, in E♭.		

No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
7.6. EIGHT LINES.		7.7.7.5.	
20	J. Barnby, in E.	519	Chas. Steggall, in E♭.
35	Sir W. S. Bennett, in E♭.	554	H. J. Gauntlett, in B♭.
109	S. S. Wesley, in G.	593	1st Tune, German (Capetown), in D.
117	T. E. Aylward, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, Hon. and Rev. F. R. Grey, in F.
179	German (S. Theodulph), in C.	7.7.7.5.7.7.5.	
225	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	273	Samuel Reay, in B♭.
252	German (S. Theodulph), in C.	7.7.7.7.5.	
285	A. S. Sullivan, in G.	244	E. H. Thorne, in F minor.
287	Henry Smart, in E♭.	7.7.7.7.11.11.8.	
378	J. Barnby, in E.	142	Ch. Gounod, in C.
406	A. S. Sullivan, in G.	7.7.8.7.7.7.8.7.	
493	1st Tune, Berthold Tours, in F.	533	J. Barnby, in A.
"	2nd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.	7.8.7.8 (WITH ALLELUIA).	
512	1st Tune, German, in E minor.	293	H. G. Gauntlett, in C
"	2nd Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.	7.8.7.8.7.7.	
518	1st Tune, Henry Smart, in E♭.	509	1st Tune, A. S. Sullivan, in E.
"	2nd Tune, W. H. Monk, in E.	"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in F.
578	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	8. THREE LINES.	
579	German (Passion), in E♭.	572	W. G. Cusins, in E.
592	1st Tune, Old Melody, in G minor.	8. THREE LINES (WITH ALLELUIAS).	
"	2nd Tune, Henry Smart, in E♭.	267	E. J. Hopkins, in C.
600	Part I., 1st Tune, J. Barnby, in E.	282	E. J. Hopkins, in C.
"	2nd Tune, Berthold Tours, in F.	283	Anonymous, in E♭.
"	Part II., 1st Tune, A. Ewing, in D.	8. FIVE LINES.	
"	2nd Tune, Henry Hugo Pierson, in F.	34	Henry Smart, in E♭.
"	Part III., 1st Tune, A. S. Cooper,	245	Henry Smart, in E♭.
"	2nd Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in D.	8. SIX LINES.	
620	1st Tune, Henry Smart, in E.	42	J. Barnby, in G minor.
"	2nd Tune, Franz Weber, in D.	45	Henry Smart, in D minor.
"	3rd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.	85	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.
"	4th Tune, German, in C.	"	2nd Tune, Rev. L. G. Hayne, in E♭.
643	A. S. Sullivan, in E♭.	103	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in E♭.
7.6. TEN LINES.		"	2nd Tune, Ch. Gounod, in E♭.
309	Henry Smart, in E.	133	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.
7.6.7.6.7.7.5.7.7.5.		135	S. S. Wesley, in D.
141	G. M. Garrett, in E♭.	217	Jno. Naylor, in F minor.
7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.		272	S. S. Wesley, in D.
205	Philip Armes, in A minor.	328	Attwood (Ordination Hymn), in E♭.
7.6.7.6.8.8.		382	German, in E.
73	1st Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in G.	434	G. M. Garrett, in F.
"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in F.	455	German (Bremen), in A minor.
636	H. J. Gauntlett, in F.	563	J. Barnby, in E♭.
7.6.7.6.8.8.7.7.		582	1st Tune, German (Bremen), in A minor.
215	J. B. Calkin, in E minor.	"	2nd Tune, James Turle, in E♭.
7.7.6.7.7.6.		"	3rd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in F.
442	J. Barnby, in E♭.	8. SEVEN LINES.	
446	H. J. Gauntlett, in E minor.	457	Samuel Reay, in F.
7.7.7.3.			
202	Philip Armes, in F.		
7.7.7.3.7.3.			
416	Ferdinand Hiller, in E♭.		



No.	Composer.	No.	Composer.
	8. TEN LINES.		
460	1st Tune, Ferdinand Hiller, in A.	400	G. M. Garrett, in A♭.
"	2nd Tune, Anonymous, in E.	452	1st Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in E minor.
	8.3.3.6.	"	2nd Tune, Anna M. Bartholomew, in B♭.
44	S. S. Wesley, in E.	470	1st Tune, German, in G.
	8.4.7.8.4.7.	"	2nd Tune, H. G. Trembath, in G.
59	J. Stainer, in C.	551	Anna M. Bartholomew, in B♭.
	8.4.8.4.8.8.8.4.		8.7.8.7.4.7.
79	1st Tune, Henry Smart, in E.	115	Ch. Gounod, in E♭.
"	2nd Tune, Ch. Steggall, in E.	484	E. J. Hopkins, in A♭.
	8.4.8.8.	555	E. J. Hopkins, in A♭.
192	Henry Smart, in E.	561	E. J. Hopkins, in A♭.
	8.4.8.8.4.4.7.		8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.
55	J. Barnby, in E♭.	616	German (Ein feste Burg), in D.
	8.5.8.3.		8.7.8.7.7.7.
597	1st Tune, A. S. Sullivan, in A.	91	1st Tune, German (Dretzel), in E♭.
"	2nd Tune, W. S. Hoyte, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, J. Barnby, in E♭.
	8.5.8.5.8.4.3.	106	Henry Smart, in E minor.
532	1st Tune, A. S. Sullivan, in F.	148	Ch. Gounod, in G.
"	2nd Tune, Oliver A. King, in A.	235	Ch. Gounod, in G.
	8.6.8.4.	290	German, in C.
420	1st Tune, G. M. Garrett, in E.	301	German, in C.
"	2nd Tune, Samuel Reay, in B♭.	308	German, in C.
615	Sir John Goss, in A♭.	375	Ch. Gounod, in G.
	8.6.8.6.4.4.8.	387	German, in C.
81	Henry Smart, in E♭.	401	German, in C.
	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6.	614	Ch. Gounod, in G.
617	J. Barnby, in E♭.		8.7.8.7.7.7.7.
	8.6.8.6.8.6.	248	German, in E.
429	1st Tune, James Turle, in D.		8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7.
"	2nd Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.	41	Sir J. Benedict, in F.
	8.6.8.6.8.8.		8.7. SIX LINES.
345	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.	36	Ch. Gounod, in E♭.
	8.6.8.8.6.	188	E. J. Hopkins, in A.
329	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.	229	Chas. Steggall, in E♭.
393	H. J. Gauntlett, in E.	230	German (Mannheim), in E.
	8.6.8.8.8.6.	243	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in A minor.
517	Ferdinand Hiller, in G.	310	H. B. Walmisley, in G.
	8.7.8.7.	364	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.
27	German, in G.	384	J. Stainer, in E♭.
71	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.	426	H. J. Gauntlett, in C.
80	E. J. Hopkins, in A minor.	428	Henry Smart, in C.
95	German, in G.	431	1st Tune, E. J. Hopkins, in E♭.
108	R. Redhead, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, Henry Lahee, in D.
166	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.	433	German (Mannheim), in E.
271	Rev. J. B. Dykes, in D.	450	1st Tune, Rev. J. B. Dykes, in E♭.
322	W. Metcalfe, in D.	"	2nd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in F minor.
373	German in G.	464	1st Tune, Henry Smart, in C.
383	Albert Lowe, in E♭.	"	2nd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in A.
		488	German in E.
		529	Old Melody, in A.
		534	1st Tune, E. J. Hopkins, in D.
		"	2nd Tune, H. J. Gauntlett, in C.



# GENERAL INDEX.

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Adcock, J., in E .....	7. Four lines .....	468.....	Gregory. Geneva, Old Latin. S. Eustache, from an Ancient Sequence,
Ancient Melody, in F minor .....	L. ....	211.....	
" " F	6.5.6.5.....	246.....	
" " F	L. ....	262, 263, 264, 637.....	Wells Street,
Anonymous, in G .....	8.8.7.4.4.4.....	281.....	
" E♭.....	8. Three lines .....	283.....	
" A.....	8.8.6.8.8.6. 4.4.6.....	371.....	
" D.....	L.....	374, 391.....	
" A.....	7. Four lines .....	388.....	
" E.....	8. Ten lines.....	460.....	
" F.....	8.8.8.8.4.4.8.....	465.....	
" A.....	S.....	477.....	
" D.....	8.8.8.11.....	537.....	
" E.....	4.6.6.6.6.6.2.....	550.....	
" A.....	C.....	560, 625.....	
" E♭.....	6.5. Six lines.....	594.....	
" G minor	6.5. Eight lines .....	599.....	
" B minor	6.5.6.5 .....	628.....	
" D.....	P.....	638.....	
" G.....	7. Four lines.....	638.....	
Armes, P., in G.....	7. do. ....	54 .....	
" D.....	C.....	62 .....	
" A.....	S .....	151, 163.....	Weimar. Potsdam. Choral Gesangbuch.
" F.....	7.7.7.3.....	202.....	
" A.....	S.....	203.....	
" A minor	7.6.7.6.8.6.8.6.....	205.....	
" E.....	L .....	306.....	
" F.....	8.8.8.4 .....	569.....	
Attwood, T., in E♭ ...	8. Six lines.....	328.....	
Aylward, T. E., in E	L .....	86.....	
" E♭	7.6. Eight lines .....	117.....	
" F	L .....	546.....	
Bach, P. E., in E♭.....	L .....	40, 195, 365....	
" J. S., in E.....	S.....	165, 501 .....	
" E minor	7.6. Eight lines.....	512.....	
Barnby, J., in F.....	L.....	3, 540.....	
" C.....	L.....	5.....	
" E♭ .....	8.8.8.6.....	16, 403 .....	
" E.....	7.6. Eight lines.....	20, 600 .....	
" G minor	8. Six lines.....	42 .....	
" E♭ .....	8.4.8.8.4.4.7.....	55 .....	
" E♭ .....	D.L.....	63 .....	
" E♭ .....	C.....	69, 407 .....	
" F.....	7.6.7.6.8.8.....	73 .....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Barnby, J., in E .....	10. Four lines .....	38, 439 .....	
" A minor .....	S .....	89 .....	
" Eb .....	8.7.8.7.7.7 .....	91 .....	
" Bb .....	10. Four lines .....	101 .....	
" C minor .....	L .....	110, 516 .....	
" A .....	P .....	129 .....	
" E .....	6. Four lines .....	138, 626, 645 .....	
" F .....	7.5. Eight lines .....	164 .....	
" D .....	L .....	189 .....	
" G .....	1 .....	201, 366, 424 .....	
" F .....	8.8.8.6.6.8.6 .....	221 .....	
" Eb .....	S .....	237, 501 .....	
" F minor .....	8.8.7, 8.8.7 .....	242 .....	
" G minor .....	8 of 8.7 .....	250, 562 .....	
" C minor .....	L .....	251 .....	
" Eb .....	8.8.6.8.8.6 .....	256, 442 .....	
" F .....	15. Four lines .....	288 .....	
" D .....	P .....	295 .....	
" G .....	8.8.6.4 .....	307 .....	
" C .....	C .....	333 .....	
" E .....	7.5.6.5.6 .....	353 .....	
" E .....	7.6. Eight lines .....	378 .....	
" C minor .....	S .....	395 .....	
" F .....	8.7. Eight lines .....	411 .....	
" E .....	8.8.8.8.4.4.8 .....	465 .....	
" D .....	6.5. Twelve lines .....	474 .....	
" C .....	10.10.7 .....	479 .....	
" F .....	7.8.7.8.7.7 .....	509 .....	
" D minor .....	C .....	511 .....	
" D .....	10.10.7 .....	526 .....	
" A .....	7.7 8.7.7.7.8 7 .....	533 .....	
" Bb .....	D.S. .....	535 .....	
" Eb .....	8. Six lines .....	563 .....	
" C .....	10.4.10.4.10.10 .....	565 .....	
" F .....	7. Eight lines .....	585 .....	
" Eb .....	11.10.11.10.10.10 .....	590 .....	
" A .....	11.10.11.10.9.11 .....	602 .....	
" Eb .....	8.6.8.6.6.6.6.6 .....	617 .....	
" Eb .....	11.11.11.5 .....	633 .....	
" D .....	4.6. Eight lines .....	639 .....	
" C .....	P .....	640 .....	
Bartholomew, A. M., in Bb .....	8.7.8.7 .....	452, 551 .....	
Battishill, J., in G .....	7. Four lines .....	320 .....	
Benédict, Sir J., in F .....	8.7.8.7.7.7.7.7 .....	41 .....	
Bennett, Sir W. S., in Eb .....	7.6. Eight lines .....	35 .....	
Best, W. T., in A .....	10. Four lines .....	444 .....	
" E .....	4.6.10.4 .....	574 .....	
Brown-Borthwick, Rev. R., in Eb .....	L .....	397, 528 .....	Aberdeen.
Bunnett, Dr., in Eb .....	6.5. Eight lines .....	506 .....	
Calkin, J. B., in E .....	C .....	94 .....	
" G minor .....	L .....	104 .....	
" E minor .....	7.6.7.6.8.8.7.7 .....	215 .....	
" F .....	4.4.7.7.6 .....	261 .....	
" C .....	7. Four lines .....	386 .....	
" E .....	L .....	408 .....	
" G .....	S .....	427 .....	



Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Calkin, J.B., in D .....	6.5. Eight lines.....	489 .....	Babylon's Streams.
" D .....	L .....	521 .....	
" Eb .....	L .....	521 .....	
Campion, T., in F minor	L .....	110, 213 .....	
Carey, H., in D .....	7. Four lines (with Alleluia). .....	292 .....	Lyra Davidica, 1708.
Clark, Dr. J., in F minor	L .....	247 .....	
" in A .....	L .....	280, 318, 483 .....	
Clarke, J.H., in D minor	C .....	159, 557 .....	
Cooper, A. S., in Eb .....	7. Six lines.....	18, 350.....	Gillingham.
" E ...	7.6. Eight lines.....	600.....	
Courteville, R., in A ...	C .....	119, 342, 573, 589 .....	
Crassellius, in C .....	L .....	96 .....	
Croft, in D .....	6.6.6.6.8.8 .....	332, 363 .....	S. James. Winchester New. Burnham. Hanover. Judæa.
" A .....	5.5.5.5.6.5.6.5.....	542 .....	
Crotch, in E .....	C .....	31 .....	
Cusins, W. G., in F... ..	6.8.6.8 .....	492 .....	
" E ...	8. Three lines .....	572 .....	Thanksgiving.
Docker, F. A. W., in A .....	8.7. Eight lines.....	430 .....	
Dykes, Rev. J. B., in E .....	L .....	49, 196, 349 ...	
" Eb .....	8.7 .....	71, 166, 271 ...	
" G .....	7.6.7.6.8.8 .....	73 .....	S. Anatolius. S. Barnabas. S. Agnes.
" E .....	L .....	127 .....	
" G .....	C .....	204 .....	
" in A minor .....	8.7. Six lines.....	243 .....	
" Bb .....	L .....	253 .....	S. Drostan. Magdalene. Bamborough. Eucharist.
" F .....	7.6. Eight lines .....	644 .....	
" E .....	8.7. do. ....	297, 520 .....	
" Eb .....	8.6.8.6.8.8 .....	345 .....	
" Eb .....	8.7. Six lines.....	364, 450 .....	S. Edmund. Morlaix.
" Eb .....	8.6. do. ....	429 .....	
" D .....	7. Eight lines.....	495, 618 .....	
" Eb .....	7.6. do. ....	512 .....	
" in D minor .....	6.6.6.4.8.8.4 .....	548 .....	Gloucester. S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
" D .....	7.6.7.6.....	600 .....	
Elvey, Sir G. J., in G .....	7. Eight lines.....	144, 266, 463 .....	
Ewing, A., in D .....	7.6. do. ....	600 .....	
Farrant, in G .....	C .....	191 .....	S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
Franc, G., in A .....	S .....	182 .....	
French Melody, in D .....	L .....	549 .....	
Garrett, G.M., in Bb... ..	L .....	1, 194.....	
" C ...	6.6.6.6.4.4.7.4.4.7 .....	99 .....	S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
" Eb... ..	L .....	102.....	
" F... ..	C .....	113.....	
" Eb... ..	7.6.7.6.7.7.5.7.7.5 .....	141.....	
" Eb... ..	L .....	210.....	S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
" Ab... ..	L .....	303.....	
" E... ..	6.6.10.6.6.10 .....	361.....	
" Ab... ..	8.7.8.7 .....	400.....	
" E... ..	8.6.8.4 .....	420.....	S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
" Eb... ..	L .....	421.....	
" A... ..	L .....	432.....	
" F... ..	8. Six lines.....	434.....	
" G... ..	11.11.11.5 .....	448.....	S. Michael, 1543. S. Sulpice.
" G... ..	7. Four lines .....	491.....	
" Eb... ..	7. do. ....	610.....	
" A... ..	S .....	619.....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Gauntlett, H. J., in C	C .....	7.....	S. George.
" E	C .....	13, 206, 276, 523	S. Fulbert.
" E	7.6. Four lines .....	17, 462, 541...	S. Benet.
" in F minor	8.8.7.8.8.7 .....	37 .....	
" G	L .....	61, 175, 269 ..	
" G	L .....	67 .....	
" F	L .....	77, 627 .....	S. Blasius.
" E $\flat$	8. Six lines.....	85, 103 .....	Immanuel.
" E	8. do. ....	133.....	
" E $\flat$	L .....	153.....	Trinity.
" F	C .....	169.....	Southwold.
" G	L .....	193.....	
" F	S .....	197.....	Newland.
" G	7.6.7.6 .....	199, 504.....	S. Alphege.
" D	C .....	208, 485.....	S. Mark.
" E	L .....	260, 412.....	Denbigh.
" E $\flat$	D.C .....	265.....	Hereford.
" C	P .....	274.....	
" F	6. Four lines .....	279, 626.....	
" C	7.8.7.8.....	293.....	S. Albinus.
" D minor	D.C .....	300.....	
" E $\flat$	C .....	302.....	
" C	7. Four lines (with Alleluia) .....	311.....	
" G	8.8.7.8.8.7 .....	324.....	
" E	8.6.8.8.6 .....	329, 393.....	S. Bernard.
" C	C .....	330.....	
" G	C .....	419.....	
" C	8.7. Six lines .....	426, 534.....	Triumph.
" E minor	7.7.6.7.7.6 .....	446.....	
" F minor	8.7. Six lines .....	450.....	
" E minor	8.7.8.7 .....	452.....	
" E $\flat$	8.8.8.8.7.7 .....	454.....	
" A	8.7. Six lines .....	464.....	
" E $\flat$	L .....	473.....	
" E $\flat$	7.6. Eight lines .....	493, 620.....	
" E	L .....	500.....	
" E minor	L .....	510.....	Norton Coates.
" D minor	6.6.6.4.8.8.4 .....	548.....	Ecce Deus.
" B $\flat$	7.7.7.5 .....	554.....	S. Ambrose.
" G	7. Four lines .....	577.....	
" F	8. Six lines.....	582.....	Creator Spiritus.
" F	S .....	598.....	
" E	7.6.7.6.....	612.....	
" E	S .....	619.....	
" F	7.6.7.6.8.8 .....	636.....	
Giardini, F., in G.....	6.6.4.6.6.6.4 .....	591.....	
Gibbons, O., in E $\flat$ ...	C .....	19.....	S. Matthias, chiefly Haver- vergal.
" E ....	7. Four lines .....	321, 380.....	Southminster or Nor- wich, 1623.
Gee, S., in E .....	S .....	409.....	
Gladstone, W. H., in D	L .....	608.....	
Goss, Sir J., in E	8.7. Eight lines.....	21.....	
" C	10. Six lines .....	74.....	
" G	S .....	97.....	
" E $\flat$	10. Six lines .....	130.....	
" E	7.5.7.5.8.5 .....	134.....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Goss, Sir J., in C	D. L.....	154, 369.....	Bevan.
" in C# minor	L.....	247.....	
" Eb	6.6.6.6.8.8.....	564.....	
" Ab	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.....	571.....	
" Ab	8.6.8.4.....	615.....	
" D	D. C.....	621.....	Stuttgard. Lubeck.
Gounod, Ch., in Eb	8.7. Six lines.....	36, 115.....	
" D	8.8.8.4.....	90.....	
" Eb	8. Six lines.....	103.....	
" C minor	10.10.6.6.....	111.....	
" C	7.7.7.11.11.8.....	142.....	
" G	8.7.8.7.7.....	148, 235, 375,	
" G minor	D. C.....	227, 232. [614	
" C	7. Four lines (with Alleluia).....	292, 311.....	
" Eb	7.6.7.6.....	622.....	
Grey, Hon. and Rev. F. R., in F.	7.7.7.5.....	593.....	Dretzel.
German, in G.....	8.7. Four lines.....	27, 95, 470.....	
" D.....	7. do.....	51, 147.....	
" F.....	L.....	84.....	
" Eb.....	8.7.8.7.7.....	91.....	
" D.....	8.9.8.8.9.8.6.6.4.8.8..	118.....	
" A.....	L.....	139, 214.....	
" Eb.....	L.....	160, 354.....	
" A.....	7. Six lines.....	178, 312.....	
" Eb.....	S.....	183.....	Breslau. Oldenburg. Dix. Franconia, Circa, 1720. Hernlein. Mannheim. Cologne.
" D minor...	7. Four lines.....	219, 254.....	
" E.....	8.7. Six lines.....	230, 433, 488	
" F minor...	C.....	234.....	
" D minor...	L.....	247.....	
" E.....	8.7.8.7.7.7.....	248.....	
" A minor...	7. Six lines.....	257.....	
" D.....	7. Eight lines.....	278, 471, 508	
" C.....	8.7.8.7.7.....	301, 308, 387	
" E.....	7. Four lines.....	331. [401	Salzburg, 1690. All Saints. Alles ist an Gottes Segen, Nurenbergischen Gesangbuch, 1676. Nun danket alle Gott. Bernburg, 1601. Capetown.
" G.....	8.8.7.8.8.7.....	396, 638.....	
" G.....	6.7.6.7.6.6.6.....	459, 472.....	
" F.....	7. Four lines.....	467.....	
" Eb.....	7.6. Eight lines.....	579.....	
" D.....	7.7.7.5.....	593.....	
Harrison, W., in F ..	L.....	549.....	
Hart, P., in G.....	L.....	65.....	
Haydn, M., in A.....	8.7. Eight lines.....	305, 313.....	
Hayes, Dr., in D.....	8.8.6.8.8.6.....	270, 394.....	S. Clements. Benediction, 1800. Magdalen College. Compline. S. George.
Hayne, Rev. L. G., in Eb	8. Six lines.....	85.....	
Hewlett, T., in D.....	4 of 10.....	47.....	
Hermann, N., in F ..	C.....	176, 580.....	
Hervey, Rev. F. A. J., in Eb.....	D. C.....	621.....	
" C.....	7. Four lines.....	316.....	
" E.....	L.....	447.....	
" E minor	L.....	453.....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Hiller, F., in A minor	8.7.8.7.7.7.7.8.7.8.7	360.....	
" C.....	6.10.10.6.....	370.....	
" E♭.....	7.7.7.3.7.3.....	416.....	
" F.....	6.6.7.7.7.7.....	435.....	
" D.....	L.....	449.....	
" A.....	8. Ten lines.....	460.....	
" D minor	8. Three lines.....	505.....	
" E.....	6.6.4.6.6.6.4.....	591.....	
" G.....	8.6.8.8.6.....	517.....	
" E.....	C.....	530.....	
" C.....	D.S.....	535.....	
" B♭.....	9.9.8.9.9.8.6.6.4.8.8..	539.....	
Hopkins, E. J., in E ..	D.C.....	25, 171.....	
" E♭.....	L.....	48, 352, 445...	Shropshire.
" B♭.....	7. Six lines.....	57, 604.....	
" E.....	6.4.6.6.....	72.....	
" A♭.....	10. Four lines.....	74, 439.....	
" A minor	8.7.8.7.....	80.....	
" B♭.....	8.8.8.6.8.8.8.6.....	82.....	
" A.....	8.7. Six lines.....	188.....	
" C.....	8.8.8.4.....	267, 282.....	Temple.
" C.....	7. Eight lines.....	402, 496.....	
" E♭.....	8.7. Six lines.....	431.....	
" A♭ <sup>♯</sup> .....	8.7.8.7.4.7.....	484, 555, 561..	
" D.....	8.7. Six lines.....	534.....	
" E♭.....	D.C.....	621.....	
Hopkins, J. L., in E♭ ..	P.....	536.....	
Howard, S., in A minor	S.....	39, 220.....	S. Bride's.
" A.....	L.....	327.....	Norfolk.
Hoyte, W. S., in B♭.....	8.7. Eight lines.....	314.....	
" E♭.....	8.5.8.3.....	597.....	
Irons, H. S., in E.....	C.....	125.....	
Isaac, H., in F.....	8.8.6.8.8.6.....	418, 503.....	Innsbruck, 1490.
Jackson, in D.....	C.....	209, 635.....	Byzantium.
Jones, W.....	6.5.6.5.....	490.....	
Knecht, J. H., in A...	7. Four lines.....	162, 335.....	Biberach.
King, O. A., in A♭.....	5. do.....	461.....	
" A.....	8.5.8.5.8.4.3.....	532.....	
" D.....	L.....	559.....	
" G minor	C.....	583.....	
Lahee, H., in D.....	8.7. Six lines.....	431.....	
Lampe, C. F., in E♭.....	L.....	423.....	Devonshire, Circa, 1755.
Langran, J., in F.....	10. Four lines.....	228.....	
Leslie, H., in C minor	6.6.6.8.8.6.....	469.....	
" F.....	7. Six lines.....	556, 588.....	
Lowe, A., in E♭.....	8.7.8.7.....	383.....	
" D.....	6. Eight lines.....	392.....	
Lunn, Rev. J. R., in E♭	4.6.6.6.6.6.2.....	550.....	
Luther, M., in D.....	L.....	52, 231, 286, 344	Erfurt, 1543.
" A♭ ..	8.7.8.7.8.8.7.....	116.....	Luther's Hymn.
" D.....	8.7.8.7.6.6.6.6.7.....	616.....	Wurms.
Macfarren, G. A., in G	8.8.6.....	8.....	
" G	7. Five lines.....	22.....	
" G	L.....	70.....	
" C	D.C.....	93.....	
" G	9.9.8.9.9.8.....	112.....	
" D	6.6.8.4.6.6.8.4.....	478.....	
Metcalf, W., in F ..	S.....	88.....	



Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Metcalfe, W., in D ...	L.....	105.....	Festgesang. Op. 96.
„ F ...	C.....	298, 437.....	
„ D ...	8.7.8.7.....	322.....	
Mendelssohn, in G ...	7. Ten lines.....	145.....	
„ B $\flat$ .....	8.7. Eight lines.....	398.....	
„ G.....	C.....	494.....	
„ C minor	S.....	581.....	
Monk, E. G., in G.....	7.7.7.7.7.5.7.5.....	30.....	
„ E $\flat$ .....	D.S.....	92.....	
„ C.....	8.8.8.8.10.....	100.....	
„ F.....	L.....	173.....	Bremen, 1657.
„ D.....	S.....	186.....	
„ A minor	S.....	187.....	
„ G minor	10.6.10.4.....	239.....	
Monk, W. H., in E ...	7.6. Eight lines.....	518.....	
„ G ...	S.....	525, 629.....	
Naylor, J., in D.....	L.....	60.....	
„ E $\flat$ .....	7. Four lines.....	157.....	
„ F minor	8. Six lines.....	217.....	
„ D.....	D.S.....	315.....	
„ E $\flat$ .....	8.8.8.4.....	368.....	London New, Scotch Psalter, 1635.
„ F.....	S.....	486.....	
Neander, J., in C.....	7. Four lines.....	289, 290.....	
Neumark, G., in A min.	8. Six lines.....	455, 582.....	
Oakeley, H. S., in G	6.5. Eight lines.....	587.....	
Old Melody, in D.....	C.....	9, 358, 560 ...	
„ G.....	C.....	11, 12 .....	
„ C.....	C.....	24, 410 .....	
„ D.....	D.L.....	46 .....	
„ G.....	7. Six lines.....	50 .....	
„ G.....	C.....	75 .....	S. Anne's, Barber's Psalm Tunes, 1686-7. Bucklebury, Harmonia Perfecta, 1730. Italian Chorale. York, A. Hart's Psalter, 1616. Abbey, Scotch Psalter, 1615. Winchester, Este's Psalter, 1592. Ely, Goudimel's Psalter, 1562. S. Magnus, Playford's Divine Companion, 1709. Durham. Old 81st, Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621. Windsor, Este's Psalter 1592. Lamentation, Ravens- croft's Psalter, 1621. Southwell, Denham's Psalter, 1588. S. Mary, Archdeacon Pry's Book of Songs. Funeral Hymn, Dr. Arnold's Psalms, 1791. S. Giles, Supplement to the New Version, 1703.
„ A.....	C.....	121, 150, 440	
„ G.....	C.....	124 .....	
„ A.....	L.....	136 .....	
„ A.....	C.....	146 .....	
„ E $\flat$ ...	S.....	155, 356 .....	
„ E $\flat$ ...	D.C.....	167, 451, 480	
„ A minor	C.....	198, 568 .....	
„ E „	D.C.....	212 .....	
„ F $\sharp$ „	S.....	216 .....	
„ D „	C.....	223 .....	
„ A „	C.....	226 .....	
„ G „	S.....	237 .....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Old Melody, in A.....	L.....	277, 304, 343, 422	Alfreton, Supplement to the New Version, 1703.
„ E.....	6.6.8.6.6.8 .....	299 .....	Hilary, Marot and Beza's Psalms.
„ E.....	6. Six lines.....	325 .....	Rolvenden, Eng. Psalter, 1652.
„ F.....	C.....	348 .....	Dundee or French, A. Hart's Psalter, 1615.
„ E <sup>b</sup> ...	L.....	441 .....	Rockingham, Dr. Miller's Psalms, 1790.
„ A.....	8.7. Six lines .....	529 .....	Oriel.
„ A.....	L.....	531 .....	Old rooth, French Psalter, 1555.
„ G.....	7.6. Eight lines.....	592 .....	Nantes, French Huguenot Hymn.
„ E.....	C.....	631 .....	S. David's, Ravenscroft's Psalter, 1621.
Ouseley, Rev. Sir F. A.			
G., in E minor.....	7. Six lines.....	43 .....	
„ F.....	7. Ten lines.....	78 .....	
„ C.....	8.8.8.6.8.8.6 .....	82 .....	
„ E <sup>b</sup> .....	L.....	177 .....	
„ G minor.....	10. Four lines.....	185 .....	Langley.
„ F.....	L.....	337 .....	
Parry, C. H. H., in D	L.....	26, 258, 359 ..	
Peter, Chr., in G minor.....	4.4.7.7.6 .....	259 .....	
Pierson, H. H., in F	7.6. Eight lines.....	500 .....	Minden.
Reading, J., in A.....	P.....	128.....	Adeste fideles.
Reay, S., in E <sup>b</sup> .....	D.C.M .....	6, 404.....	
„ E <sup>b</sup> .....	L.....	161.....	
„ D minor.....	8.8.8.6.6.8.6 .....	221.....	
„ F.....	L.....	238.....	
„ B <sup>b</sup> .....	7.7.7.5.7.7.5 .....	273.....	
„ G.....	8.8.8.4.....	319.....	
„ E <sup>b</sup> .....	L.....	334.....	
„ A.....	8.7. Twelve lines ..	340.....	
„ D.....	10.4.6.6.6.6.10.4.....	538.....	
„ B <sup>b</sup> .....	8.6.8.4.....	420.....	
„ F.....	8. Seven lines.....	457.....	
Redhead, R., in C ..	L.....	14, 23, 56.....	
„ E <sup>b</sup> ...	8.7.8.7.....	108.....	
„ D ..	C.....	123, 351, 560 ..	
„ C ..	7. Four lines .....	236, 255, 595 ..	
„ D ..	7. Six lines.....	514, 586.....	S. Peters.
Reinagle, A. R., in E <sup>b</sup>	C.....	69.....	
„ F.....	L.....	317.....	Dorchester, 1660.
Rogers, Dr., in A minor	L.....	415.....	
Schein, J. H., in E.....	L.....	326, 338, 382...	Eisenach.
Schumann, in G.....	L.....	172.....	Canonbury.
Sheppard, Rev. H. F., in B <sup>b</sup>	6. Six lines.....	547.....	
Silas, E., in E <sup>b</sup> .....	11.11.11.5 .....	448.....	
„ C minor.....	6.4. Eight lines.....	553.....	
„ D.....	7. do. ....	585.....	
Smart, H., in A.....	7. Five lines .....	10.....	
„ E <sup>b</sup> .....	8. do. ....	34, 245.....	
„ D minor.....	8. Six lines.....	45.....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Smart, H., in D <sup>b</sup> .....	6.4.6.6.....	72.....	Bethany.
" E.....	8.4.8.4.8.8.4.....	79.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	8.6.8.6.4.4.8.....	81.....	
" D.....	10. Six lines.....	87.....	
" F.....	8.7. Eight lines.....	98, 379, 513...	
" E minor	8.7.8.7.7.....	106.....	
" E.....	C.....	126.....	
" E.....	8.7. Eight lines.....	132.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> .....	8.7.8.7.8.7.7.....	137.....	
" D.....	8.8.7.8.8.7.....	140.....	
" E.....	L.....	170.....	Heathland.
" G.....	L.....	174.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	7. Six lines.....	181, 458, 487...	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	L.....	190, 389.....	
" E.....	8.4.8.8.....	192.....	Lancashire.
" C.....	10.10.7.10.....	200.....	
" G.....	7. Six lines (with Alleluia).....	268.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	7.6. Eight lines.....	287, 518.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	8.8.7.8.8.7.....	291.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	14.7.7.6.6.....	296.....	
" E.....	7.6. Ten lines.....	309.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	10.10.10.6.....	367.....	
" G.....	8.8.8.6.8.8.6.....	413, 575.....	
" C.....	8.7. Six lines.....	428, 609.....	Colebrooke. Regent Square.
" D.....	L.....	438, 502, 552...	
" C.....	8.7. Six lines.....	464, 543.....	
" G.....	6.5. Twelve lines...	475.....	
" G.....	L.....	497.....	
" E.....	7.6. Eight lines.....	620.....	
" A.....	6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6.....	641.....	
Spark, W., in E <sup>b</sup> .....	C.....	623.....	
" F.....	L.....	634.....	
Spohr, in E <sup>b</sup> .....	D.C.....	642.....	
Stainer, J., in E.....	L.....	33.....	Grosvenor.
" D minor	8.8.6.6.3.....	38.....	
" C.....	11.10.11.10.....	53.....	
" C.....	8.4.7.8.4.7.....	59.....	
" D <sup>b</sup> .....	7. Six lines.....	107.....	
" E.....	D.C.....	224.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> .....	8.7. Six lines.....	384.....	
Statham, F. R., in D... L.....		28, 362, 414...	
" E <sup>b</sup> ... L.....		156, 417, 456, 498.....	
" E... S.....		409, 598.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> ... C.....		436, 576.....	Grosvenor.
" A <sup>b</sup> ... C.....		482, 611.....	
Steggall, C., in G.....	L.....	68, 152, 355...	
" E.....	8.4.8.4.8.8.4.....	79.....	
" E.....	7. Four lines.....	162.....	
" G.....	6.5.6.5.6.5.6.5.....	168.....	
" E <sup>b</sup> .....	C.....	180.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> ....	6.6.8.6.6.6.8.6.6.....	207.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> ....	8.7. Six lines.....	229.....	
" E <sup>p</sup> ....	10.6.10.6.....	240, 385.....	
" F.....	8.8.7.7.8.8.7.4.....	275.....	Grosvenor.
" E <sup>b</sup> ....	7.7.7.5.....	519.....	
" C.....	6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.....	607.....	

Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Steggall, C., in A minor	8. Three lines.....	505.....	Formosa.
Sullivan, A. S., in G...	8.7. Eight lines.....	114, 544, 601..	
" Eb..	7. Three lines .....	222, 346, 558..	
" Eb..	7.6. Eight lines.....	225, 578, 643..	
" Eb..	7. do. ....	249.....	
" Ab..	11. Five lines.....	284.....	
" G...	7.6. Eight lines .....	285, 406 .....	
" F...	6.5. Twelve lines....	476.....	
" D...	6.6.6.6.8.8.....	507.....	
" E...	7.8.7.8.7.....	509.....	
" A...	12. Four lines .....	515.....	
" F...	8.5.8.5.8.4.3.....	532.....	
" G...	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.....	570.....	
" A...	8.5.8.3.....	597.....	
" A...	6.4.6.4.6.6.4.....	646.....	
Tallis, T., in G.....	L .....	76 .....	Canon. Ordination Hymn. S. Theodulph, 1613.
" Eb .....	C .....	122 .....	
Teschner, M., in C...	7.6. Eight lines.....	179, 252, 620	
Thorne, E. H., in E...	10. Four lines.....	4, 377 .....	
" Bb	8.9.8.8.9.8.6.4.8.8	118, 545 .....	
" G minor	6.6.8.6.10.10 .....	218.....	
" D...	10.4.10.6.....	233.....	
" F minor	7.7.7.7.5 .....	244.....	
" E ..	8.8.8.4.....	524.....	
Tours, B., in C .....	L .....	2, 158.....	
" G .....	6. Nine lines.....	131 .....	Fairfield.
" E minor	6.6.8.10 .....	241.....	
" G .....	6.6.6.6.3.6 .....	339.....	
" D .....	8.7. Eight lines.....	341.....	
" A .....	14.4.14.4.....	347.....	
" Bb.....	6.6.6.6.6.6.8 .....	372, 405.....	
" Eb .....	6. Eight lines.....	392.....	
" A .....	C .....	425, 603.....	
" F .....	7.6. Eight lines.....	493, 600.....	
" G .....	C .....	560.....	
Trembath, H. G., in G	8.7.8.7.....	470.....	Westminster.
" D .....	S .....	481, 629.....	
Troyte, A. H. D., in Eb	P .....	32, 443, 569..	
" G .....	P .....	527.....	
Turle, J., in D .....	8.6. Six lines.....	429.....	
" D.....	7. Four lines.....	491.....	
" C.....	8.8.8.11 .....	537.....	
" D.....	C .....	567, 606 .....	
" Eb.....	8. Six lines.....	582.....	
" Eb.....	C .....	584.....	
Vulpus, M., in D.....	7.6.7.6.....	143, 381 .....	Lincoln.
" G.....	7. Eight lines.....	149, 249, 294,	
Walmisley, T. A., in G	S .....	605 .....	
minor	S .....	184.....	
" H. B., in G .....	8.7.8.7.8.7 .....	310.....	
Weber, F., in D .....	7.6. Eight lines.....	620.....	
Webbe, S., in E .....	L .....	15, 64, 336, 390,	
" F .....	7. Six lines.....	399.....	
Wesley, S., in D.....	S .....	477.....	
Wesley, S. S., in Eb..	C .....	29 .....	Melcombe. Veni Sancte Spiritus.
" E...	8.3.3.6.....	44.....	
" C...	7. Six lines.....	58 .....	
" .....	7. Six lines.....	58 .....	



Composer and Key.	Metre.	Hymn.	Name of Tune, Source, &c.
Wesley, S. S., in E $\flat$ ...	L .....	66 .....	S. Sebastian.
" G...	7.6. Eight lines.....	109.....	
" D...	8. Six lines.....	135 .....	
" A minor	7.6.7.6.....	199.....	
" G...	S .....	203.....	
" D...	8. Six lines.....	272.....	
" E $\flat$	10.10.6.6.10. ....	376 .....	
" E $\flat$	7. Six lines.....	499, 566 .....	
" E...	L .....	522, 613.....	
" E $\flat$	8.8.8.4.....	524.....	
" D...	6.10.6.10.....	630.....	
" G...	C .....	596.....	
" F...	C .....	624.....	
Wheall, W., in E .....	C .....	120, 357, 632	Bedford, Willkin's Psal- mody, 1699.
Whyley, Rev. E. B., in E.....	6.6.10.6.6.10 .....	466.....	
Winn, W., in G .....	S .....	525.....	Frankfort.
Winter, P. von, in G...	8.7.8.7.....	373.....	

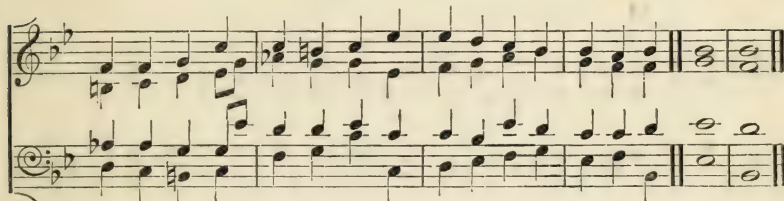


# HYMNS FOR THE WEEK.

SATURDAY EVENING.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.

I



*O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!*

O TRINITY of blessed light,  
O UNITY of princely might,  
The fiery sun now goes his way;  
Shed Thou within our hearts Thy ray.

To Thee our morning song of praise,  
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;  
O grant us with Thy saints on high  
To praise Thee through eternity. Amen.

2

BERTHOLD TOURS.



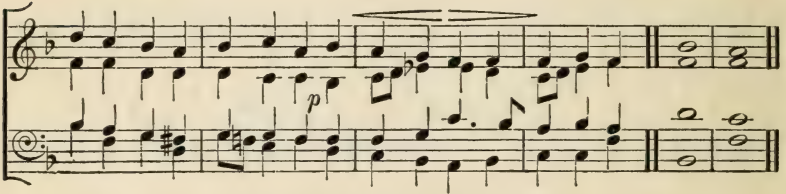
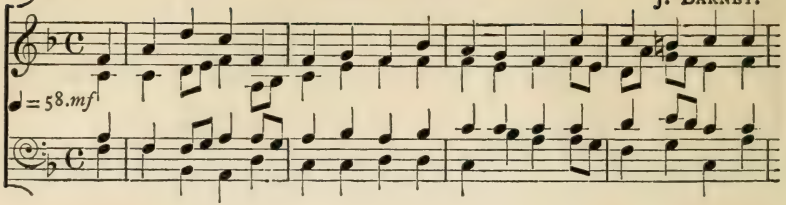
*And there shall be no night there: and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light.*

*f* THE flaming sun has sunk in night;  
Blest TRINITY, Eternal Day,  
Blest UNITY, of princely might,  
Thy light within our hearts display.  
We sing our morning hymn to Thee;  
To Thee our evening prayer we raise;  
O grant us through eternity  
In heaven Thy glorious Name to praise.  
No shadows there the view impede,  
No terrors there the soul affright;  
Nor sun nor moon those mansions need:—  
The LAMB is their perpetual light.

O joys too bright for mortal sight!  
LORD, may they in our souls endure,  
That we, through hope of their delight,  
May grow more pure as Thou art pure.  
And when the day shall come, that we  
Shall know no more, as now, in part,  
May we Thine unveiled Presence see,  
Be like Thee, know Thee, as Thou art;  
And evermore with voice and heart,  
Join concert with the heavenly host,  
And bear, in praising Thee, our part,  
O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

{ }

Amen.



*There is sprung up a light for the righteous.*

O BLEST CREATOR, GOD most High,  
Great Ruler of the starry sky,  
Who, robing day with beauteous light,  
Hast clothed in soft repose the night,

That sleep may wearied limbs restore,  
And fit for toil and use once more ;  
May gently soothe the careworn breast,  
And lull our anxious griefs to rest ;

We thank Thee for the day that's gone ;  
We pray Thee, now the night comes on :—  
O help us sinners as we raise  
To Thee our votive hymn of praise.

To Thee our hearts their music bring,  
To Thee our lips in concord sing ;  
To Thee our rapt affections soar,  
And Thee our chastened souls adore.

LORD, when the parting beams of day  
In evening's shadows fade away,  
Let faith no wildering darkness know,  
But night with faith's own splendour glow.

O sleepless ever keep the mind,  
But guilt in lasting slumbers bind ;  
Nor let the fiend with harmful snare  
Our rest with sinful terrors scare.

GOD over all, of mighty sway,  
Shield us, great TRINITY, we pray,  
Whom with the angels we adore,  
One GOD, One LORD, for evermore. Amen.



♩ = 88. *mf* *cres.*

*f* *dim.*

*last verse.*

*f* One. A - men.

*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours.*

O WHAT their joy and their glory must be,—  
Those endless Sabbaths the blessed ones see!  
Crown for the valiant : to weary ones rest :  
God shall be all, and in all ever blest.

What are the Monarch, His court and His throne?  
What are the peace and the joy that they own?  
Tell us, ye blest ones, that in it have share,  
If what ye feel ye can fully declare.

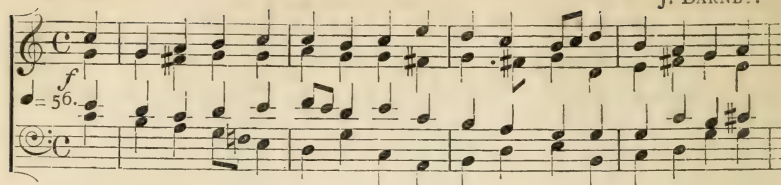
Truly "Jerusalem" name we that shore,  
"Vision of Peace" that brings joy evermore;  
Wish and fulfilment can severed be ne'er,  
Nor the thing prayed for come short of the prayer.

We, where no trouble distraction can bring,  
Safely the anthems of Sion shall sing:  
While for Thy grace, LORD, their voices of praise  
Thy blessed people shall evermore raise.

There dawns no Sabbath—no Sabbath is o'er;  
Those Sabbath-keepers have one, and no more;  
One and unending is that triumph-song  
Which to the angels and us shall belong.

Now in the meanwhile, with hearts raised on high,  
We for that Country must yearn and must sigh:  
Seeking Jerusalem, dear native land,  
Through our long exile on Babylon's strand.

Low before Him with our praises we fall,  
Of Whom, and in Whom, and through Whom are all?  
Of Whom—the FATHER; and in Whom—the SON;  
Through Whom—the SPIRIT, with These ever One. Amen.



*Ye are all the children of light, and the children of the day. Therefore let us not sleep as do others.*

O DAY of joy, when first the light  
Burst from the gloom of primal night;  
Whose dawn saw CHRIST, the True Light,  
Forth from the prison of the tomb. [come

While earth's unhallowed sounds are still,  
With holy chants His Temples fill;  
And Law and Prophecy recite,  
And Psalms that glow with mystic light.

Death, and the formless chaos, heard  
With reverent awe the mighty Word;  
Shall we, oh shame! more deaf than they,  
Refuse His summons to obey?

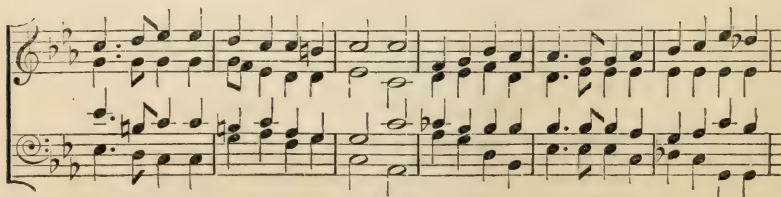
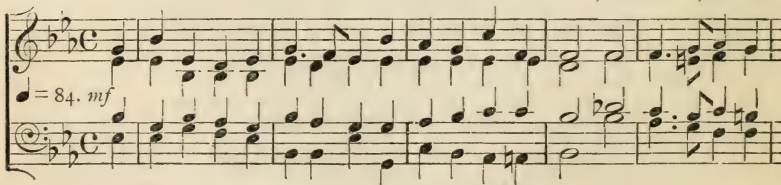
LORD, let this Scripture-trumpet wake  
Our sluggish souls new ways to take,  
And by new ways new life display  
That rises with Thee day by day.

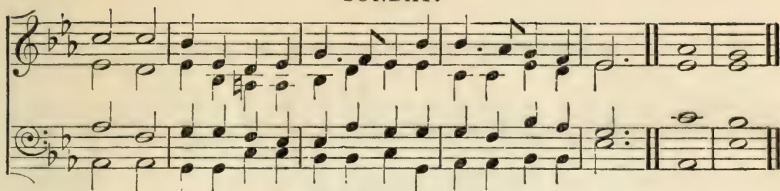
What though the world His call despise?  
Let us, the sons of light, arise;  
And on His own blest morn upraise  
Our sweetest canticles of praise;

New ways, new life, are ours, with Thee  
For guide, O Fount of charity;  
Thy SPIRIT new-born life imparts,  
And writes Thy law upon our hearts.

O praise the FATHER, praise the SON,  
And praise the SPIRIT, with Them ONE;  
Whose quickening breath and heavenly fire  
Our souls with light and warmth inspire.

Amen.





*In Thy Light shall we see light.*

THIS day the Blessed TRINITY

The universe began;

This day the WORD Incarnate rose,  
O'ercoming death for man.

We too will rise this joyful morn,  
And haste in glad accord

Within His House, as David bids,  
With hymns to greet our LORD.

So may He hear and heed each vow  
And prayer to Him address;

And grant a present cleansing here,  
A future glorious rest:

So may He, on this holy day,

At this most sacred hour,

On all who hymn His power and love  
His sweetest blessings shower.

O FATHER, keep us through the day  
From sinful passions free;

Grant us in every word and deed  
And thought to honour Thee.

O Blest REDEEMER, Thee we pray,  
Grant us the grace to quell

The flames impure, which, kindled here,  
Increase the flames of hell.

And oh! of Thy sweet clemency  
Wash Thou our sins away;

Grant us Thy peace; grant us with Thee  
The joys of endless day.

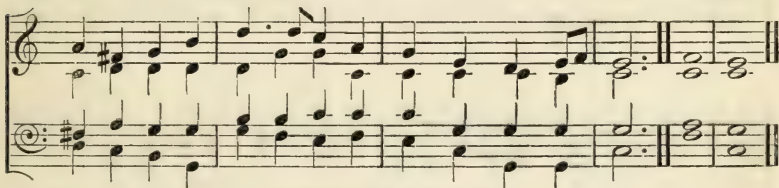
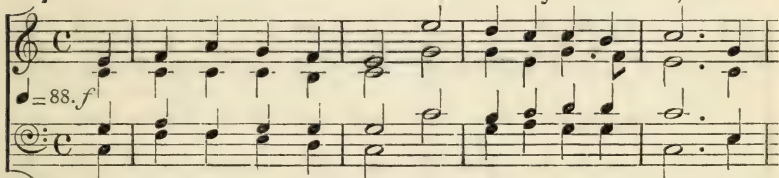
Most loving FATHER, hear our cry

Through JESUS CHRIST Thy SON,

Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while ages run. Amen.

7

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*I am the Light of the World.*

AGAIN the Holy Morn

Calls us to prayer and praise;

Awakening us to gratitude

With its enlivening rays.

But CHRIST yet fairer shone,

More bright than morning's beam,

When conqueror from the grave He rose,  
And raised us up in Him.

When first the world sprang forth

In majesty arrayed,

And bathed in streams of purest light;  
What power was there displayed!

But, oh, what love! when CHRIST,

For our transgressions slain,

From death's dark prison-house arose  
For us to life again.

His new-created world

The mighty Maker viewed,

With thousand lovely tints adorned,  
And straight pronounced it good.

But, oh! much more He joyed

That self-same world to see

Washed in the LAMB's all-saving Blood  
From sin's impurity.

The light of rising morn,

Which o'er creation flies,

Bids fancy picture the unseen  
Abodes beyond the skies.

But CHRIST, the LIGHT of LIGHT,

The FATHER's Image blest,

Shows us beneath the veil of flesh  
The Godhead manifest.

Blest TRINITY, vouchsafe,

That to Thy guidance true

What Thou forbiddest we may shun,  
What Thou commandest do.

To Thee, O FATHER, SON,

And SPIRIT, glory be;

To Thee, the Blessed THREE in ONE,  
The Blessed ONE in THREE. Amen.



# SUNDAY.

8

*Ye were sometimes darkness, but now are ye light in the Lord.*

G. A. MACFARREN.

*f* Come, let us all with one ac - cord . . A - dore and

mag - ni - fy the LORD, And fes - tal ser - vice pay;

On this the Day that God hath blest, . . *p* The day of

peace and heav'n - ly rest, *f* The LORD's own ho - ly Day;

*f* That saw primæval darkness break,  
And that more glorious life awake  
That lasteth evermore;  
That saw hell's legions prostrate fall,  
And CHRIST triumphant over all  
His own to heaven restore.

*mp* This day the peace that flows from heaven  
Was unto the Apostles given,  
When doors were closed at night;  
This day the HOLY SPIRIT's flame  
Upon the Church's teachers came,  
And filled their souls with light.



SUNDAY.

Still on this day with trum-pet sound The Gos-pel

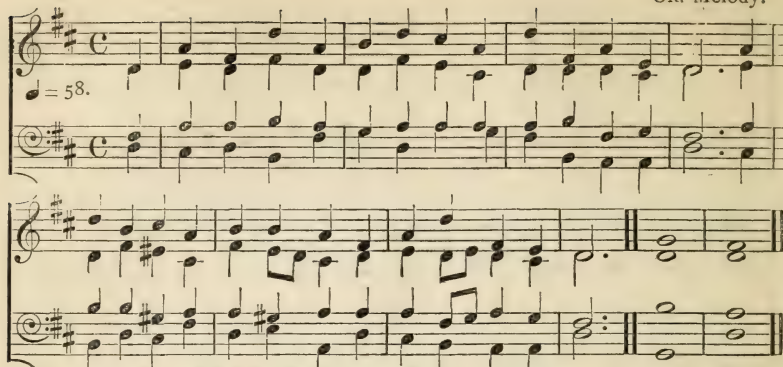
notes are ring-ing round, To call the world to

pray: Then on this day let us a-dore Our God, and

sup-ple-ca-tion pour, That, when worlds pass a-

way, Thro' CHRIST's dear grace our souls may rest In peace and

joy for e-ver blest Till the great Judg-ment Day. A-men.



*And God said, Let there be light: and there was light; and the evening and the morning were the first day.*

*f* THIS day the FATHER, Source of all,  
Put forth creative might;  
He spake, and called the world He made  
From darkness into light.

This day the SON triumphant left  
The grave, and death o'ercame;  
The SPIRIT came in human hearts  
To brood with quickening flame.

*mf* Let love inflame with fervent glow  
Our hearts, this first of days;  
That we to Him Who gives us life  
May pay our meed of praise.

O FATHER, in God's image Thou  
In love didst fashion me;

Thy may I love with all my heart,  
And meditate on Thee.

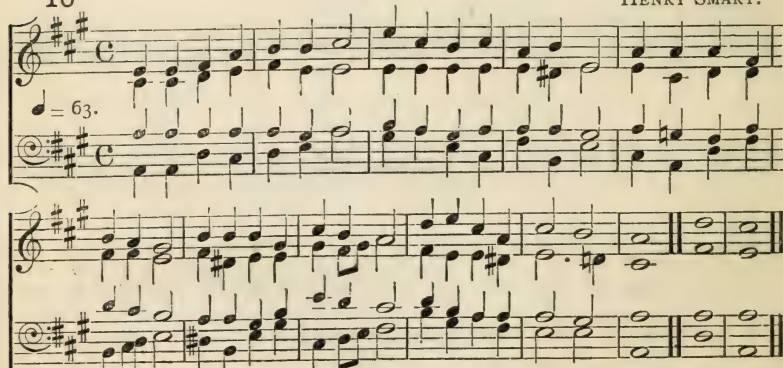
O SON, vouchsafe that I may die  
With Thee, and with Thee rise;  
For Thee, consumed by love, may be  
A holy sacrifice.

O HOLY GHOST, Thyself the best  
Of gifts Thou dost bestow;  
Burn, Fire of love, in me, that I  
May burn Thy love to know.

*f* GOD of my heart, Thrice HOLY GOD,  
Whose grace my prayers implore,  
To Thee I vow myself; and Thee  
Will love for evermore. Amen.

## IO

HENRY SMART.



*O Lord, my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour.*

*mf* WHEN in silence and in shade  
Earth, at midnight, had been laid,—  
Working out the FATHER's plan,  
In the Virgin's womb made Man,  
God His earthly life began.

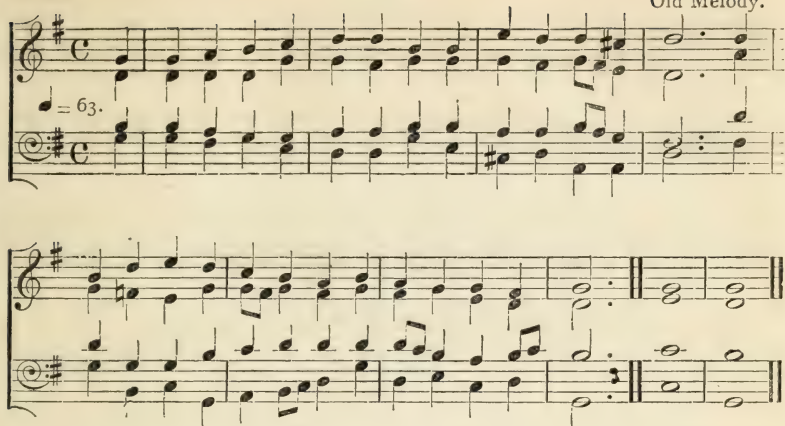
By each mouth His praise be showed  
For the new gift now bestowed;  
From on high came down the dew,  
From the earth the floweret grew,  
Health in mortals to renew.

Very GOD as Man is born;  
Swaddling clothes enwrap the Morn;  
Praise by angel tongues is poured;  
Earth is ransomed by the LORD;  
Peace to sinners is restored.

There the Cross is reared on high,  
And their God they crucify;  
Conquering Life in death hath lain,  
Death's contriver falls again,  
Death itself by Death is slain.

After sunset in the grave  
Comes our Sun again to save;  
And He shows the glory, won  
By the deeds His hand hath done,  
To the blest around the Throne.

Holy FATHER, now we crave,  
Hear us, and redeem and save;  
Let the things we ask be done,  
Through Thy well-beloved SON,  
With Thee and the SPIRIT One. Amen.



*O let my mouth be filled with Thy praise, that I may sing of Thy glory and honour all the day long*

*f* THIS is the day the light was made,  
That glorious gift of heaven,  
This is the day the LORD arose,  
The best of all the seven.

This is the day the darkness fled,  
And death to life gave way;  
To light and life for evermore  
God calls His saints to-day.

Then wake, ye children of the light,  
And hearken to His voice;  
With early songs of praise draw nigh,  
And in His courts rejoice.

Let carnal sloth and faithless fear  
From every heart be driven;  
Spend we this day as they that hope  
To gain the joys of heaven.

TO GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST;  
Be praise from all that dwell on earth,  
And from the heavenly host. Amen.

## I2

*My mouth shall daily speak of Thy righteousness and salvation: for I know no end thereof.*

AGAIN the LORD of life and light  
Awakes the kindling ray,  
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,  
And pours increasing day.

Oh! what a night was that, which wrapt  
The heathen world in gloom!  
Oh! what a Sun, which broke this day  
Triumphant from the tomb!

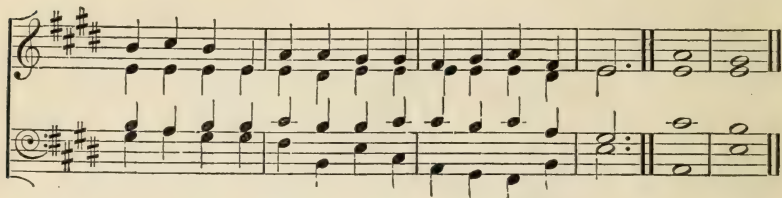
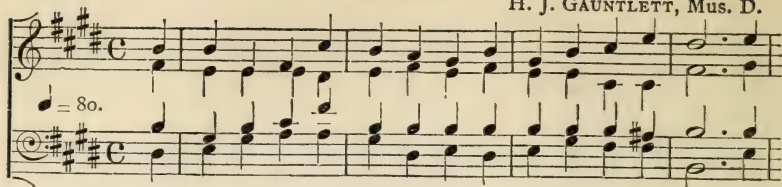
Ten thousand mortal lips shall join  
To hail this welcome morn,  
Which scatters blessings from its wings  
To nations yet unborn.

The powers of darkness leagued in vain  
To bind His soul in death;  
He shook their kingdom, when He fell,  
With His expiring breath.

Exalted high at GOD's right hand,  
The LORD of all below,  
Through Him is pardoning love dispensed,  
And boundless blessings flow.

*mp*  
And still for erring, guilty, man  
A Brother's pity flows;  
And still His bleeding heart is touched  
With memory of our woes.

*f* To Thee, our SAVIOUR, and our KING,  
Glad homage we will give,  
And stand prepared like Thee to die,  
That we with Thee may live! Amen.



*Thou art the God that doest wonders, and hast declared Thy power among the people.*

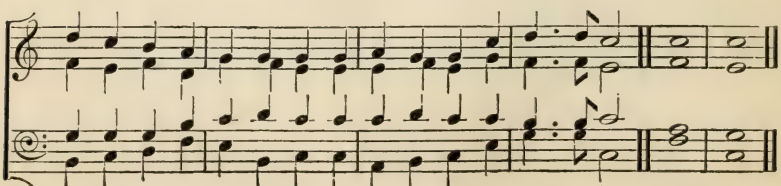
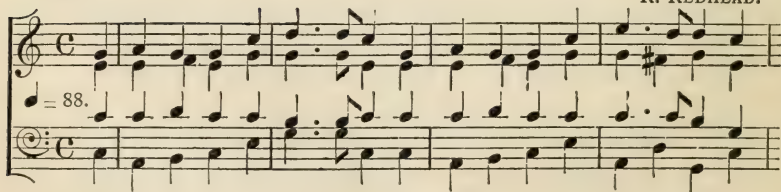
*f* BLEST morning, whose first dawning  
Beheld our rising GOD; [rays  
That saw Him triumph o'er the grave,  
And leave death's dark abode!

To hold our GOD, the grave and hell  
Unite their force in vain;  
*f* The sleeping Conqueror arose,  
And burst their feeble chain.

*p* Within the prison of the tomb  
The dead REDEEMER lay,  
*mf* Until revolving skies had brought  
The third, the appointed, day.

To Thy great name, Almighty LORD,  
Our homage now we pay;  
And loud hosannas shall proclaim  
The triumph of the day.

All glory, honour, power and praise  
To our victorious KING!  
Let heaven and earth, and rocks, and seas  
With glad hosannas ring. Amen.





# SUNDAY.

*This is the day which the Lord hath made.*

*f* THIS day, by Thy creative Word  
First o'er the earth the light was poured;  
O LORD, this day upon us shine,  
And fill our souls with light divine.

This day the LORD, for sinners slain,  
In might victorious rose again;  
O JESU, may we raised be  
From death of sin to life in Thee.

This day the HOLY SPIRIT came,  
With fiery tongues of cloven flame;  
O SPIRIT, fill our hearts this day  
*mf* With grace to hear, and grace to pray.

*p* O day of light and life and grace,  
From earthly toils sweet resting-place!  
Thy hallowed hours, best gift of love,  
We give again to God above!

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

15

EVENING.

S. WEBBE.



*And God divided the light from the darkness. And God called the light Day, and the darkness He called Night. And the evening and the morning were the first day.*

*mf*

BLEST Maker of the light, by Whom  
Each day is kindled out of night;  
Who, when the heavens and earth were  
made,  
Didst first of all call forth the light.

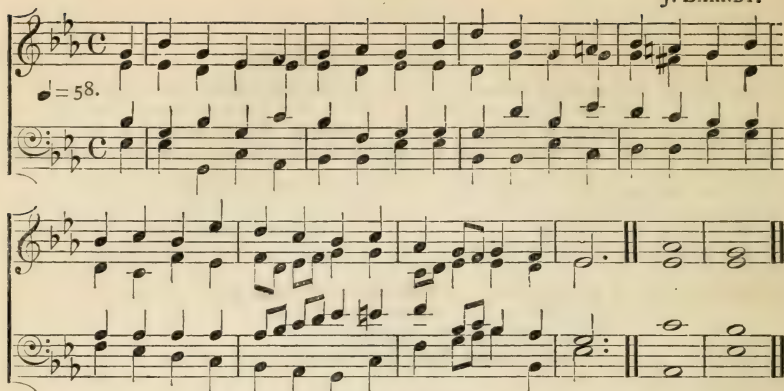
Thou, Who didst bind and blend in one  
The eve and morn, and call them day;  
*dim.*

Once more on us night's shadow falls,  
Oh, hear us as to Thee we pray.

Hear; lest the soul o'erwhelmed by sin  
Lose Thy reward of life divine,  
Lest thoughts and schemes of sense and  
time  
And chains of crime around us twine.

O may our cry to heaven ascend:  
From peril all our path secure;  
Grant us the prize of life to win;  
And make our hearts devout and pure.

Most loving FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON,  
*cres.* Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
*f* Shall reign while endless ages run. Amen.

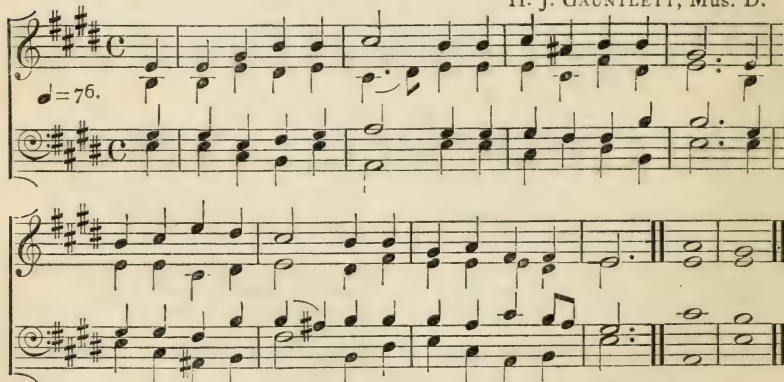


*In Thy presence is the fulness of joy.*

*f* O Thou, Who in the light dost dwell *mf* Why lingers, then, the golden dawn?  
 To mortal unapproachable, O why delay, thou glorious morn?  
*dim* Where angels veil them from Thy rays, When shall we cast this flesh aside,  
 And tremble as they gaze; And in that light abide?  
*p* Here we in depths of darkness lie, Our souls, O God, would fain take wing  
 Poor exiles from our home on high; From out their dark enveloping;  
*f* But bright shall dawn Thine endless *f* And see Thee, praise Thee, and adore  
 And chase our gloom away. [day, And love Thee evermore.  
 That day Thou hast in store with Thee, Blest THREE in ONE, Thou Source of  
 Resplendent with Thy majesty, O fit us for that happy place; [grace,  
 But faintly shadowed here below And guide us safe through this our night  
 By sun in noontide glow. To see Thine endless light. Amen.

17

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D.



*Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee.*

*mf* BE present, Holy FATHER, *mf* O child of God, remember  
 Unseen by mortal eye; The Font's baptismal dew,  
 And CHRIST, the Word Eternal, The cross upon thy forehead,  
 And SPIRIT from on high! The SPIRIT's sealing too;  
 Thou TRINITY, in essence That when sweet sleep shall woo thee  
 And light and virtue One; Thy pallet chaste to seek,  
 The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT That sign may cheer thy spirit,  
 Of FATHER and of SON; And strengthen thee when weak.  
*p* The toil of day is over; Away, away, ye visions!  
 The hour of rest comes round; Ye wild, unquiet dreams!  
 And, in its turn, kind slumber Away, away, deceiver,  
 Our members hath unbound. With all thy deadly schemes!

# SUNDAY.

Away, thou crafty serpent,  
With all thy subtle art,  
Thy many guileful windings,  
That vex the simple heart!

Away, for CHRIST is present;  
Yea, CHRIST is ours, give place;  
The power of GOD incarnate  
Can all thy legions chase.

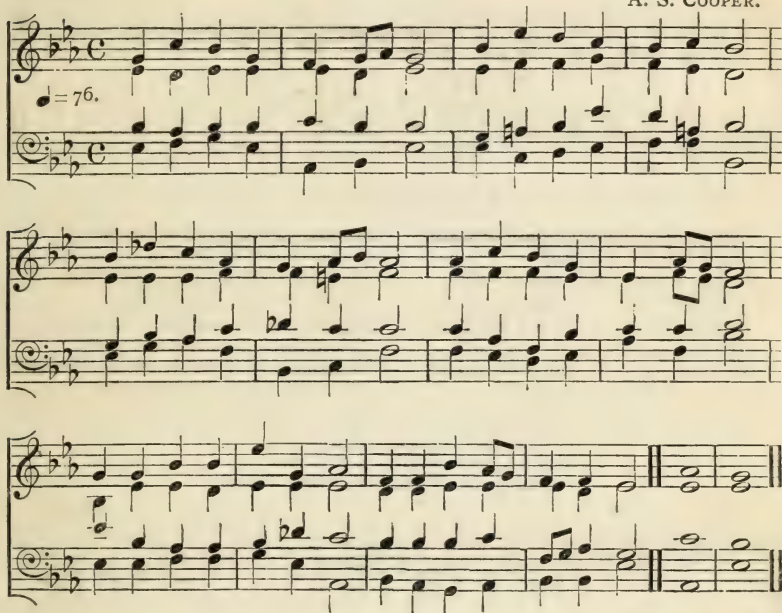
And though awhile the body  
In sleep may lie reclined,  
Yet CHRIST, in spite of slumber,  
Shall fill the wakeful mind.

*f* All laud to GOD the FATHER,  
All laud to GOD the SON;  
To GOD the HOLY SPIRIT  
Be equal homage done. Amen.

18

ANY HOUR.

A. S. COOPER.



*For yourselves know perfectly that the day of the Lord so cometh as a thief in the night.*

*f* GLORY to the Glorious ONE,  
Good and great, our GOD alone,  
Who this day hath glorified,  
First and best of all beside,  
Making it for every clime  
Of all times the sweetest time.

On this day the SON of GOD  
Left His three days' dark abode;  
In the greatness of His might,  
Rising to the upper light.

On this day the Church puts on  
Glory, beauty, joy, and crown.

On this day of days the LORD,  
Faithful to His ancient word,  
On His burning chariot borne,  
Shall in majesty return.  
KING of kings, He comes in might  
From His heavenly home of light.

Coming with His Cross to save,  
With His Cross to spoil the grave,  
He shall speak and earth shall hear;

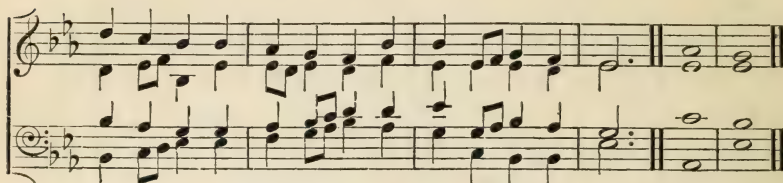
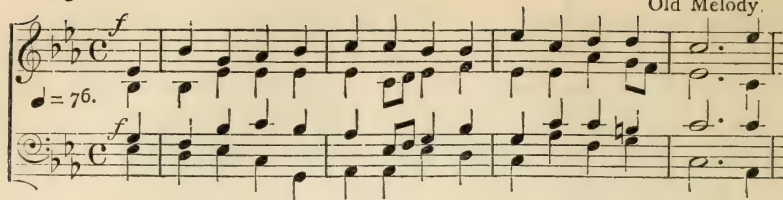
Rending rocks shall quake with fear;  
And the waking dead shall come  
From the silence of the tomb.

Shaken heavens and shattered earth  
Then shall rise to second birth!  
Then the glory to His own!  
Then the kingdom and the crown!  
Then the sinner's hope shall close,  
Then begin his endless woes.

*m* Death, it cometh,—Oh beware!  
Judgment cometh,—Oh prepare!  
Steadfast, steadfast let us stand,  
For the Judge is nigh at hand;  
Steadfast let us rest at night,  
Steadfast wake at morning light.

*f* Honour, might, and glory be,  
Gracious GOD and LORD, to Thee!  
To the FATHER, and the SON,  
And the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE;  
Thus we now Thy mercy praise,  
And through everlasting days. Amen.





*Whom God hath raised up, having loosed the pains of death, because it was not possible that He should be holden of it.*

BEHOLD, the tomb its prey restores,  
Behold, He lives again,  
JESUS, Whom every knee adores,  
The Crucified, the Slain.

This day He rose and left the dead,  
And smote the powers of hell;  
This day let us His triumph spread,  
And all His wonders tell.

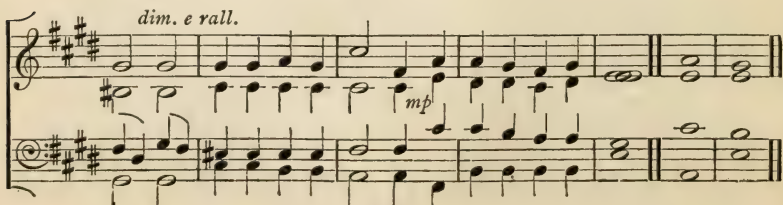
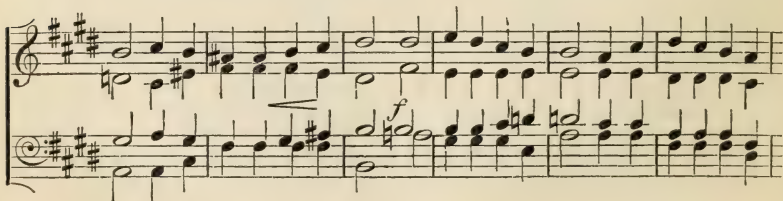
Hosanna to the Conquering SON,  
Hosanna to the KING,  
Who rises from the field He won,  
With healing in His wing.

Hosanna! in the loftiest strains  
His Church on earth can raise;  
The highest heavens on which He reigns  
Shall pour Him loftier praise.

Hosanna! earth, and sea, and skies,  
Take up the joyous song;  
Ye rocks and valleys, as it flies,  
The psalm of praise prolong. Amen.

## 20

J. BARNEY.





## SUNDAY.

*The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.*

O DAY of rest and gladness,  
O day of joy and light,  
O balm of care and sadness,  
Most beautiful, most bright;  
On thee, the high and lowly  
Before the eternal throne  
Sing, Holy, Holy, Holy,  
To GOD the THREE in ONE.

On thee, at the creation,  
The light first had its birth;  
On thee for our salvation  
CHRIST rose from depths of earth;  
On thee our LORD victorious  
The SPIRIT sent from heaven;  
And thus on thee most glorious  
A triple light was given.

Thou art a cooling fountain  
In life's dry dreary sand;  
From thee, like Pisgah's mountain,  
We view our promised land;

A day of sweet refection,  
A day of holy love,  
A day of resurrection  
From earth to things above.

To-day on weary nations  
The heavenly Manna falls;  
To holy convocations  
The silver trumpet calls;  
Where Gospel-light is glowing  
With pure and radiant beams,  
And living water flowing  
With soul-refreshing streams.

New graces ever gaining  
From this our day of rest,  
We reach the Rest remaining  
To spirits of the blest;  
To HOLY GHOST be praises,  
To FATHER, and to SON;  
The Church her voice upraises  
To Thee, blest THREE in ONE.

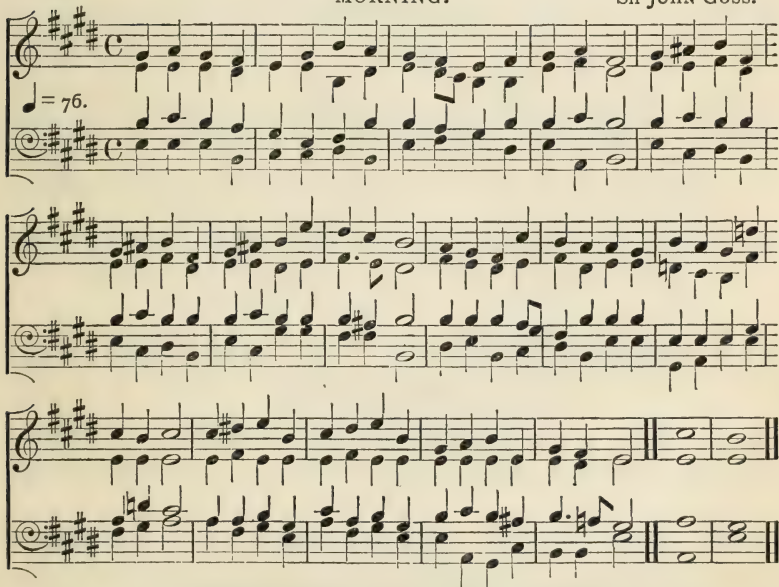
Amen.

21

## MONDAY.

MORNING.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



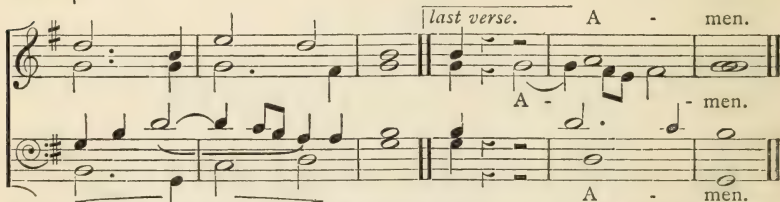
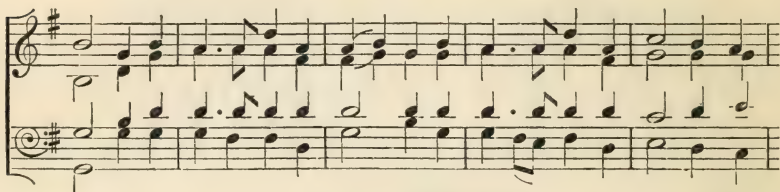
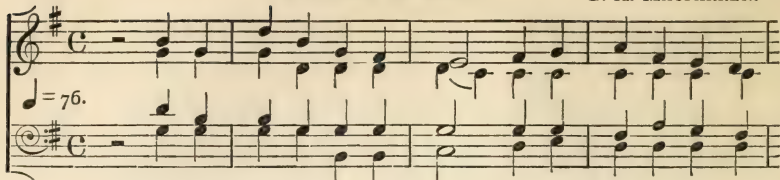
*The brightness of His glory, and the express image of His person.*

*f* BRIGHTNESS of the FATHER's glory;  
Of His Light essential Ray;  
Light of Light, all light enshrining;  
Day, illumining the day:  
JESU, Sun Divine, upon us  
With perpetual brilliance gleam;  
Fill our hearts, each sense enlighten,  
With the SPIRIT's hallowing beam.

*mf* Thee we pray, too, Holy FATHER,  
Fount of life, and Source of grace,  
By the cleansing of Thy SPIRIT  
Taint of sin from us efface:  
In each strong resolve be with us,  
And the tempter's rage subdue;  
Turn to good each sad misfortune;  
Be our guide in all we do.

Rule our inmost thought and action;  
Grant us heavenly purity,  
Faith that glows with holy fervour,  
Incorrupt simplicity.  
Feed us with the Bread from heaven,  
And that Drink that cannot cloy;  
Comfort us in all our weakness  
With the SPIRIT's holy joy.

*f* Thus shall speed the day in gladness,  
Modesty like dawn shall glow,  
Faith shall shine as light at noonday,  
And the soul no night shall know.  
Praise and glory to the FATHER,  
Praise and glory to the SON,  
Praise and glory to the SPIRIT,  
Ever THREE and ever ONE. Amen.



*And God made the firmament, and divided the waters which were under the firmament from the waters which were above the firmament. And the evening and the morning were the second day.*

Lo! the firmament doth bear  
Floods of water high in air,  
Whence each day the dew and rain  
Fall upon the thirsty plain,  
Soon to mount to heaven again:

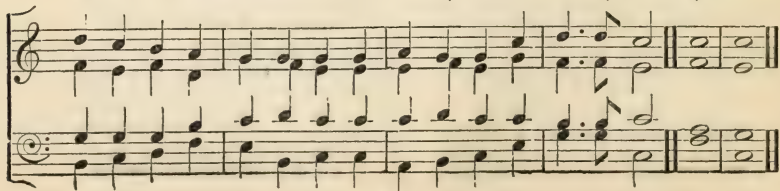
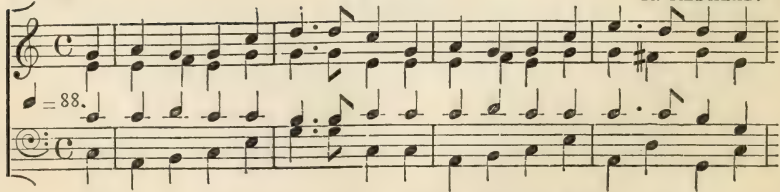
Emblem of the grace in store  
In God's Presence evermore,  
That on lowly hearts and true  
Falling like the silent dew  
To its Fountain mounts anew.

Day by day, then, be it ours,  
LORD, to drink those holy showers;  
That within our souls may lie  
Wells of water never dry,  
Springing up to heaven most high.

Thou Who dost the SPIRIT give,  
Fount of life, by Which we live:  
Biding in His peaceful ways,  
Bear we all our earthly days  
Fruit of love and holy praise.

Thou, Who tookest flesh and blood,  
That our eyes might look on God:  
To Thy Name all glory be,  
In the Blessed TRINITY,  
Now and to eternity. Amen.

## TUESDAY.



# TUESDAY.

*Watch ye therefore; for ye know not when the master of the house cometh.*

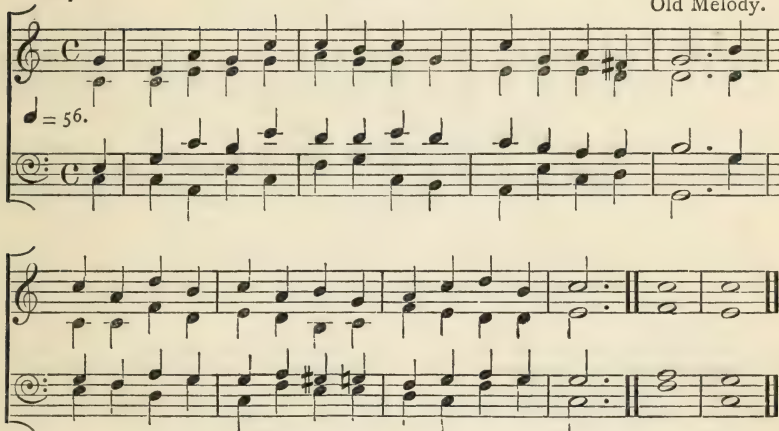
<p>THE bird, the harbinger of light, Has sung once more his morning strain; So CHRIST's own voice, with startling thrill, Awakes the soul to life again.</p> <p>"Arise, take up your bed," He cries, "In sleep and sloth no longer lie; With loins girt up and burning lights Keep watch; for I your LORD am nigh."</p>	<p><i>p</i> O CHRIST, on Thy blest Name we call, Aroused from dead and earthly sleep; Repentant fall before Thy throne; Our watch with prayer and weeping keep.</p> <p><i>mf</i> Break Thou the spell that wraps us round; <i>cres.</i> Burst Thou the deadly bonds of night; Unloose the slavish chains of guilt, And fill us with Thine own new light.</p>
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*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD, Whom earth and heaven adore,  
Be glory, as it was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

24

EVENING.

Old Melody.



*And God said, Let the waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so. . . . And the evening and the morning were the third day.*

<p><i>mf</i> O BOUNTIEOUS FRAMER of the globe, Who with Thy mighty hand Didst gather up the rolling seas, And firmly fix the land;</p> <p>That so the freshly teeming earth Might herb and seedling bear, And stand in early beauty gay, With flower and fruitage fair;</p>	<p>Pour down upon our parchèd souls The freshness of Thy grace; That penitence may spring anew, And all the past efface.</p> <p>Grant us to fear Thy holy law, To feel Thy goodness nigh; Grant us through life Thy peace; in death Thine immortality.</p>
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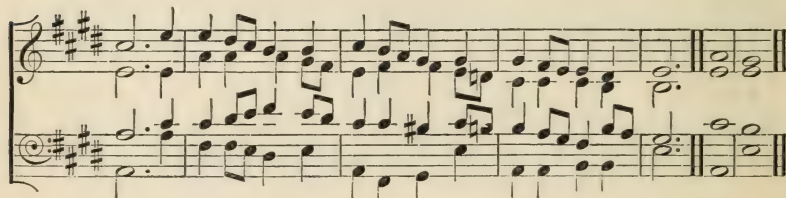
Most loving FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST Thy SON,  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while ages run. Amen.

# WEDNESDAY.

MORNING.

25

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us.*

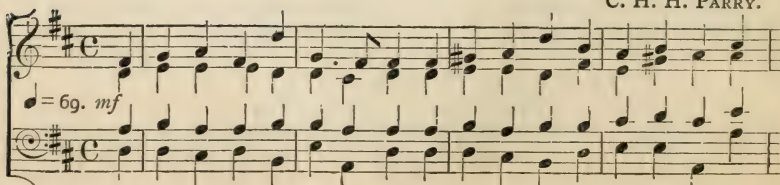
<i>mf</i> Lo, night and clouds and darkness wrap	<i>p</i> O JESU, Thee our Sun we seek
The world in dark array;	With meek and simple heart;
The morning dawns, the light breaks in;	With hymn, with prayer, that Thou wilt
Hence, hence, ye shades, away!	Thy daily grace impart: [deign
Pierced by the sun's resistless shafts	Our souls are dark, and need Thy light
Night's gloom is cleft in twain,	To make them pure and clean;
And all things, lightened by his beam,	O Light of angels, look on us,
Resume their tints again.	And shine with face serene.

*f* So may our minds the radiant beams  
Of Thine enlightening know;  
So may our hearts by Thee inflamed  
With holy transport glow;  
So may our tongues inspired by Thee  
Still sing the Eternal ONE,  
The FATHER and the HOLY GHOST  
With Thee, Co-equal SON. Amen.

26

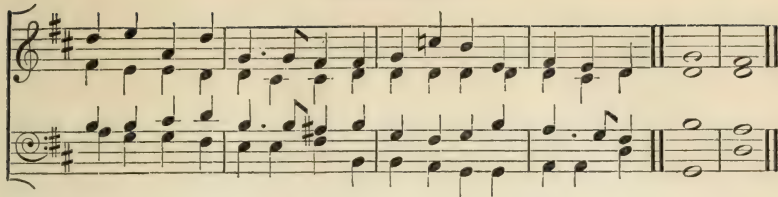
EVENING.

C. H. H. PARRY.





# WEDNESDAY.



*And God said, Let there be lights in the firmament of heaven: and it was so. And the evening and the morning were the fourth day.*

**MOST HOLY GOD**, enthroned on high,  
Who dost the world with light adorn,  
And paint the tracts of azure sky  
With lovely hues of eve and morn;

Who didst command the sun to light  
His fiery wheel's effulgent blaze;  
Didst set the moon her circuit bright,  
The stars their ever-winding maze;

That, each within its ordered sphere,  
They might divide the night from day;  
And of the seasons, year by year,  
The well-remembered signs display;

Disperse our night, Eternal God,  
And kindle Thy pure beam within;  
Free us from guilt's oppressive load,  
And break the deadly bonds of sin.

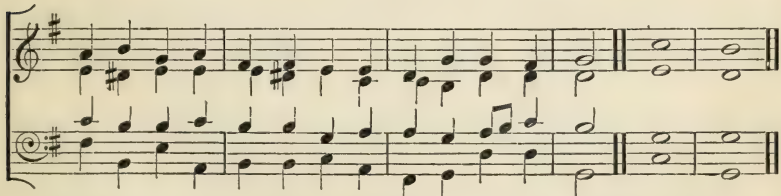
O FATHER, hear the prayer that we  
Make now through JESUS CHRIST Thy SON,  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while endless ages run. Amen.

# THURSDAY.

27

MORNING.

German.



*The day is at hand; let us therefore cast off the works of darkness, and let us put on the armour of light.*

*f* Lo, the golden sun is shining:  
Let us, children of the day,  
Cast aside the works of darkness,  
Which have led our souls astray.

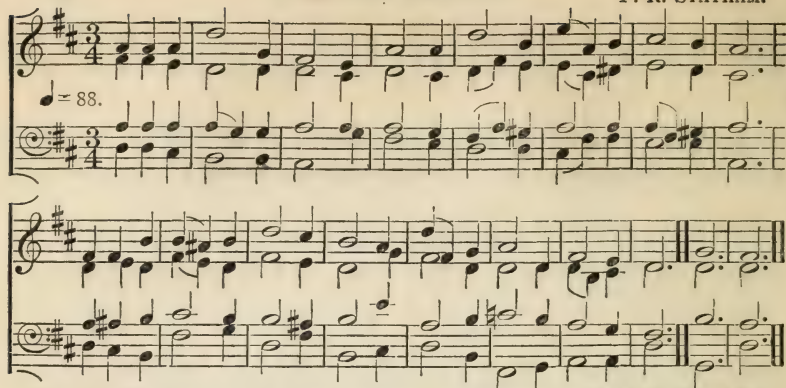
All day long an Eye is o'er us,  
Which our every secret knows,  
Sees our every step before us,  
From first morn till evening's close.

*p* May the morn, sweet calmness breath-  
Bring us peace and purity; [ing,  
*mf* From our lips all falsehood banish,  
And our thoughts from sin set free.

*pp* LORD, in holy adoration  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy blest salvation,  
And unveiled Thy brightness see.

Ever, as the day glides onward,  
Let us keep our tongue from guile,  
Eyes from wandering, feet from sliding,  
Hands from ought that can defile.

*f* Praise unending to the FATHER,  
To the SON, and SPIRIT Blest,  
Still from age to age ascending,  
Be throughout all worlds address.



*mf* And God said Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fow:  
that may fly above the earth. . . And the evening and the morning were the fifth day.

LORD of all power, at Whose command  
The waters from their teeming womb  
Brought forth the countless tribes of fish,  
And birds of every note and plume;  
Who didst for natures linked in birth  
Far different homes of old prepare;  
Didst sink the fishes in the sea,  
And lift the birds aloft in air:

Lo, born of Thy baptismal wave,  
We ask of Thee, O LORD Divine,  
Keep us, whom Thou hast purified  
By Thine own Blood, for ever Thine;  
Safe from all pride, from all despair;  
Not sunk too low, nor raised too high;  
Lest, raised by pride, we headlong fall;  
Lest sunk in fell despair we die.

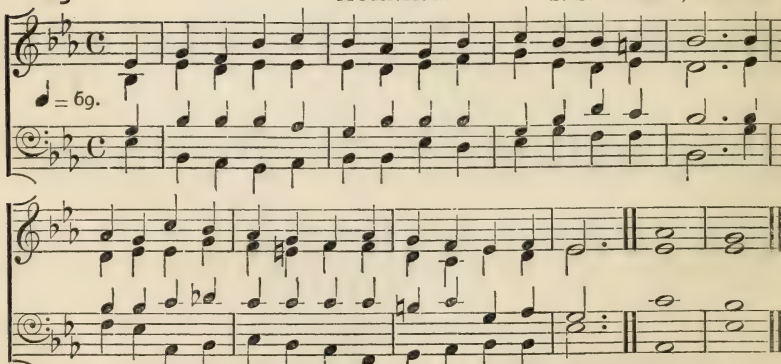
Most loving FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST Thine only SON,  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while endless ages run. Amen.

## FRIDAY.

29

MORNING.

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*Thy mercy, O Lord, endureth for ever; despise not then the works of Thine own hand.*

*f* DREAD TRINITY in UNITY,  
Of all creation KING,  
Accept the anthem loud and high  
Thy creatures wake and sing.

That so with bodies bright and pure,  
And wakeful hearts within,  
All fresh may burn our light of grace  
Undimmed by cherished sin.

*mf* If in the night the foe hath sought  
With guilt our souls to stain,  
Let Thy deep streams of mercy flow,  
And make us clean again.

*p* Thee, blest REDEEMER, Thee we pray,  
Shine on us with Thy light,  
That we may this and every day  
Walk blameless in Thy sight.

Most loving FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST Thy SON,  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while ages run. Amen.

30

$\text{♩} = 92.$

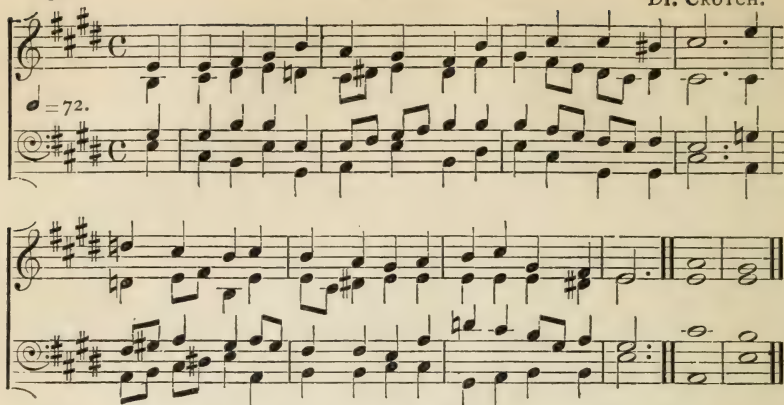
*Make me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.*

GLORY of the highest heaven,  
 Blessèd Hope to mortals given,  
 Of the ALMIGHTY Only SON,  
 And the Virgin's Holy One;  
 Raise us, LORD, and we shall rise  
 In a sober mood,  
 And a zeal, which glorifies  
 Thee from gratitude.

Now the day-star's brilliant glance  
 Tells us of the sun's advance;  
 While the unhealthy shades decline,  
 Rise, within us, Light Divine!  
 Rise, and risen, go not hence;  
 Stay and make us bright,  
 Streaming through each cleansèd sense  
 On the outward night.

Then the root of faith shall spread  
 In the heart new fashioned;  
 Gladsome hope shall spring above,  
 And shall bear the fruit of love.  
 To the FATHER, and the SON,  
 And the HOLY GHOST  
 Here be glory, as is done  
 By the angelic host. Amen.





*And God said, Let Us make man in Our image. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day.*

*mf* TO-DAY, O LORD, Thy will resolves  
A holier work to frame,  
A ruler for Thy new-made world,  
A herald of Thy Name.

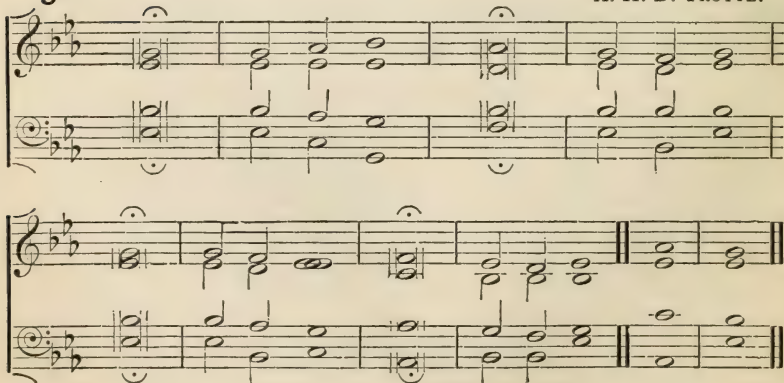
So man is made: the breath of life  
To dust Thy SPIRIT gives;  
And man becomes a living soul,  
And in Thine Image lives.

Thou biddest him o'er earth and sea  
Hold under Thee his sway,  
Yet mindful of his rightful LORD  
To Thee due homage pay.

And yet Thou seest his heart rebel,  
His head uplifted high:  
Thy yoke he breaks; vile dust of earth  
Presumes with GOD to vie.

*p* And griefs and sorrows numberless,  
Have hence the world o'erspread;  
Good LORD, Thy mercy succoured us,  
Or hope itself had fled.

*f* O praise the FATHER, and the SON  
Who saved us by His death,  
And HOLY GHOST Who quickens us  
With His life-giving breath. Amen.



*Hear, I pray you, all people, and behold My sorrow.*

*mp* ANGELS of peace, look down from | heaven and mourn;  
Lo, your own GOD upon the | earth is bent;  
He wears guilt's image, of His | glories shorn;  
Of wicked men He bears the | punishment.



FRIDAY.

O miracle stupendous | of vast love !  
 O deadness of man's heart that | still remains !  
 To die for you your GÖD comes | from above ;  
 Ye will not walk with Him and | share His pains !

It is Thy Cross alone, a- | -lone Thy Cross,  
 From everlasting flames our | souls sets free :  
 Here chasten us with sword, fire, | worldly loss,  
 But spare us, O LÖRD, for e- | -ternity.

The flesh shrinks back, but 'tis His | FATHER's will  
 He bows His Head, and drinks the | bitter cup :  
 In this Thy strength may we Thy | law fulfil,  
 Take from Thy Hand the chalice | and look up.

Healed by the stripes which Thù pure | Body stain,  
 Washed by the Blood which floweth | from Thy Side,  
 Leave us not, lest we sin, and | fall again,  
 And thus the cross afresh for | Thee provide.

*f* All praise to Him, Who gävè His | SON to die ;  
 All praise to Him, Who for the | guilty dies ;  
 All praise to Him, Who came like | fire from high  
 To kindle that most holy | sacrifice. Amen.

33 ANY HOUR. J. STAINER, Mus.D.

*A spring shut up, a fountain sealed.*

O WONDROUS love, that rends in twain  
 Thy sinless heart, lost souls to gain ;  
 Thyself the Pfiest, and yet the Slain  
 For all our judgments lingering !

Those Feet, fast-bound in iron, loose  
 How many a step from Satan's noose ;  
 Those Hands, how many a burden's bruise  
 Are their soft touches fingering !

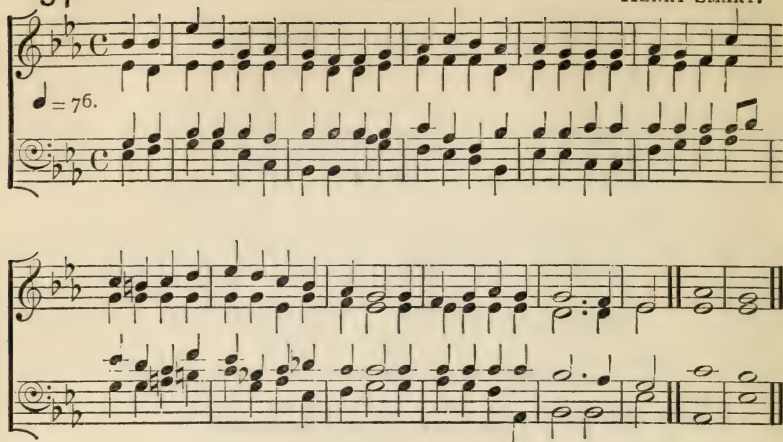
The spear that gashed the Sleeper's Side  
 Life's mother wakes, the living Bride,  
 Bought with His Blood, washed with the  
 Of all that Water's purity. [tide

O Spring shut up, O Fountain sealed,  
 O Holiest Place within revealed,  
 O windowed Rock for sinners healed  
 His inmost Heart's security !

O FATHER, when Thine arrows fly,  
 Turn on those bleeding Wounds Thine Eye,  
 Those Hands spread out athwart the sky,  
 And stay the mighty thundering.

Seen through those Clefts, reached by that  
 For us Thy heavenly joys prepare, [Stair,  
 The FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT there  
 That we may worship wondering !

Amen.



*There is at Jerusalem a pool, which is called in the Hebrew tongue Bethesda, having five porches.*

*f* HAIL, Thou KING of saints ascending,  
 Hope of sinners lowly bending,  
*dim.* On the Cross I see Thee drooping,  
 Like a malefactor stooping  
 In all his shame's humility.

*p* O that piteous Form's disrobing !  
 O those taunts His sorrows probing !  
 Yet He bears their scorn's blaspheming,  
 For that curse is man's redeeming,  
 In all our sin's servility.

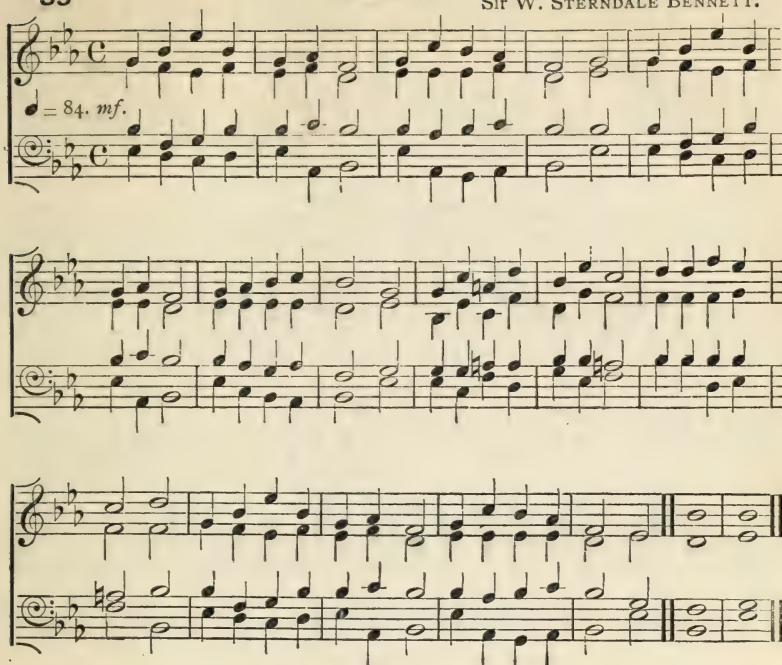
*mf* Shall I bring, a sinner pardoned,  
 Deeds as vile, and heart as hardened ?

*p* O, what love, my soul's Defender,  
 For Thy dying shall I render,  
 Twice dead without Thy quickening ?

O that love, death's pangs defying,  
 Deathless still in all its dying !  
*cres.* O Bethesda, hide me, shield me,  
 Till the pool has wholly healed me  
 Beside those waters sickening.

*p* All that Cross with red blood staining,  
 All Thy Limbs in torture straining,  
 Let me see Thee, all my needing,  
 With that height, that depth exceeding,  
 With all that wide Beam measuring.

Let me seek Thee, washed from sinning;  
 Make Thy Cross my work's beginning;  
 There I stoop not, there I droop not;  
 There, LORD, heal me; there, LORD, seal me,  
 Safe in Thy Kingdom's treasuring. Amen.



*He loved them unto the end.*

JESU, solace of the soul,  
Gentle Mediator,  
KING of kings from pole to pole,  
Heaven and earth's Creator,  
Who can praise Thee as he ought,  
Thee, the world-wide wonder;  
Tell what pangs our sorrows wrought,  
Rending Thee asunder?

Love, it drew Thee from the sky,  
Love of souls that perished,  
Leaving, here on earth to die,  
All Thy glories cherished:  
Born into the vale of tears,  
There Thyself more tearful;  
Toiling up the steep of years  
To a height more fearful.

Born life's saddest paths to tread,  
Thou, the world's Salvation;  
Hungry, Thou, the Living Bread,  
In its desolation;  
Thou, the four-fold river's fount,  
Paradise all steeping,  
Thirsting on the cursed mount,  
In the garden weeping.

Ours the while the joys of life,  
Thine its tribulation;  
Ours the glory of the strife,  
Thine the consternation;  
Ours the banquet's sweetness all,  
Thine the self-devotion,  
Thine the vinegar and gall  
For Thy bitter potion.

Oh, the depth, the breadth, the height  
Of Thy love's extension,  
JESU, oh, the wondrous might  
Of Thy condescension!  
Who can praise Thee as he ought,  
Thee, the world-wide wonder?  
JESU, let not sin our hearts  
Rend from Thee asunder! Amen.

*This is thankworthy, if a man, for conscience toward God, endure grief, suffering wrongfully.*

Son of Man and Man of Sorrow,  
King of heaven, our souls to save,  
What afflictions, contradictions,  
All Thy Gabbatha to pave,  
Naked, needing, sick, and bleeding,  
Lead Thee onward to the grave!

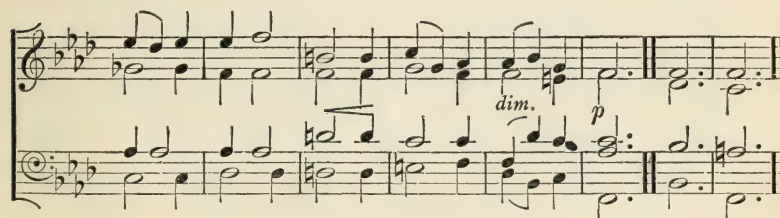
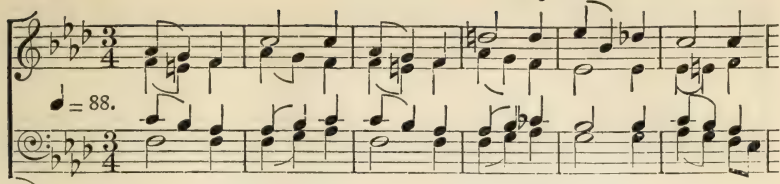
Think, lest sin thy spirit harden,  
Think of all His glory's loss;  
Think what storms, to win thy pardon,  
All His spotless manhood toss;  
Cup of trembling in the garden,  
Gall and wormwood on the cross!

Thou that hearest, with His groaning  
Blend a life-long sorrow's years;  
With His crucifixion's moaning  
Mix thy penitential tears;  
All thy righteousness disowning,  
Saved with crying and with fears.

Him, Who in that Sorrow bore thee,  
Him in all thy sorrows find;  
Set that Man of grief before thee,  
Most afflicted of mankind;  
Die with Him; till He restore thee,  
All His chain of grief unwind.

JESU, in Thy crucifixion  
Crucify each worldly heart;  
Make us see our sin's conviction,  
Feel it in that sorrow's smart,  
Set ourselves in Thy affliction,  
Till we see Thee as Thou art. Amen.





*They that are Christ's have crucified the flesh, with the affections and lusts.*

PONDER thou the Cross all holy,  
Who wilt tread the pathway lowly  
To the perfect joy above;  
Thou the Holy Cross aye ponder,  
And, with an uncloying wonder,  
Drink its mysteries of love.

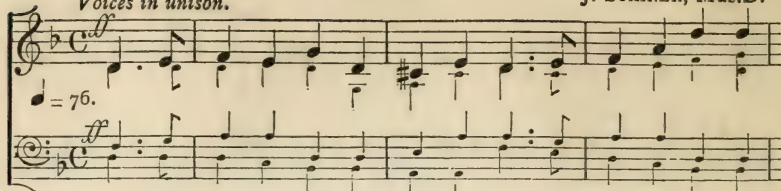
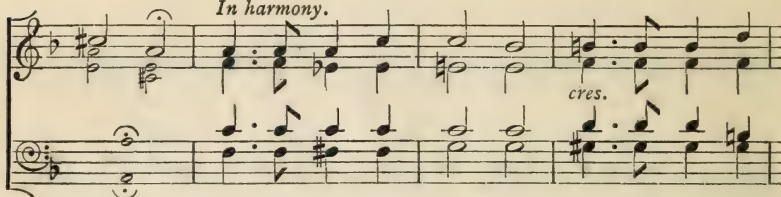
When thou toilest, when thou sleepest,  
When thou smilest, when thou weepest;  
Sad or gladsome if thou art;  
In thy coming, in thy going,  
Whether pain or solace knowing,  
Keep the Cross within thy heart.

In the Cross, 'mid burdens aching,  
Heaviest waves above thee breaking,  
Seek a refuge for thy soul:  
Though midst cruel foes thou languish,  
'Tis the Cross, in every anguish,  
Makes the broken spirit whole.

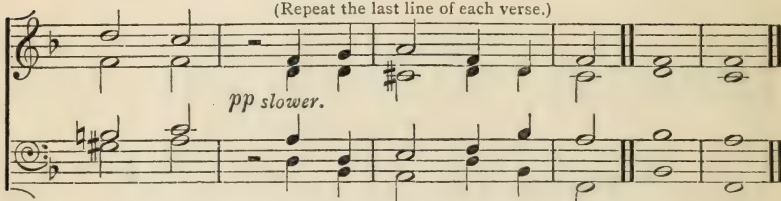
Cross, of Paradise the portal,  
Where have clung the souls immortal  
Victors in this earthly strife;  
Holy Cross, the whole world's healing,  
By it is God's love revealing  
Marvels of eternal life.

JESUS' Cross in beauty glowing,  
Hallowed by His Life-blood flowing,  
Laden hangs with rich supplies:  
These the souls from death are leading,  
Who, with heavenly spirits feeding,  
Taste the manna of the skies.

Blessèd LORD, sustain Thy servant;  
Make my soul, with anguish fervent,  
Feel Thy Passion day by day;  
Lovingly I yearn to cherish [ish,  
That sweet Cross where Thou didst per-  
In Thine arms to pass away. Amen.

*Voices in unison.**In harmony.*

(Repeat the last line of each verse.)

*Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning.*

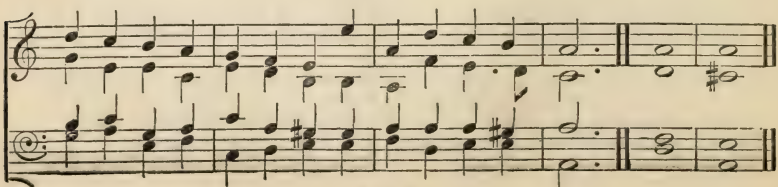
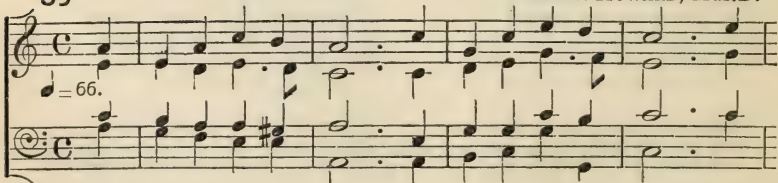
ARE thy toils and woes increasing?  
Are the foe's attacks unceasing?  
Look with faith unclouded,  
Gaze with eyes unshrouded,  
On the Cross!

Dost thou fear that strictest trial?  
Tremblest thou at CHRIST'S denial?  
Never rest without it,  
Clasp thine hands about it,  
That dear Cross!

Do hell's cruel legions press thee?  
Do foul thoughts of sin distress thee?  
It shall chain all terror,  
It shall right all error,  
That sweet Cross!

Draw'st thou nigh to Jordan's river?  
Should'st thou tremble? Need'st thou  
No! if by it lying, [quiver?  
No! if on it dying,  
On the Cross.

LORD and Master, if we cherish  
That sweet hope, we cannot perish!  
After this life's story,  
Give Thou us the glory  
For the Cross. Amen.



# FRIDAY.

*And he that saw it bare record, and his record is true.*

*mf* LAST of creation's days;  
Last of the days of woe  
Which He, to Whom be endless praise,  
Endured for us below.

*p* Most sad, most sacred, time!  
Now let us watch and pray,  
And muse upon the theme sublime  
Of this most wondrous day.

*mf* To-day from Adam's side  
Our mother Eve was made,  
His beautiful and virgin bride,  
While he in sleep was laid:

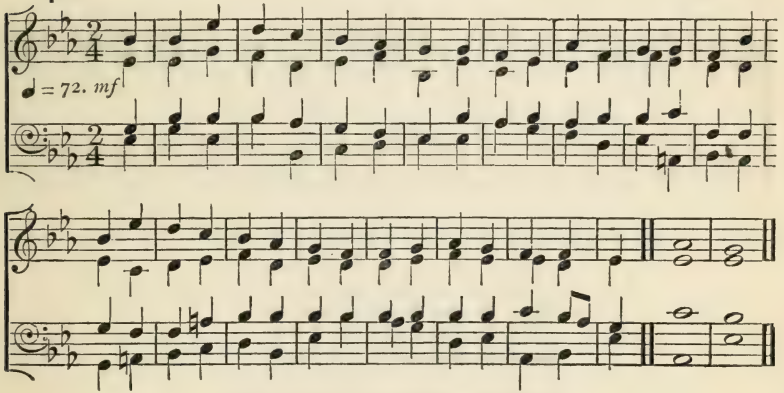
To-day from JESUS' Side  
The Church His Spouse arose,  
Her life receiving from that tide  
That, as He slumbers, flows.

The Water and the Blood  
Still as at first flow on,  
To sanctify His Mystic Bride,  
And keep her with Him one.

*f* All might, all praise, be Thine,  
O GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, Bond of love divine,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

40

German.



*This is He that came by Water and Blood.*

HE sleeps, and from His open Side  
The mingled Blood and Water flow,  
That sanctify His mystic Bride,  
That wash her pure and white as snow.

By these, instinct with life divine,  
The Church comes forth the second Eve,  
The Mother of the faithful line  
Of all that by His Passion live.

O what a miracle of love  
Hath CHRIST, the second Adam, shown!  
That we might all be born of GOD  
The WORD forsook His heavenly throne.

For us, in sin's dark mazes lost,  
His heart's last drop of Blood He gave;  
His Life, His Precious Life, it cost,  
Our dearly ransomed souls to save.

Our souls with those dear streams bedew  
That still from Thee, O JESU, flow;  
New grace, new hopes inspire; a new  
And better heart on us bestow. Amen.

♩ = 66. *f* *p* *cres* *p* *f* *dim.* *p*

*That He, by the grace of God, should taste death for every man.*

CHRIST, the Life of all the living,  
 CHRIST, the Death of death our foe,  
 Who, Thyself for us once giving  
 To the darkest depths of woe,  
 Patiently didst yield Thy breath,  
 Man to save from sin and death;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessed Jesu, brought to Thee.

Thou, ah, Thou hast taken on Thee  
 Bitter strokes, a cruel rod;  
 Pain and scorn were heaped upon Thee,  
 O Thou sinless SON of GOD;  
 Only thus for us to win  
 Rescue from the bonds of sin;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessed Jesu, brought to Thee.

Thou didst bear the smiting, only  
 That it might not fall on me;  
 Stoodest falsely charged and lonely,  
 That I might be safe and free;  
 Comfortless, that I might know  
 Comfort from Thy boundless woe;  
 Thousand, thousand thanks shall be,  
 Blessed Jesu, brought to Thee.

Then for all that wrought our pardon,  
 For Thy sorrows deep and sore,  
 For Thine anguish in the garden,  
 I will thank Thee evermore;  
 Thank Thee with the latest breath  
 For Thy sad and cruel death;  
 For that last most bitter cry,  
 Praise Thee evermore on high. *Amer.*



♩ = 58. *p*

*cres.*

*a tempo.*

*rall.* *mf* *cres.*

*dim* *e rall.*

*By His knowledge shall My righteous servant justify many; for He shall bear their iniquities.*

O WORLD! behold upon the Tree  
Thy Life is hanging now for thee:  
Thy SAVIOUR yields His dying breath.  
The mighty Prince of glory now  
For thee doth unresisting bow  
To cruel stripes, to scorn and death.

Alas! my SAVIOUR, who could dare  
Bid Thee such bitter anguish bear?  
What evil heart ill-treat Thee thus?  
For Thou art good, hast wronged none,  
As we and ours too oft have done; [us.  
Thou hast not sinned, dear LORD, like

My grievous sins, that number more  
Than yonder sands upon the shore,  
Have brought to pass this agony:  
'Tis I have caused the floods of woe,  
That now Thy Soul in death o'erflow,  
And those sad hearts that watch by Thee.

'Tis I to whom these pains belong;  
'Tis I should suffer for my wrong,  
Bound hand and foot in heavy chains:  
Thy scourge, Thy fetters, whatsoever  
Thou bearest, 'tis my soul should bear,  
For I have well deserved such pains.

LORD, from Thy Sorrows I will learn  
How fiercely wrath divine doth burn,  
How terribly its thunders roll;  
How sorely this our loving God  
Can smite with His avenging rod; [soul.  
How deep His floods o'erwhelm the

And I will nail me to Thy Cross,  
And learn to count all things but dross,  
Wherein the flesh doth pleasure take;  
Whate'er is hateful in Thine eyes,  
With all the strength that in me lies,  
Will I cast from me and forsake.

Thy heavy groans, Thy bitter sighs,  
The tears that from Thy dying Eyes  
Were shed when Thou wast sore oppressed,  
Shall be with me, when at the last  
Myself on Thee I wholly cast,  
And enter with Thee into rest. Amen.

*Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall.*

Go to dark Gethsemane,  
Ye that feel the Tempter's power;  
Your REDEEMER'S conflict see,  
Watch with Him one bitter hour;  
Turn not from His griefs away,  
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall,  
View the LORD of life arraigned;  
Oh, the wormwood and the gall!  
Oh, the pangs His Soul sustained!  
Shun not suffering, shame, or loss;  
Learn of Him to bear the Cross.

Calvary's mournful mountain climb;  
There, adoring at His Feet,  
Mark that miracle of time,  
God's own sacrifice complete;  
"It is finished" hear Him cry;  
Learn of JESUS CHRIST to die. Amen.

*If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins.*

JESU, let Thy sufferings ease us;  
SAVIOUR, LORD,  
Speak the word,  
By Thy Death release us.

At Thy Cross behold us lying,  
Make each soul  
Thoroughly whole,  
Thy pure Blood applying.

Hear us, LORD, our sins confessing;  
O relieve;  
SAVIOUR, give,  
Give us now, Thy blessing.

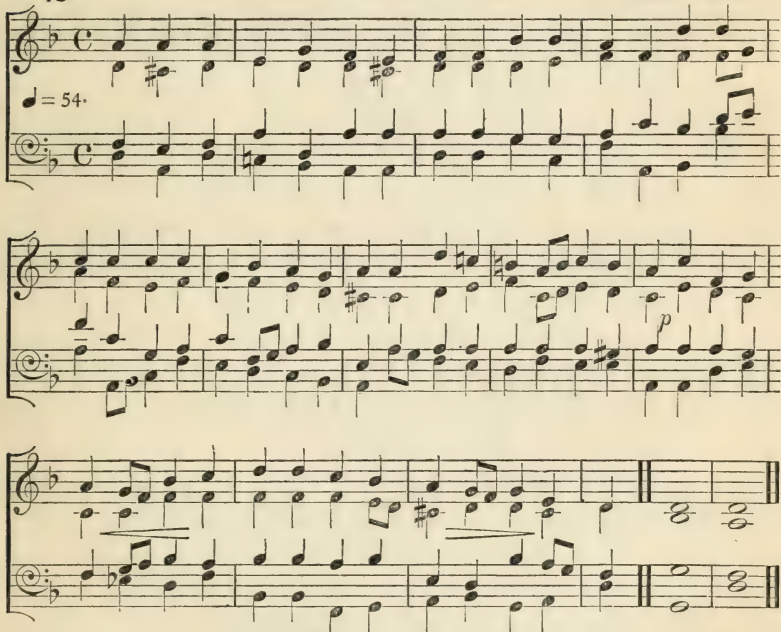
Still our cruel sins oppress us  
Tired and bound;  
Till the sound  
Of Thy voice release us.

Call us out of condemnation;  
From sin's grave  
Come and save,  
Save us, by Thy Passion.

Save us now, and still deliver;  
Cast out sin,  
Enter in,  
Keep Thine house for ever. Amen.

45

HENRY SMART.



*Unto Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in His own Blood, to Him be glory and dominion for ever and ever.*

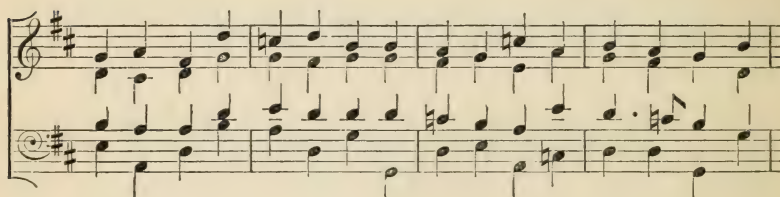
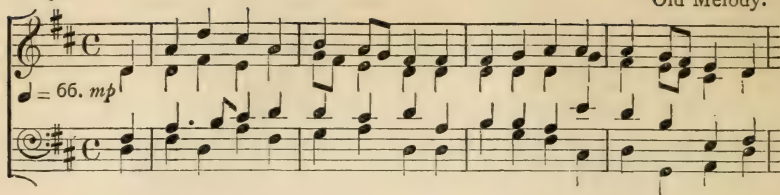
O LOVE Divine, what hast Thou done ?  
The Incarnate GOD hath died for us;  
The FATHER'S co-eternal SON  
Bore all our sins upon the Cross:  
The Incarnate GOD for all has died;  
Our LORD, our Love, is crucified.

Behold Him, all ye passers by,  
The LAMB of GOD, the Life divine !  
Come, sinners, see your Maker die;  
He cries—was ever grief like Mine ?  
The LORD of Life for all has died;  
Our LORD, our Love, is crucified.

See there ! His Head is crowned with  
thorn ! [wide !  
His bleeding Hands are outstretched  
His streaming Feet are fixed and torn !  
The Fountain gushes from His Side !  
For all flows pardon in that tide;  
Our LORD, our Love, is crucified.

Come, let us kneel beneath His Cross,  
And gladly catch the healing stream;  
All things for Him account but loss,  
And give up all our hearts to Him;  
Of nothing speak or think beside;  
Our LORD, our Love, is crucified.

Amen.



*Leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps.*

OH! who like Thee, so calm, so bright,  
 LORD JESUS CHRIST, THOU LIGHT OF LIGHT,  
 Oh! who like Thee did ever go  
 So patient through a world of woe?  
 Oh! who like Thee so humbly bore  
 The scorn, the scoffs of men, before;  
 So meek, so lowly, yet so high,  
 So glorious in humility?

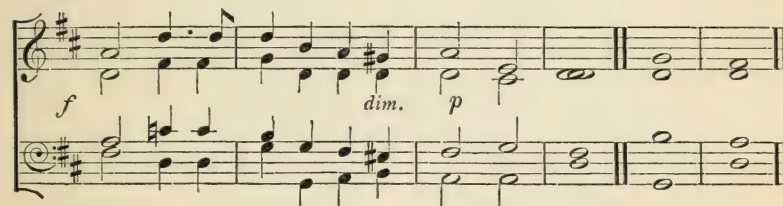
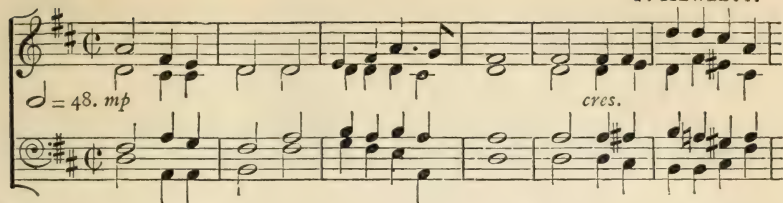
Through all Thy life-long weary years,  
 A Man of sorrows and of tears,  
 The Cross, where all our sins were laid,  
 Upon Thy bending shoulders weighed;  
 And death, that sets the prisoner free,  
 Was pang, and scoff, and scorn to Thee;  
 Yet love through all Thy torture glowed,  
 And mercy with Thy life-blood flowed.

O wondrous LORD, our souls would be  
 Still more and more conformed to Thee;  
 Would lose the pride, the taint of sin,  
 That burns these fevered veins within;  
 And learn of Thee, the lowly ONE,  
 And like Thee, all our journey run,  
 Above the world, and all its mirth,  
 Yet weeping still with weeping earth.

Be with us as we onward go;  
 Illumine all our way of woe;  
 And grant us ever on the road  
 To trace the footsteps of our God:  
 That when Thou shalt appear, arrayed  
 In light, to judge the quick and dead,  
 We may to life immortal soar  
 Through Thee Who livest evermore.

Amen.





*Lord, remember me.*

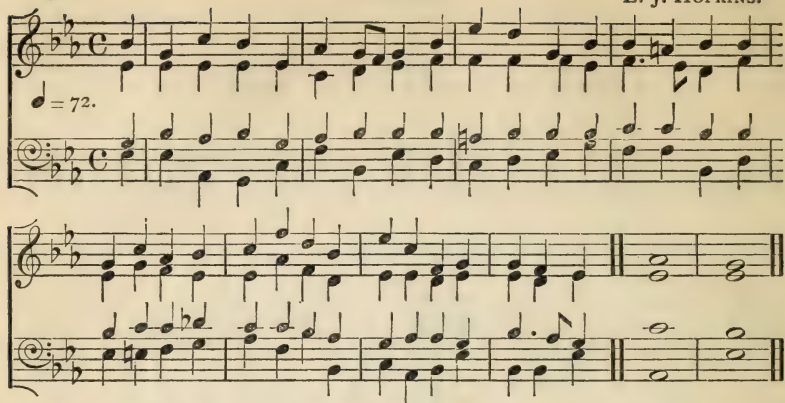
SLAIN for my soul, for all my sins defamed,  
King, crowned with thorns, with blasphemies proclaimed,  
High o'er the clouds Thy royal Sign I see:  
Throned on Thy glory, LORD, remember me.

For Thy tormentors, for my pardon sue;  
"Father, forgive, they know not what they do."  
When they that pierced, when every eye, shall see  
Thee in Thy Kingdom, LORD, remember me.

Think of me now with all Thy sorrows pressed;  
Think of me in Thy crowning of the blest;  
Confessed, besought, and worshipped on the Tree,  
LORD, in Thy Kingdom, still remember me.

'Mid all the thronging of Thy ransomed dead;  
With all the Book of Life before Thee spread;  
Tost, like a waif, upon the living sea  
By angels parted, LORD, remember me.

LORD, ere I see Thy Kingdom, let me see  
Thy Paradise, and Paradise with Thee;  
There while I rest, from death, from sorrow free,  
LORD, in my resting still remember me. Amen.



*mf* If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross daily, and follow Me.

TAKE up thy cross, the SAVIOUR said,  
If thou wouldst My disciple be;  
Deny thyself, the world forsake,  
And humbly follow after Me.

Take up thy cross; let not its weight  
Fill thy weak spirit with alarm:  
My strength shall bear thy spirit up,  
And brace thine heart and nerve thine arm.

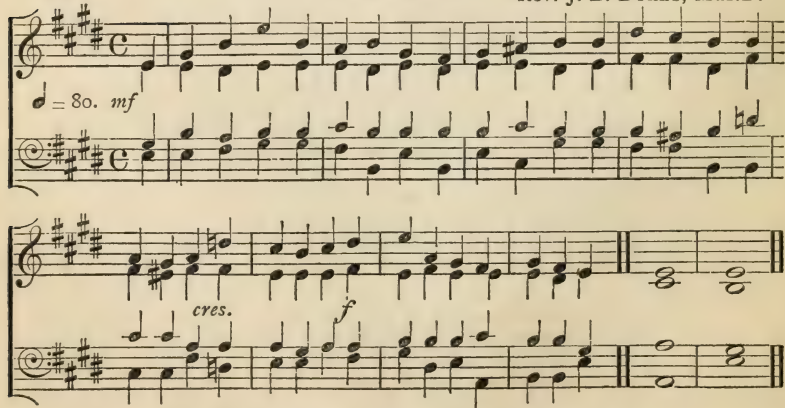
Take up thy cross, nor heed the shame,  
Nor let thy foolish heart rebel;  
Thy LORD for thee the cross endured,  
To save thy soul from death and hell.

Take up thy cross then in His strength,  
And calmly every danger brave;  
'Twill guide thee to a better home,  
And lead to victory o'er the grave.

Take up thy cross and follow Him,  
Nor think till death to lay it down;  
For only he who bears the cross  
May hope to wear the glorious crown.

*f* To Thee, O GOD, the ONE in THREE,  
All praise for evermore ascend;  
O grant us in our home to see  
The heavenly life that knows no end.  
Amen.

## SATURDAY



*And on the seventh day God ended His work which He had made.*

At length six days their course have run,  
And now, O LORD, Thy works are done;  
Thou stay'st Thine hand, and in Thy  
sight [bright.  
Thy new-made world stands fair and

By Thee Thy Sabbath-day is blest  
And hallowed to Thine endless rest;  
And yet a work does still demand  
The might of Thy creative hand.

Though all things find a voice and tongue,  
To raise to Thee one common song,  
The earth, the sea, the sky, the stars:  
The sin of man that concert mars.

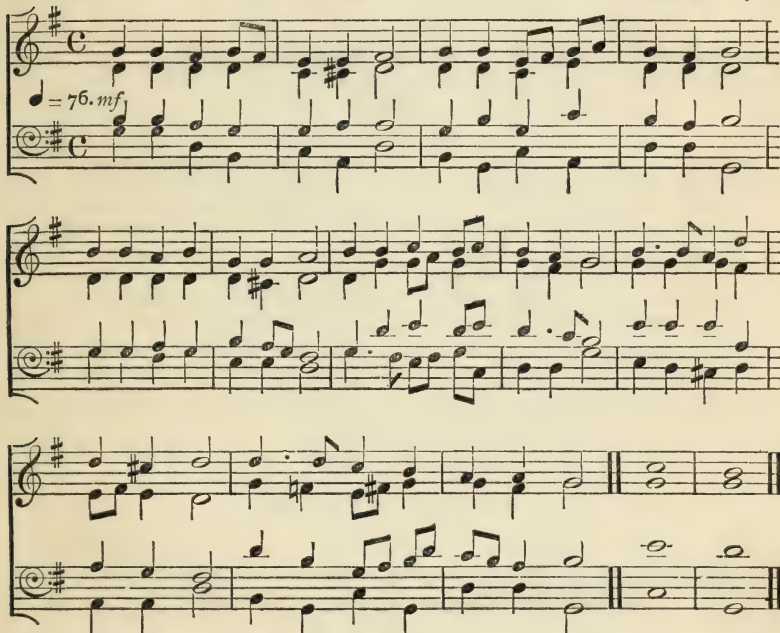
Our heart of stone, O SAVIOUR, break;  
New hearts of flesh within us make;  
Our lives thus rich in fruits of love  
A welcome song to Thee shall prove.

Be ours the hymns which Thee delight,  
The deeds that with the voice unite;  
Such prayer and praise shall never fail,  
But at the throne of grace prevail.

Eternal praise and glory be  
To Thee, ETERNAL TRINITY,  
Whose Word all things to being brought,  
Whose Word sustains all Thou hast  
wrought. Amen.

50

Old Melody.



*Let us labour therefore to enter into that rest, lest any man fall after the same example of unbelief.*

SABBATH of the saints of old,  
Day of mysteries manifold,  
By the great CREATOR blest,  
Type of His eternal rest!  
Resting from His work the LORD  
Spake to-day the hallowing word.

Resting from His work to-day  
In the tomb the SAVIOUR lay;  
Still He slept, from Head to Feet  
Shrouded in the winding-sheet,  
Lying in the rock alone,  
Hidden by the sealed stone.

All that Sabbath long, I ween,  
Mournful watched the Magdalene;  
Rising early, resting late,  
By the sepulchre to wait,  
In the holy garden glade  
Where her buried LORD was laid.

LORD, with Thee till life shall end  
We would solemn vigil spend;  
Close the door from sight and sound  
Of the busy world around,  
And in patient watch remain  
Till Thou shalt appear again.

Still with Thee their Sabbath keep  
They who 'neath the Altar sleep;  
Resting from their labours past,  
Waiting for the trumpet's blast;  
When, the new creation done,  
Endless joys shall be begun.

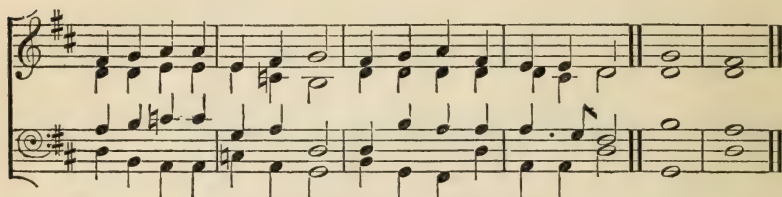
JESU, keep us safe from sin;  
With them let us enter in,  
Danger past and toil at end,  
And to those blest joys ascend;  
There in flesh our God to see,  
And adore eternally. Amen.



DAILY.  
MORNING.

German.

51



*Restore unto me the joy of Thy salvation.*

*f* FRAMER of the earth and sky,  
Ruler of the day and night,  
At Thy word the shadows fly,  
Morn returns and all is bright.

*mf* Through the midnight hours forlorn,  
Thou the LORD of light art near;  
Taught by Thee the bird of morn  
Tells that day will soon appear.

Tossed upon the stormy tide,  
Seamen hail the morning's ray;  
He, who thrice his LORD denied,  
Found repentance with the day.

*f* Let us then our hearts arouse;  
Morning calls us to awake,  
Bids us haste to pay our vows,  
And our meek confessions make.

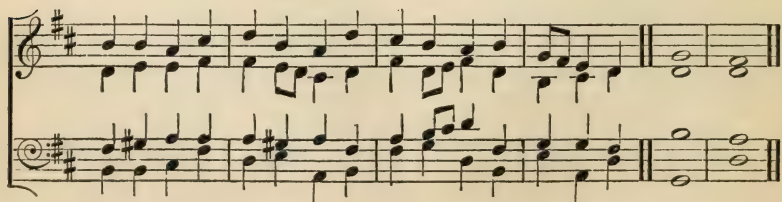
*mf* JESU, Master, when we fall  
Turn on us Thy healing Face;  
With that look our souls recall  
Unto penitential grace:

*p* Sin's deep wounds in us repair;  
In our darkened bosoms shine:  
Thine the early morning prayer,  
Morning hymns of glory Thine.

*ff* Glory to the FATHER be,  
Equal glory to the SON  
With the SPIRIT; Blessèd THREE,  
In eternal glory ONE. Amen.

52

German.



*Early in the morning will I direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up.*

*f* AGAIN the daylight fills the sky;  
We lift our hearts to GOD on high,  
That He, in all we do, or say,  
Would keep us free from harm to-day;

Would guard our hearts and tongues  
from strife;  
Would shield from anger's din our life;  
From all ill sights would turn our eyes;  
And close our ears from vanities;



# DAILY.

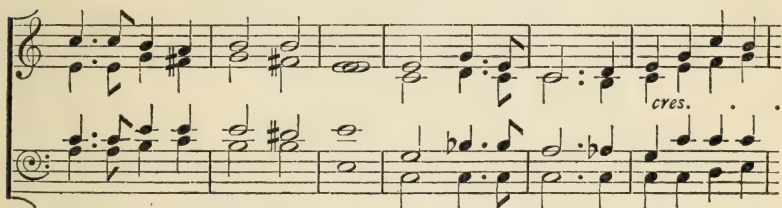
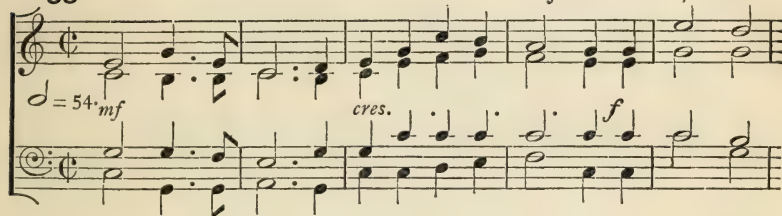
Would keep our inmost conscience pure ;	<i>mf</i> So we, when this new day is gone,
Our souls from folly would secure ;	And shades of night are drawing on,
Would bid us check the pride of sense	With conscience by the world unstained
With due and holy abstinence.	Shall praise His Name for victory

[gained.]

*ff* All praise to GOD the FATHER be ;  
 All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee ;  
 Whom, with the SPIRIT, we adore  
 For ever and for evermore. Amen.

53

JOHN STAINER, Mus.D.



*Let us walk in the light of the Lord.*

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating  
 Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee ;  
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,  
 O LORD, we lift our thankful hearts to Thee:—

To Thee, Whose word, the fount of life unsealing,  
 When hill and dale in thickest darkness lay,  
 Awoke bright rays across the dim earth stealing,  
 And bade the eve and morn complete the day.

Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us  
 Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still ;  
 Still let Thy mercy, as of old, be near us,  
 And lead us safely to Thy Holy Hill.

So, when that morn of endless light is waking,  
 And shades of evil from its splendours flee,  
 Safe may we rise, this earth's dark vale forsaking,  
 Through all the long bright day to dwell with Thee.

Be this by Thee, O God Thrice Holy, granted,  
 O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, ever Blest ;  
 Whose glory by the heaven and earth is chanted,  
 Whose Name by men and angels is confest. Amen.

*In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths.*

As the sun doth daily rise  
Brightening all the morning skies,  
So to Thee with one accord  
Lift we up our hearts, O LORD!

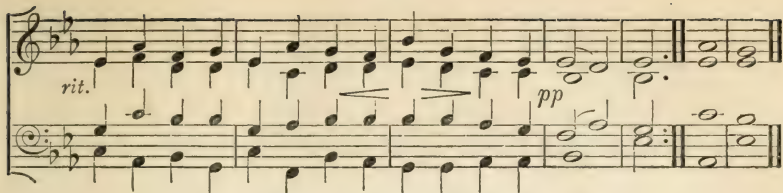
Thou, by Whom all things are fed,  
Give us for the day our bread;  
Strength unto our souls afford  
From the Bread of Heaven, O LORD!

Be our Guard in sin and strife;  
Be the Leader of our life;  
While we daily search Thy Word,  
Wisdom true impart, O LORD!

When the sun withdraws his light,  
When we seek our beds at night,  
Thou, by sleepless hosts adored,  
Hear the prayer of faith, O LORD!

When the hours are dark and drear,  
When the tempter lurketh near,  
By Thy strengthening grace outpoured  
Save the tempted ones, O LORD!

Praise we, with the heavenly host,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;  
Thee would we with one accord  
Praise and magnify, O LORD! Amen.



*I will hope in Thy Name, for Thy saints like it well.*

UPRAISED from sleep, to Thee we kneel, As day doth break; To Thee, O LORD, aloud we sing, To Thee the song of angels bring; For mercy's sake, Oh, pity take, O Holy, Holy, Holy!	Thou, LORD, hast from my couch of Uplifted me; [rest Oh, light my mind; Oh, light my heart, And ope my lips to take their part In praising Thee, Blest TRINITY, O Holy, Holy, Holy!
--	---

The Judge will on a sudden come,  
To bring to light  
The deeds of each, that secret lie;  
But unalarmed we still will cry  
Amid the fright,  
At dead of night,  
O Holy, Holy, Holy! Amen.

56

RICHARD REDHEAD.



*I myself will awake right early.*

**f** AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun  
Thy daily stage of duty run;  
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise  
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy misspent moments past,  
And live this day as if thy last;  
Thy talents to improve take care,  
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,  
Thy conscience like the noonday clear:  
Think how all-seeing God thy ways  
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

Awake, lift up thyself, my heart,  
And with the angels bear thy part,  
Who all night long unwearied sing  
High glory to the eternal King.

All praise to Thee, Who safe hast kept  
And hast refreshed me whilst I slept;  
Grant, LORD, when I from death shall  
I may of endless life partake. [wake,

LORD, I my vows to Thee renew;  
Disperse my sins as morning dew:  
Guard my first springs of thought and  
And with Thyself my spirit fill. [will,

Direct, control, suggest this day  
All I design, or do, or say;  
That all my powers with all their might  
In Thy sole glory may unite.

**ff** Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.  
Amen.



♩ = 84.

The musical score for hymn 57 is written in G major (one sharp) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked as 84 beats per minute.

*The Lord is thy Keeper.*

*mf* EVERY morning mercies new  
Fall as fresh as early dew;  
Every morning let us pay  
Tribute with the early day;  
For Thy mercies, LORD, are sure:  
Thy compassion doth endure.

Still the greatness of Thy love  
Daily doth our sins remove;  
Daily, far as east to west,  
Lifts the burden from the breast;  
Gives unbought to those who pray  
Strength to stand in evil day.

*p* Let our prayers each morn prevail,  
That these gifts may never fail;  
And, as we confess the sin  
And the tempter's power within,  
Feed us with the Bread of Life;  
Fit us for our daily strife.

*f* As the morning light returns,  
As the sun with splendour burns,  
Teach us still to turn to Thee,  
Ever-blessed TRINITY,  
With our hands our hearts to raise,  
In unfailling prayer and praise.

Amen.

♩ = 76.

The musical score for hymn 58 is written in C major (no sharps or flats) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff. The second system also has a treble and bass staff. The third system has a treble and bass staff. The melody is in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The tempo is marked as 76 beats per minute.



# DAILY.

*He shall be as the light of the morning, when the sun riseth, even a morning without clouds.*

*f* CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,  
CHRIST, the true, the only Light,  
Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Triumph o'er the shades of night;  
Dayspring from on high, draw near:  
Day-star, in our hearts appear!

*mf* Dark and cheerless is the morn,  
Unillumin'd, LORD, by Thee;  
Joyless is the day's return,  
Till Thy mercy's beam we see;  
Till it pours its gladdening ray  
Through the darkness of our way.

On our inmost spirits shine,  
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;  
Fill us, LORD, with light divine;  
Scatter all our unbelief;  
More and more Thyself display,  
Shining to the perfect day.

*f* To the FATHER glory be,  
Glory to the eternal SON,  
Glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee;  
Glory to the THREE in ONE;  
As it was, is now, shall be,  
Filling all eternity, Amen.

JOHN STAINER, Mus.D.

59

*He setteth an end to darkness.*

COME, my soul, thou must be waking:  
Now is breaking  
O'er the earth another day:  
Come to Him, Who made this splendour;  
See thou render  
All thy feeble strength can pay.  
Gladly hail the sun returning;  
Ready burning  
Be the incense of Thy powers:  
For the night is safely ended;  
God hath tended  
With His care thy helpless hours.  
Pray that He may prosper ever  
Each endeavour,  
When the aim is good and true;  
But that He may ever thwart thee,  
And convert thee,  
When thou evil wouldst pursue.

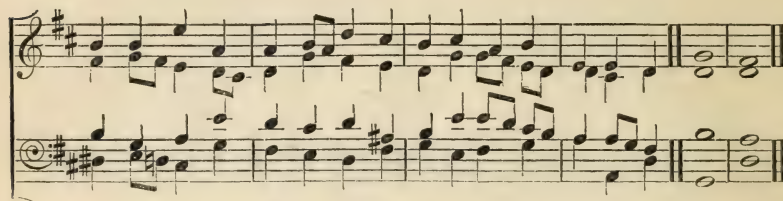
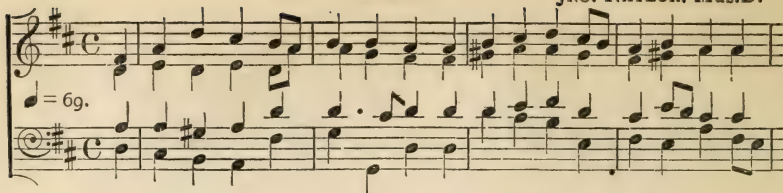
Think that He thy ways beholdeth;  
He unfoldeth  
Every fault that lurks within:  
He the hidden shame glossed over  
Can discover,  
And discern each deed of sin.  
Mayest thou on life's last morrow,  
Free from sorrow,  
Pass away in slumber sweet;  
And, released from death's dark sadness,  
Rise in gladness,  
That far brighter Sun to greet.  
Only God's free gifts abuse not,  
Light refuse not,  
But His SPIRIT's voice obey;  
Thou with Him shalt dwell, beholding  
Light enfolding  
All things in unclouded day.

Glory, honour, exaltation,  
Adoration,  
Be to the Eternal One!  
To the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
Laud and merit,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

60

DAILY.

JNO. NAYLOR, Mus.D.

*I have set the Lord always before me.*

*f* FORTH in Thy Name, O LORD, we go,  
Our daily labour to pursue;  
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know,  
In all we think, or speak, or do.

Give us to bear Thy easy yoke,  
And every moment watch and pray;  
And still to things eternal look,  
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

*mf* The task Thy wisdom has assigned  
O let us cheerfully fulfil;  
In all our work Thy presence find,  
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

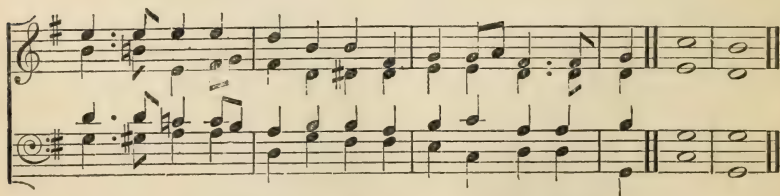
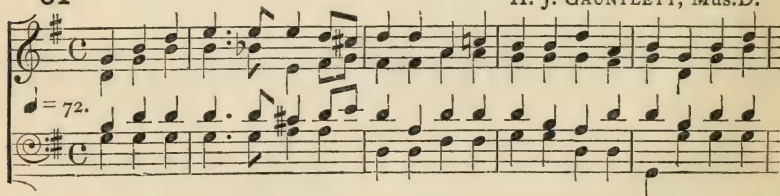
Fain would we still for Thee employ  
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath  
And run our course with even joy, [given;  
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

Thee may we set at our right hand,  
Whose Eyes our inmost substance  
And labour on at Thy command, [see;  
And offer all our works to Thee.

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth  
From men and from the angel-host [adore,  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

61

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*His compassions fail not: they are new every morning.*

*f* NEW every morning is the love  
Our wakening and uprising prove;  
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,  
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

# DAILY.

*mf* New mercies, each returning day,  
Hover around us while we pray;  
New perils past, new sins forgiven,  
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If in our daily course our mind  
Be set to hallow all we find,  
New treasures still, of countless price,  
God will provide for sacrifice.

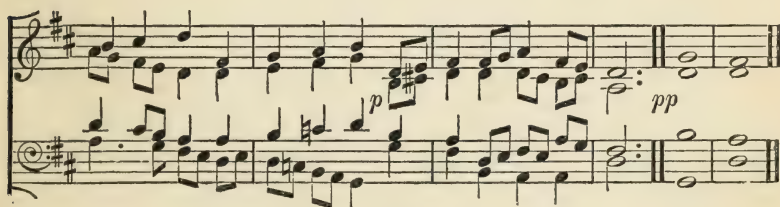
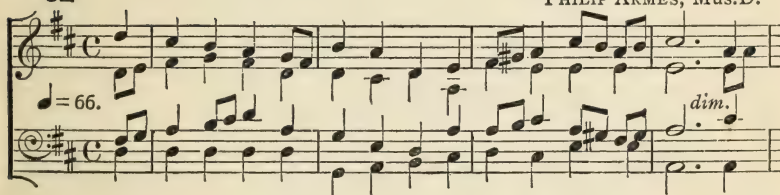
The trivial round, the common task,  
Will furnish all we need to ask,  
Room to deny ourselves, a road  
To bring us daily nearer God.

*f* Only, O LORD, in Thy dear love  
Fit us for perfect rest above;  
And help us, this and every day,  
To live more nearly as we pray.

*f* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

62

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.



*In Thy light shall we see light.*

O God, before the sun's bright beams  
All night's dark shadows fly;  
When on the soul Thy mercy gleams,  
All doubts and terrors die.

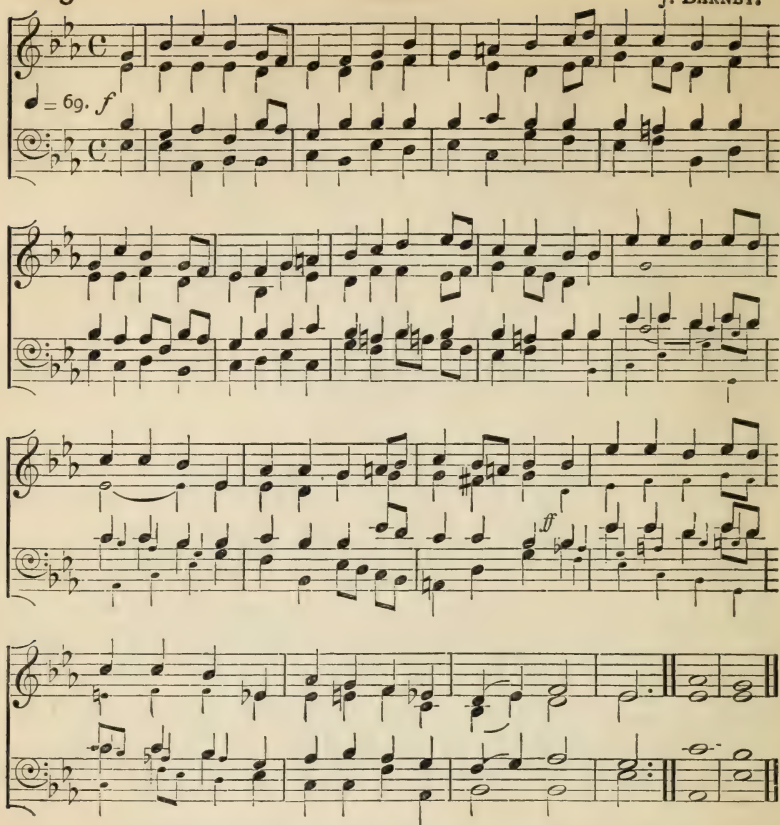
So freshly falls Thy heaven-sent grace,  
As morning's gladdening breath;—  
Gives light to all to seek Thy face,  
And guides in life and death.

O holy light! O light of God!  
O light unseen below,  
Which fills the courts of Thine abode,  
Which there the blest shall know.

Swift comes the hour when none can toil;  
Short is the rugged way:  
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,  
Whilst it is called to-day.

Then we shall see that glorious light,  
Which to the saints is given,  
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright,  
The eternal morn of heaven.

O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
ONE GOD in Persons THREE,  
Grant us, with all Thy ransomed host,  
To share that morn with Thee. Amen.



*Every day will I give thanks unto Thee: and praise Thy Name for ever and ever.*

*f*Sing to the LORD a joyful song,  
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise:  
To us His gracious gifts belong,  
To Him our songs of love and praise.  
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For life and love, for rest and food,  
For daily help and nightly care,  
Sing to the LORD; for He is good:  
And praise His Name, for It is fair.  
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For strength to those who on Him wait,  
His truth to prove, His will to do,  
Praise ye our God; for He is great:  
Trust in His Name, for It is true.  
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For joys untold that daily move [ploy,  
Round those who love His sweet em-  
Sing to our God; for He is love:  
Exalt His Name, for It is joy.  
For He is LORD of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
To Whom be praise for evermore.

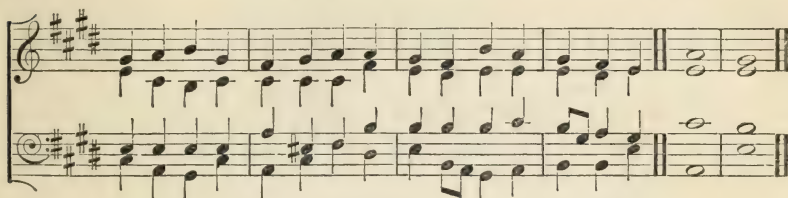
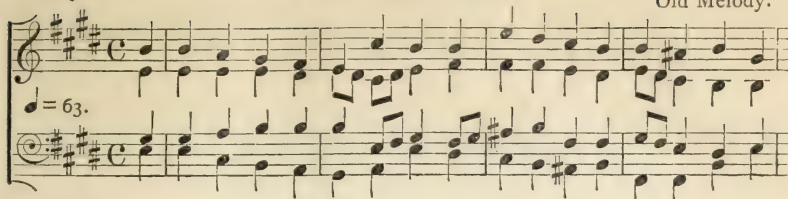
For life below, with all its bliss,  
And for that life, more pure and high,  
That inner life, which over this  
Shall ever shine, and never die,  
Sing to the LORD of heaven and earth,  
Whom angels serve and saints adore,  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST;  
To Whom be praise for evermore. Amen.



64

## THE THIRD HOUR.

Old Melody.



*God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him.*

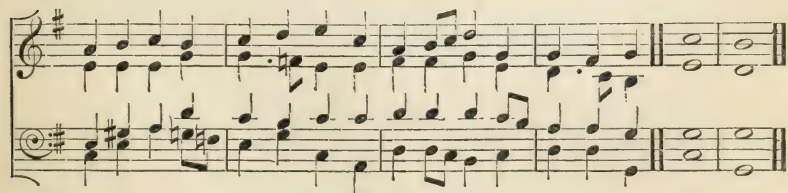
<p><i>mf</i> COME, HOLY GHOST, with GOD the SON, And GOD the FATHER, ever One ; Come, HOLY GHOST, our souls possess With Thy full flood of holiness.</p>	<p><i>f</i> Let tongue, and heart, and soul, and might, In one loud burst of praise unite ; And love light up our mortal frame, Till others catch the living flame.</p>
--	---

*p* O Heavenly FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

65

## THE SIXTH HOUR.

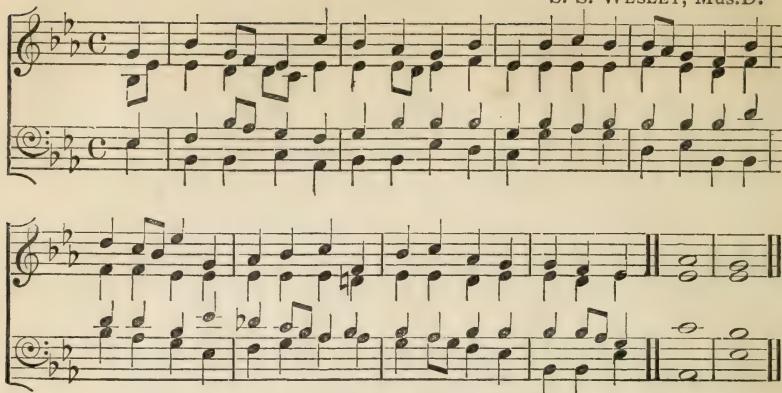
Old Melody.



*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed ; save me, and I shall be saved : for Thou art my praise.*

<p><i>f</i> O GOD of truth, Almighty LORD, Who rulest all things by Thy word : Thy sunbeams deck the rising morn, Thy rays the sultry noon adorn.</p>	<p><i>p</i> Extinguish, LORD, the baneful fire Of sinful strife, and vain desire ; And bid our pains, our sorrows, cease, And keep our hearts in perfect peace.</p>
---	---

*mf* O HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON,  
And HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore :  
*f* Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.



*This is the love of God, that we keep His commandments.*

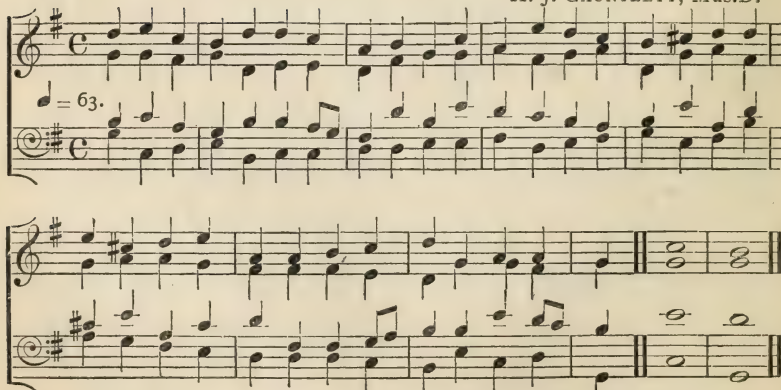
*f* BEHOLD, the radiant Sun on high  
With noontide splendour decks the sky;  
Expands his golden bow, and flings  
Bright shafts o'er all created things.

*p* O JESU CHRIST, True Sun, illumine  
With healing rays our earthly gloom;  
And cause our charity to grow,  
Till it like perfect day shall glow.

*f* To GOD the FATHER glory be,  
Like glory, Only SON, to Thee,  
And like to Thee, O HOLY GHOST,  
From men and from the angel-host. Amen.

67

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Tell me, where Thou makest Thy flock to rest at noon.*

*f* ALL praise to GOD, in light arrayed,  
Who light His dwelling-place hath made:  
A boundless ocean of bright beams  
From Thee, all-glorious GODHEAD, streams.

# DAILY.

The sun in its meridian height  
Is very darkness in Thy sight;  
Our souls, oh, lighten and inflame  
With thought and love of thy great Name.

*mp* Shine on us, LORD; new life impart,  
Fresh ardours kindle in each heart;  
One ray of Thine all-quickenning light  
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.

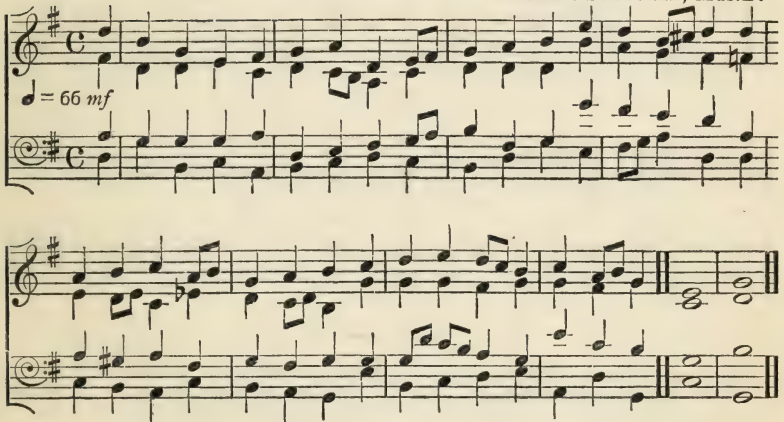
By influence of the light divine,  
Oh, let our light to others shine;  
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays  
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

*f* Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

68

## THE NINTH HOUR.

CHAS. STEGGALL, Mus.D.

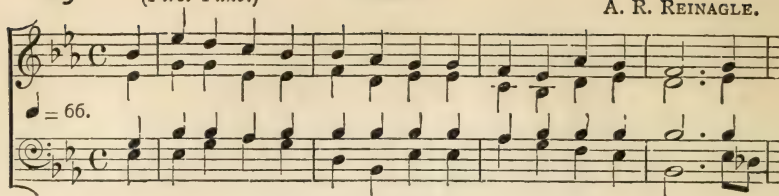


*Glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's.*

ALMIGHTY GOD, Thy throne above  
No time can change, no power can move;  
Thy word the fleeting hours obey:  
They speed the night, they close the day.

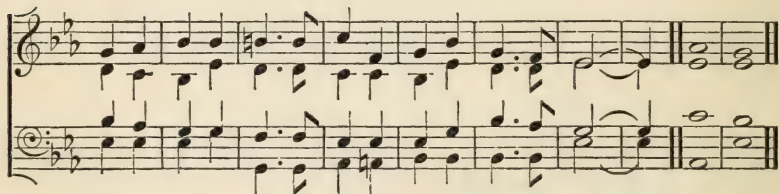
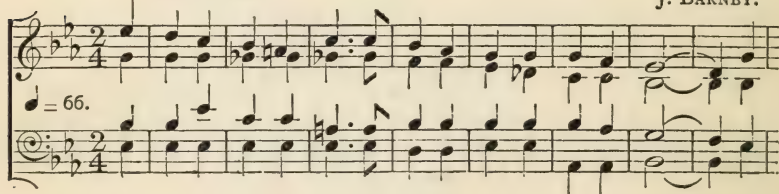
Oh, cheer the evening of our days  
With that bright beam which ne'er decays;  
And make a happy death the road  
To bring our ransomed souls to GOD.

O Holy FATHER, Holy SON,  
And Holy SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Thy grace devoutly we implore;  
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.



## (Second Tune.)

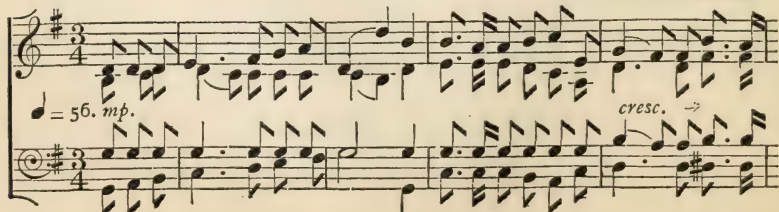
J. BARNBY.

*Behold, the day groweth to an end.*

*p* As now the sun's declining rays  
Towards eventide descend,  
E'en so our years are sinking down  
To their appointed end.

LORD, on the Cross Thine arms were  
To draw us to the sky; [stretched  
O grant us then that Cross to love,  
And in those arms to die.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,  
All glory be from saints on earth,  
And from the angel-host. Amen.







*Thou, O Lord, art in the midst of us, and we are called by Thy Name; leave us not.*

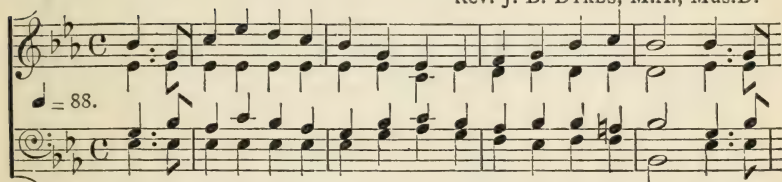
BEFORE the ending of the day,  
Creator of the world, we pray  
That of Thy mercy Thou wilt keep  
Thy watch around us while we sleep.

Far off bid night's dark phantoms fly;  
Let no unholy dreams come nigh;  
Tread under foot our ghostly foe,  
That we may no pollution know.

Almighty FATHER, hear our cry  
Through JESUS CHRIST our LORD most High,  
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

71

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.



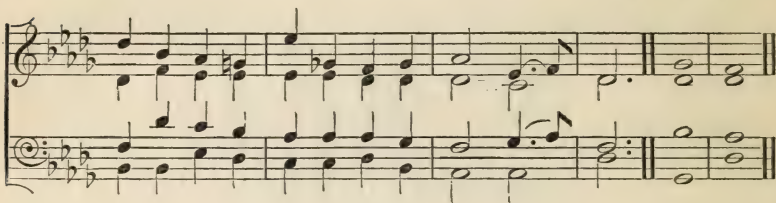
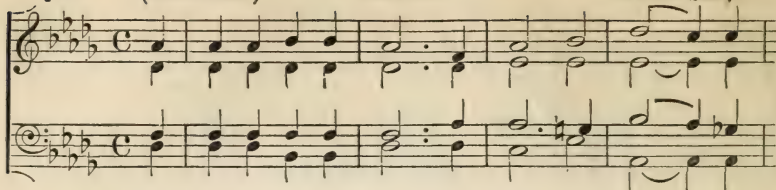
*The true light now shineth.*

*f* GLADDENING LIGHT, the bright Forth-shewing  
Of the FATHER's majesty,  
Blest, eternal in the heavens;  
*p. rall.* JESUS CHRIST, we worship Thee.

*p* Now the sun to rest is sinking;  
Stars above us shed their rays;  
*cres.* Thee with Thine Eternal FATHER  
And the HOLY GHOST we praise.

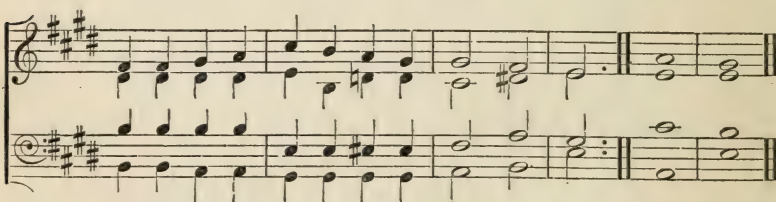
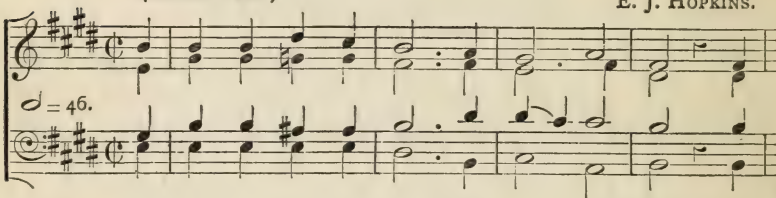
*mf* Worthy art Thou of the anthems  
Holiest lips can raise to Thee,  
SON of GOD; for Thou hast brought us  
Life and immortality.

*ff* Therefore shall the whole creation  
With glad hymns for evermore  
Praise and laud and magnify Thee,  
And Thy glorious Name adore. Amen.



## (Second Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice.*

*mp* THE sun is sinking fast,  
The daylight dies;  
*cres.* Let love awake, and pay  
Her evening sacrifice.

*p* AS CHRIST upon the Cross  
His Head inclined,  
And to His FATHER's hands  
His parting Soul resigned;

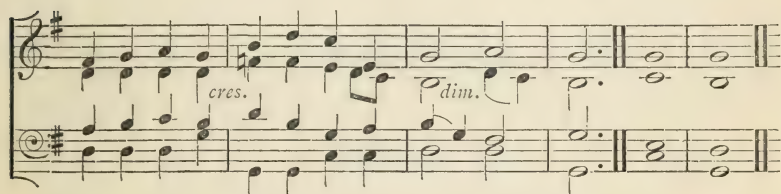
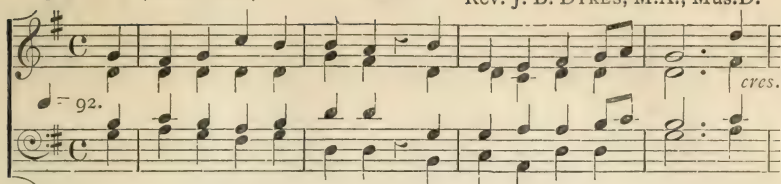
*mf* So now herself my soul  
Would wholly give  
Into His sacred charge,  
In Whom all spirits live.

*p* So now beneath His Eye  
Would calmly rest,  
Without a wish or thought  
Abiding in the breast;

Save that His Will be done,  
Whate'er betide;  
Dead to herself, and dead  
In Him to all beside.

*f* Thus would I live; yet now  
Not I, but He  
In all His power and love  
Henceforth alive in me.

O BLESSÈD TRINITY,  
One LORD divine!  
Thine may I ever be,  
And Thou for ever mine. Amen.



*O help us against the enemy.*

THE day is past and over;  
 All thanks, O LORD, to Thee!  
 We pray Thee now, that sinless  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And save us through the coming night.

The joys of day are over;  
 We lift our hearts to Thee;  
 And ask Thee, that offenceless  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, make their darkness light,  
 And save us through the coming night.

The toils of day are over;  
 We raise our hymn to Thee;  
 And ask, that free from peril,  
 The hours of dark may be:  
 O JESU, keep us in Thy sight,  
 And guard us through the coming night.

Our eyes enlighten, SAVIOUR,  
 Or sleep in death shall we;  
 And he, our wakeful tempter,  
 Shall cry triumphantly:  
 "He could not make their darkness light,  
 Nor guard them through the hours of night."

Be Thou our souls' preserver,  
 O GOD, for Thou dost know  
 How many are the perils  
 Through which we have to go;  
 O loving JESU, hear our call,  
 And guard and save us from them all. Amen.

$\text{♩} = 84$ . The day is past and o - ver; All thanks, O LORD, to

Thee! We pray Thee now, that sin - less The hours of dark may

*rall.* be: O JE - su, keep us in Thy sight, And  
*Slower.* be: O JE - su, keep us in Thy sight, And

save us thro' the com - ing night. A - men.

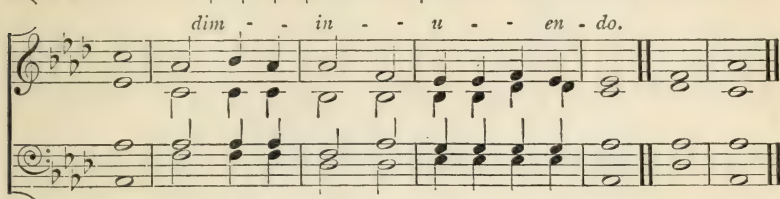
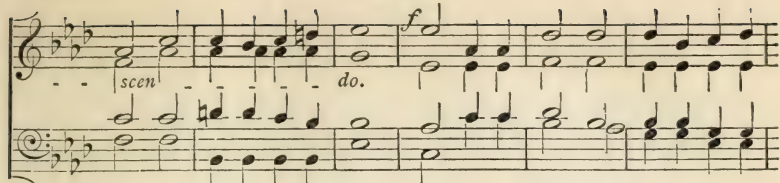
*mf* The joys of day are over;  
We lift our hearts to Thee;  
And ask Thee, that offenceless  
The hours of dark may be:  
*p* O JESU, make their darkness light,  
*pp* And save us through the coming night.  
*mf* The toils of day are over;  
We raise our hymn to Thee;  
And ask, that free from peril,  
The hours of dark may be:  
*p* O JESU, keep us in Thy sight,  
*pp* And guard us through the coming night.

*p* Our eyes enlighten, SAVIOUR,  
Or sleep in death shall we;  
*cres.* And he, our wakeful tempter,  
Shall cry triumphantly: [light,  
*f* "He could not make their darkness  
Nor guard them through the hours of  
*mf* Be Thou our souls' preserver, [night."  
O God, for Thou dost know  
How many are the perils  
*p* Through which we have to go;  
*pp* O loving JESU, hear our call, [Amen.  
And guard and save us from them all.

The joys of day are over;

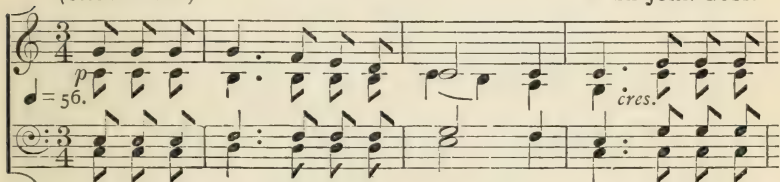


# DAILY.



(Second Tune.)

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*Abide with us ; for it is towards evening, and the day is far spent.*

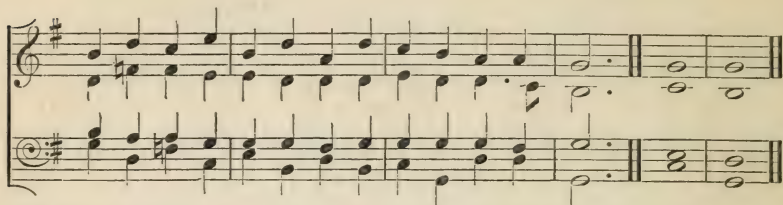
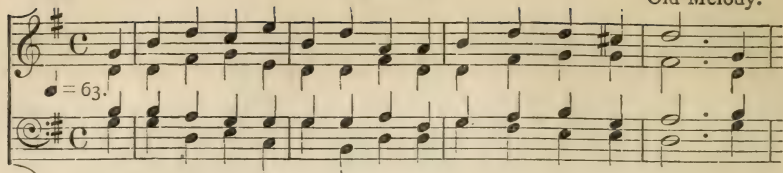
ABIDE with me, fast falls the eventide ;  
The darkness deepens : LORD, with me  
abide :  
When other helpers fail, and comforts  
flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass  
away ;  
Change and decay in all around I see ;  
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour ;  
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's  
power ? [be ?  
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can  
Through cloud and sunshine, LORD, abide  
with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;  
Where is death's sting ; where, grave, thy  
victory ?  
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;  
Shine through the gloom, and draw me to the skies ;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;  
In life, in death, O LORD, abide with me. Amen.



*With my soul have I desired Thee in the night; yea, with my spirit within me will I seek Thee early.*

*f* ALL praise to Him Who dwells in bliss,  
Who made both day and night;  
Whose throne is darkness, in the abyss  
Of uncreated light.

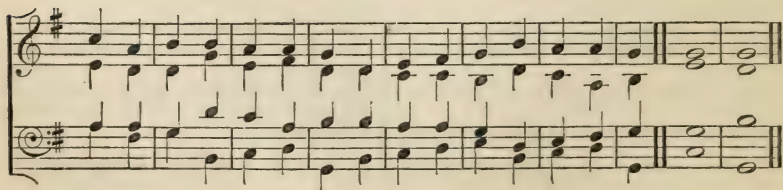
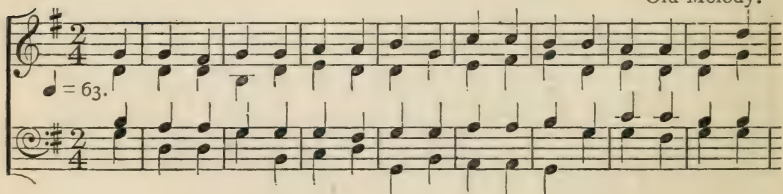
Thy angels shall around their beds  
Their constant stations keep;  
Thy faith and truth shall shield their  
For Thou dost never sleep. [heads,

*mf* Each thought and deed His piercing *pp*  
With strictest search survey; [Eyes  
The deepest shades no more disguise  
Than brightest blaze of day.

May we, with calm and sweet repose,  
And heavenly thoughts refreshed,  
Our eyelids with the morn unclose,  
And bless the Ever-blessed!

*p* Whom Thou dost guard, O KING of *ff*  
No evil shall molest: [kings,  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wings  
Shall they securely rest.

To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST,  
On earth be ceaseless homage done,  
And by the angel-host. Amen.



*Under His wings shalt thou trust.*

*f* ALL praise to Thee, my God, this night,  
For all the blessings of the light;  
Keep me, O keep me, KING of kings,  
Beneath Thine own almighty wings.

*mf* Forgive me, LORD, for Thy dear SON,  
The ill that I this day have done;  
*dim.* That with the world, myself, and  
Thee,

*p* I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

*mf* Teach me to live, that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed;  
*cres.* To die, that this vile body may  
*f* Rise glorious at the awful day.

*pp* O may my soul on Thee repose,  
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids  
close: [make  
Sleep that shall me more vigorous  
*cres.* To serve my God when I awake.

*mf* When in the night I sleepless lie,  
My soul with heavenly thoughts  
supply;  
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,  
No power of darkness me molest.

O when shall I in endless day  
For ever chase dark sleep away,  
And praise with the angelic choir  
Incessant sing, and never tire.

*ff* Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

77

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*mf* And at even, when the sun did set, they brought unto Him all that were diseased, and them that were possessed with devils. And all the city was gathered together at the door.

At even ere the sun was set,  
The sick, O LORD, around Thee lay:  
Oh, in what divers pains they met!  
Oh, with what joy they went away!

Once more 'tis eventide, and we,  
Oppressed with various ills, draw near:  
What if Thy form we cannot see?  
We know and feel that Thou art here.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, our woes dispel:  
For some are sick, and some are sad,  
And some have never loved Thee well,  
And some have lost the love they had;

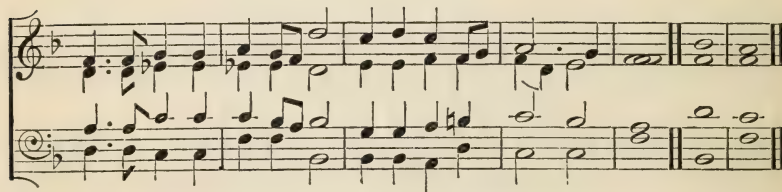
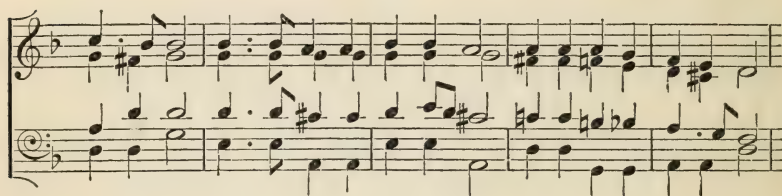
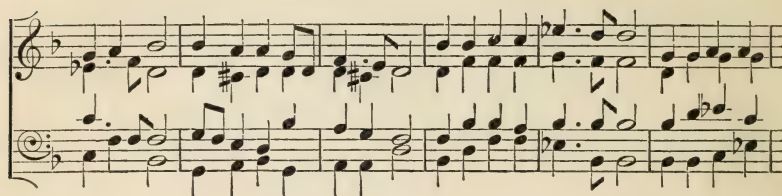
And some have found the world is vain,  
Yet from the world they break not free;  
And some have friends who give them pain,  
Yet have not sought a friend in Thee;

And none, O LORD, have perfect rest,  
For none are wholly free from sin;  
And they, who fain would love Thee best,  
Are conscious most of wrong within.

O SAVIOUR CHRIST, Thou too art Man,  
Thou hast been troubled, tempted, tried;  
Thy kind but searching glance can scan  
The very wounds that shame would hide.

Thy touch has still its ancient power;  
No word from Thee can fruitless fall;  
Hear in this solemn evening hour,  
And in Thy mercy heal us all. Amen.





*There is sprung up a light for the righteous ; and joyful gladness for such as are true-hearted.*

*mp* FATHER, by Thy love and power  
Comes again the evening hour;  
Light has vanished, labours cease,  
Weary creatures rest in peace.  
Thou, Whose genial dews distil  
On the lowliest weed that grows,  
FATHER, guard our couch from ill,  
Lull Thy creatures to repose:  
We to Thee ourselves resign;  
Let our latest thoughts be Thine.

SAVIOUR, to Thy FATHER bear  
This our evening praise and prayer;  
Thou hast seen how oft to-day  
We like sheep have gone astray:  
Worldly thoughts, and thoughts of  
Wishes to Thy cross untrue, [pride,  
Secret faults and undescried  
Meet Thy spirit-piercing view:  
Blessèd SAVIOUR, we through Thee  
Pray that these may pardoned be.

Holy SPIRIT, breath of balm,  
Fall on us in evening's calm:  
Yet awhile before we sleep  
We with Thee will vigil keep;  
Lead us on our sins to muse,  
Give us truest penitence;  
Then the love of God infuse,  
Breathing humble confidence;  
Melt our spirits, mould our will,  
Softens, strengthen, comfort still.

Blessèd TRINITY, be near  
Through the hours of darkness drear;  
Oh, enfold us in Thine arm,  
Screen from danger, save from harm;  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Watch o'er our defenceless head;  
Let Thy angels' guardian host  
Keep all evil from our bed,  
Till the flood of morning rays  
Wakes us to a song of praise. Amen.



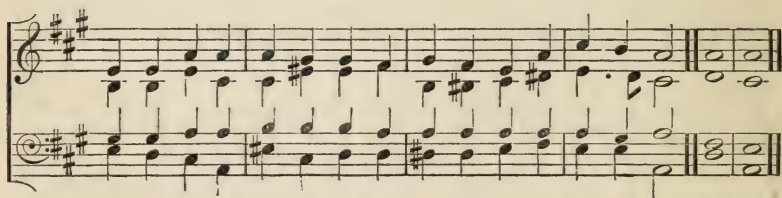
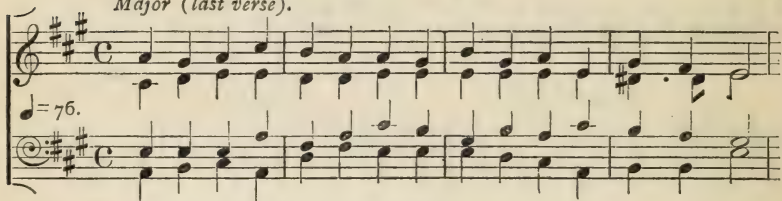
## (Second Tune.)

CHARLES STEGGALL, Mus.D.

*Who died for us, that, whether we wake or sleep, we should live together with Him.*

*mf* God, That madest earth and heaven,  
Darkness and light;  
Who the day for toil hast given,  
For rest the night;  
May Thine angel-guards defend us,  
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,  
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,  
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping;  
And when we die,  
May we in Thy mighty keeping  
All peaceful lie;  
When the last dread call shall wake us,  
Do not Thou, O God, forsake us,  
But to reign in glory take us  
With Thee on high. Amen.

*Major (last verse).**His compassions fail not.*

*p* HEAR our prayer, O Heavenly FATHER,  
Ere we lay us down to sleep;  
Bid Thine angels, pure and holy,  
Round our bed their vigils keep.

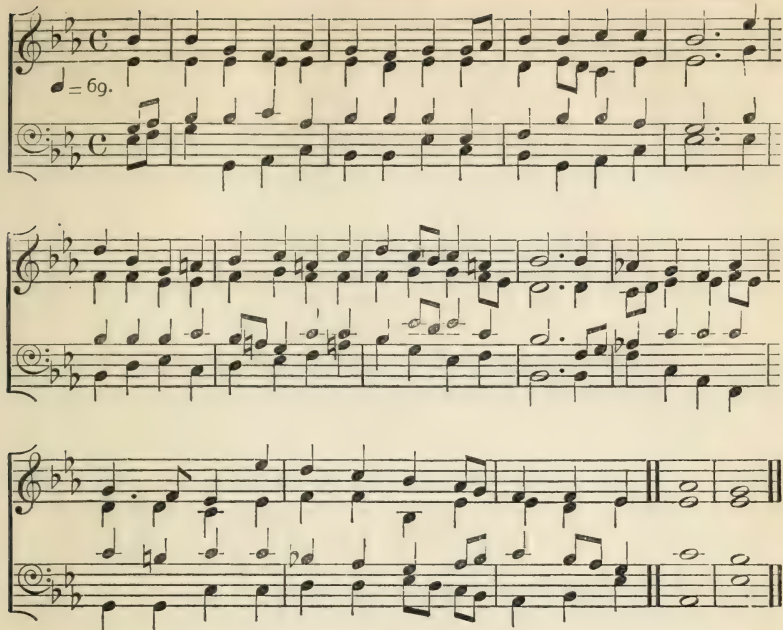
None can measure out Thy patience  
By the span of human thought;  
None can bound the tender mercies  
Which Thy Holy Son has bought.

Heavy though our sins, Thy mercy  
Far outweighs them every one;  
Down before the Cross we cast them,  
Trusting in Thy help alone.

Pardon all our past transgressions,  
Give us strength for days to come;  
Guide and guard us with Thy blessing  
Till Thine angels bear us home.

Keep us through this night of peril  
Safe beneath its sheltering shade;  
Take us to Thy rest, we pray Thee,  
When our pilgrimage is made.

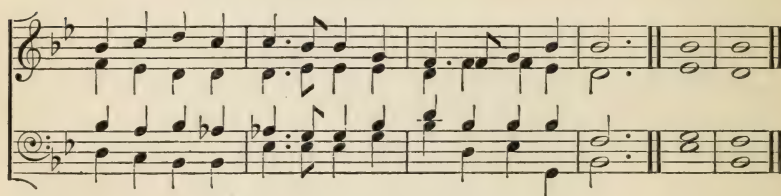
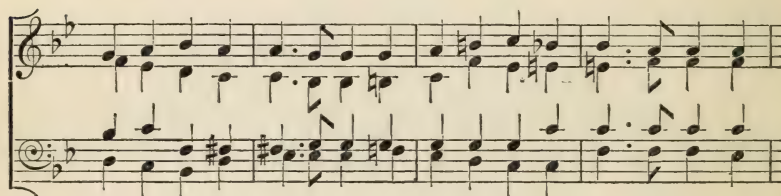
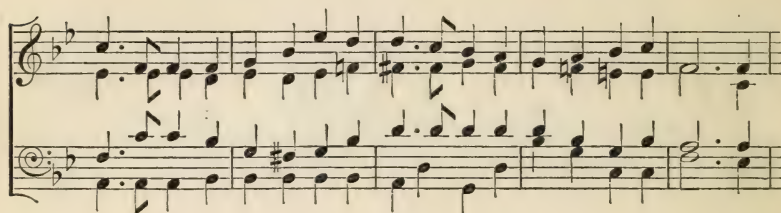
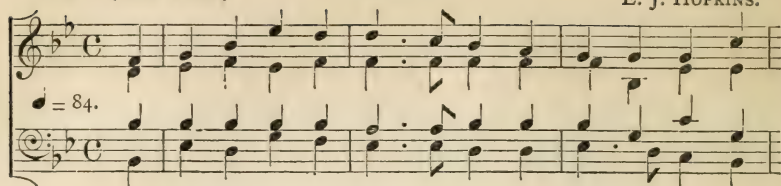
*ff* Honour, glory, might, dominion,  
To the FATHER and the SON,  
With the everlasting SPIRIT,  
While eternal ages run. Amen.



*Thou drewest near in the day that I called upon Thee: Thou saidst, Fear not.*

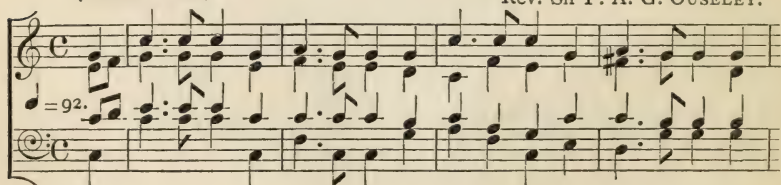
- mf* LORD, ever show Thy blessèd Face,  
 Though downward sinks the sun;  
 Stand still in heaven, with looks of grace,  
 Though he his course hath run;  
*cres.* Above the height,  
 In glory bright,  
*f* Still shines in Thee unfading light.
- mf* As speeds the moon her silent way,  
 Outpouring softer beams;  
 So shed on us a gentle ray,  
 The peace of holy dreams;  
 That thoughts snow-white,  
 May hallow night,  
 No longer dark beneath Thy light.
- p* When calmly laid in quiet rest,  
 Sweet slumber on our eyes,  
 Let angels hover round each breast,  
 Our guard till morning rise:  
*cres.* Sin takes to flight,  
 And drops the fight;  
 For Thou art peace as well as light.
- pp* As sighs our last departing breath,  
 And friends in sorrow weep,  
 Oh, grant us, LORD, a tranquil death,  
 Like this, a restful sleep;  
*cres.* Then, through Thy might  
 Raise us all-bright,  
*ff* To view Thee robed in quenchless light.

Amen.

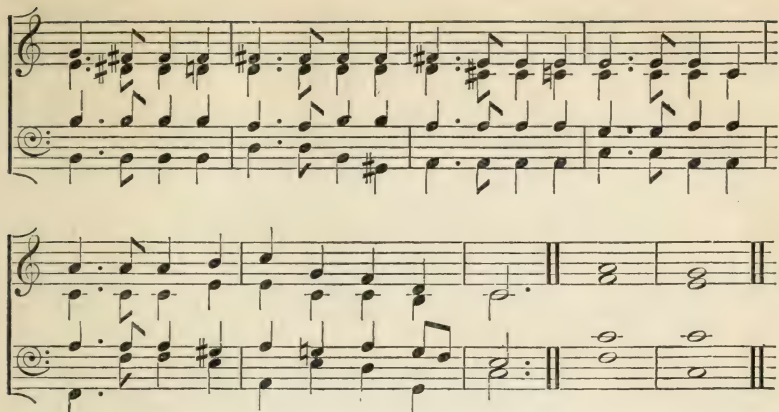


## (Second Tune.)

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.







*The day is Thine, the night also is Thine.*

*f* O LORD, the heaven Thy power displays,  
 The fruitful earth Thy word obeys,  
 The ocean answers to Thy praise,  
     And man their lesson learns;  
*mp* As morning dew in peace distils  
 Upon the valleys, fields, and hills,  
 Thy grace the lowly spirit fills,  
     When unto Thee it turns.

*f* At Thy command the untiring sun  
 Throughout the day his course doth run,  
*dim.* And when at eve his course is done,  
     Reposes in the west:  
*mf* So we, throughout our life's increase,  
 Work on until our day shall cease,  
*p* And, at our eve, lie down in peace,  
     In Thee to take our rest.

*mf* As in the ground the seed we cast,  
 And wait till winter's night be past,  
 In hope, when spring returns at last,  
     Thou wilt the increase give:  
*p* So sleep our bodies in the tomb,  
*cres.* Secure, that when Thy day shall come,  
*f* Thou wilt revive us from earth's womb,  
     In Thee for aye to live.

*f* As nature works Thy will, O LORD,  
 As grace Thy mercy doth record,  
 So we, submissive to Thy word,  
     Thy great behests obey:  
 O HOLY FATHER, HOLY SON  
 Who hast for us redemption won,  
 And HOLY GHOST, Blest THREE in ONE,  
     To Thee be laud away. Amen.

*♩ = 50. p*

*cres.*

*dim. e rall.*

*f*

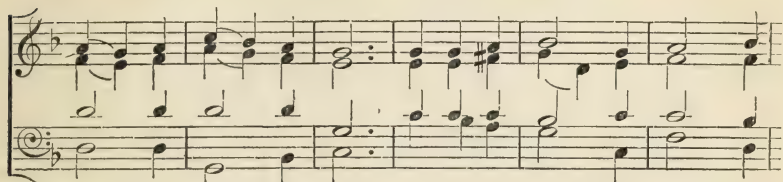
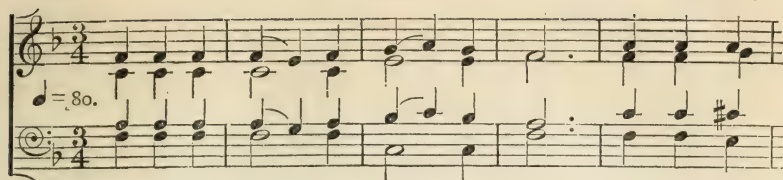
*The Lord shall give His people the blessing of peace.*

SAVIOUR, again to Thy dear Name we raise  
 With one accord our parting hymn of praise;  
 Once more we bless Thee ere our worship cease,  
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait Thy word of peace.

Grant us Thy peace upon our homeward way;  
 With Thee begun, with Thee shall end the day;  
 Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,  
 That in this house have called upon Thy Name.

Grant us Thy peace, LORD, thro' the coming night,  
 Turn Thou for us its darkness into light;  
 From harm and danger keep Thy children free,  
 For dark and light are both alike to Thee.

Grant us Thy peace throughout our earthly life,  
 Our balm in sorrow, and our peace in strife;  
 Then, when Thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,  
 Call us, O LORD, to Thine eternal peace. Amen.



*Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness.*

*mf* SUN of my soul, Thou SAVIOUR dear,  
It is not night if Thou be near;  
O may no earth-born cloud arise  
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes!

*pp* When the soft dews of kindly sleep  
My wearied eyelids gently steep,  
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest  
For ever on my SAVIOUR's breast.

*p* Abide with me from morn to eve,  
For without Thee I cannot live;  
Abide with me when night is nigh,  
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine  
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,  
Now, LORD, the gracious work begin;  
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor  
With blessings from Thy boundless store;  
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,  
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

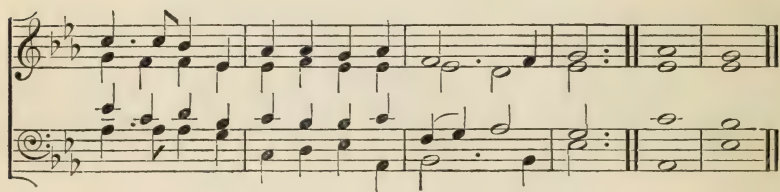
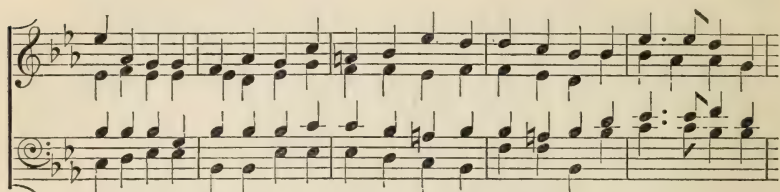
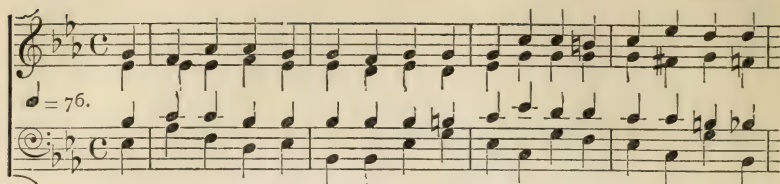
*f* Come near and bless us when we wake,  
Ere through the world our way we take;  
Till in the ocean of Thy love  
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

*ff* Praise GOD, from Whom all blessings flow;  
Praise Him, all creatures here below;  
Praise Him above, angelic host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

85

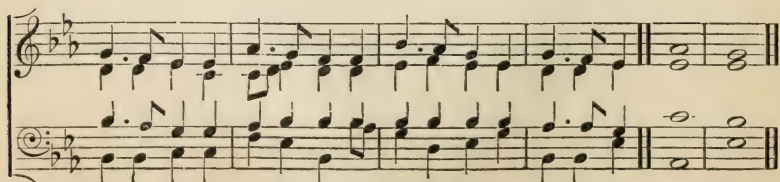
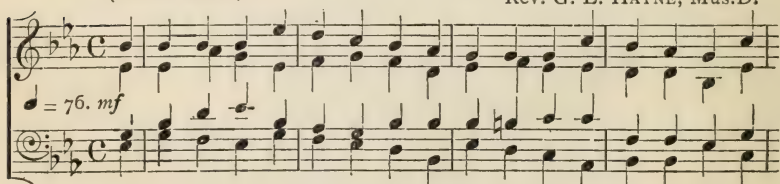
(First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

Rev. G. L. HAYNE, Mus.D.





# DAILY.

*The Lord is my light.*

SWEET SAVIOUR, bless us ere we go;  
Thy word into our minds instil;  
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow  
With lowly love and fervent will:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,

The day is gone, its hours have run,  
And Thou hast taken count of all,  
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,  
The broken vow, the frequent fall:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,

Grant us, dear LORD, from evil ways  
True absolution and release;  
And bless us, more than in past days,  
With purity and inward peace:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,

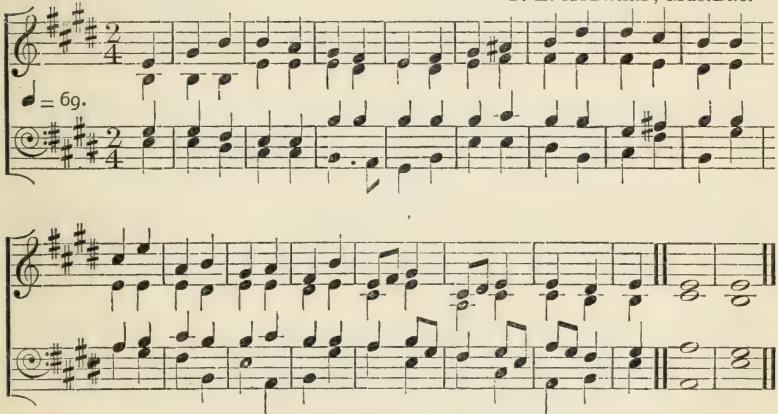
Do more than pardon; give us joy,  
Sweet fear, and sober liberty,  
And simple hearts without alloy,  
That only long to be like Thee:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled;  
And care is light, for Thou hast cared;  
Ah! never let our works be soiled  
With strife, or by deceit ensnared:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful, unto Thee we call;  
O let Thy mercy make us glad:  
Thou art our JESUS, and our All:  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
O gentle JESUS, be our light. [night,  
Amen.

86

T. E. AYLWARD, Mus.Bac.



*All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord; and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.*

*mf*  
THE brightening dawn and voiceful day  
Thy loving-kindness, LORD, proclaim;  
And night, with its sublime array  
Of starry worlds, doth praise Thy Name.

Yea, while adoring seraphim  
Before Thee bend the willing knee,  
From every star a choral hymn  
Goes up unceasingly to Thee!

*p*  
O HOLY FATHER, 'mid the calm  
And stillness of this evening hour,  
We, too, would lift our solemn psalm  
To praise Thy goodness and Thy power;

For over us, as over all,  
Thy tender mercies still extend;  
Nor vainly shall the contrite call  
On Thee, our FATHER and our Friend.

Kept by Thy goodness through the day,  
Thanksgiving to Thy name we pour;  
Night o'er us with its stars, we pray  
Thy love to guard us evermore.

In grief, console; in gladness, bless;  
In darkness, guide; in sickness, cheer;  
Till, perfected in righteousness,  
We all before Thy throne appear.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

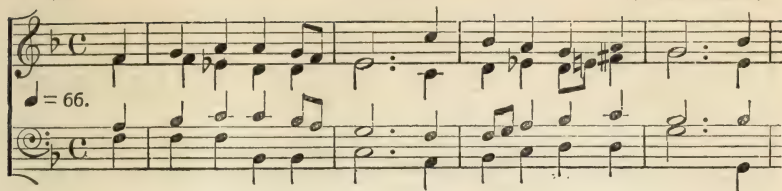
*The darkness and light to Thee are both alike.*

THE day is gently sinking to a close,  
Fainter and yet more faint the sunlight glows;  
O Brightness of Thy FATHER'S Glory, Thou,  
Eternal LIGHT of LIGHT, be with us now;  
Where Thou art present, darkness cannot be:  
Midnight is glorious noon, O LORD, with Thee.

Our changeful lives are ebbing to an end,  
Onward to darkness and to death we tend;  
O Conqueror of the grave, be Thou our Guide,  
Be Thou our Light in death's dark eventide;  
Then in our mortal hour will be no gloom,  
No sting in death, no terror in the tomb.

Thou, Who in darkness walking didst appear  
Upon the waves, and Thy disciples cheer,  
Come, LORD, in lonesome days, when storms assail,  
And earthly hopes and human succours fail:  
When all is dark, may we behold Thee nigh,  
And hear Thy voice, "Fear not, for it is I."

The weary world is mouldering to decay,  
Its glories wane, its pageants fade away;  
In that last sunset, when the stars shall fall,  
May we arise, awakened by Thy call,  
With Thee, O LORD, for ever to abide  
In that blest day which has no eventide. Amen.



*Thy sun shall no more go down.*

*mf* THE day is past and gone,  
Great GOD, we bow to Thee;  
Again, as shades of night steal on,  
To Thee for refuge flee.

*p* O when shall that day come,  
Ne'er sinking in the west:  
That country and that holy home,  
Where none shall break our rest?

Where all things shall be peace,  
And pleasure without end,  
And golden harps, that never cease,  
With joyous hymns shall blend;

Where we, preserved beneath  
The shelter of Thy wing,  
For evermore Thy praise shall breathe,  
And of Thy mercy sing;

*f* And with the angel-host  
Praise, honour, and adore  
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

89

J. BARNEY.



*The sun goeth down, and hasteth to his place where he arose.*

*mf* THE day, O LORD, is spent;  
Abide with us, and rest;  
Our hearts' desires are fully bent  
On making Thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,  
That happy land, as yet,  
Where holy angels round Thee stand,  
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now,  
Our day is almost o'er;  
O Sun of Righteousness, do Thou  
Shine on us evermore!

*f* From men below the skies,  
And all the heavenly host,  
To GOD the FATHER praise arise,  
To SON, to HOLY GHOST. Amen.

*The Lord shall be unto thee an everlasting light.*

THE radiant morn hath passed away,  
And spent too soon her golden store;  
The shadows of departing day  
Creep on once more.

Our life is but a fading dawn,  
Its glorious noon how quickly past;  
Lead us, O CHRIST, when all is gone,  
Safe home at last.

Oh, by Thy soul-inspiring grace  
Uplift our hearts to realms on high;  
Help us to look to that bright place  
Beyond the sky;

Where light, and life, and joy, and peace  
In undivided empire reign,  
And thronging angels never cease  
Their deathless strain.

Where saints are clothed in spotless white,  
And evening shadows never fall,  
Where Thou, Eternal LIGHT of LIGHT,  
Art LORD of all. Amen.

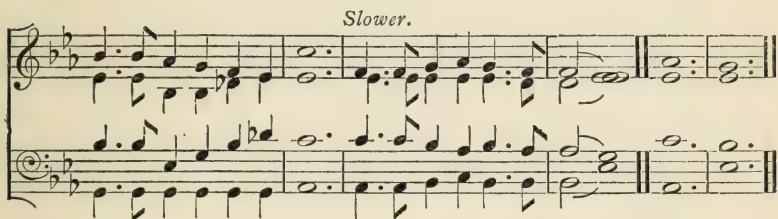
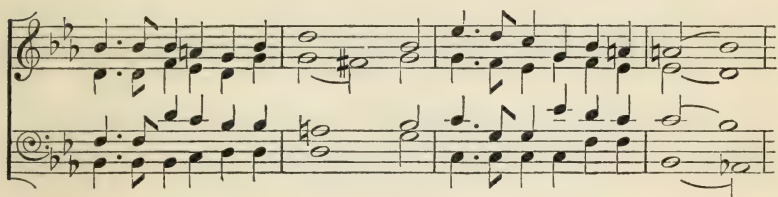
## 91 (First Tune.)

German.



(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.



*I will lay me down in peace, and take my rest : for it is Thou, Lord, only, that makest me dwell  
in safety.*

*mf* THROUGH the day Thy love hath spared us,  
Night once more invites to rest;  
Through the silent watches guard us,  
Let no foe our peace molest:  
*p* JESU, Thou our Guardian be;  
*pp* Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

*mf* Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,  
Dwelling in the midst of foes,  
Us and ours preserve from dangers;  
In Thy love may we repose,  
*p* And, when life's short day is past,  
*pp* Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

*f* TRIUNE GOD, let all adore Thee,  
Saints on earth, and saints in heaven;  
Every creature bow before Thee,  
Who hast all their being given;  
Who dost seek and save the lost;  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

*At midnight will I rise to give thanks unto Thee; because of Thy righteous judgments.*

It is the midnight hour:  
We lift our voice on high  
To Thee, the LORD of grace and power,  
O Blessèd TRINITY;  
With all the heavenly host  
We worship and adore  
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore.

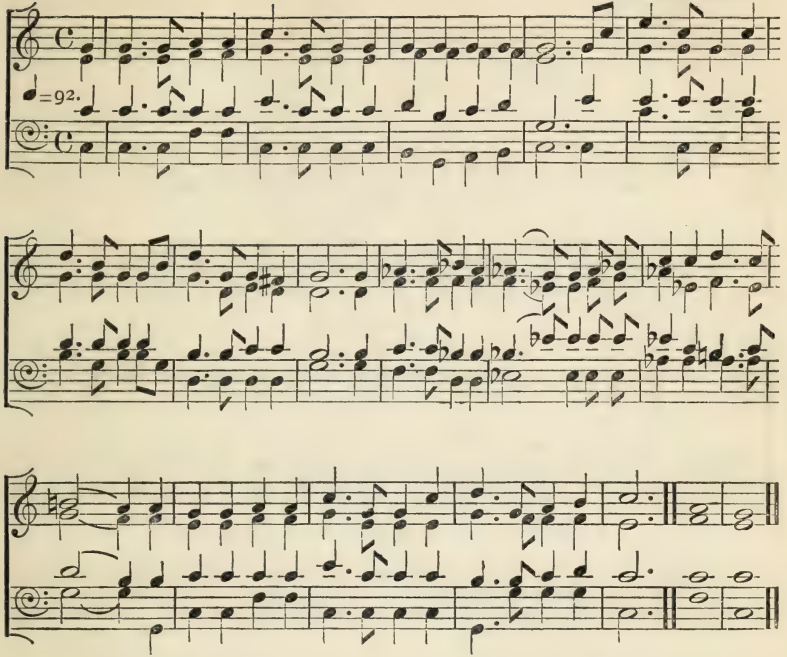
'Twas at this hour of old  
The avenging Angel sped  
Through Egypt with death's arrows cold,  
And laid the first-born dead.  
This hour to Israel's race  
God's great salvation bore;  
The Avenger saw the sign of grace,  
And passed their thresholds o'er.

From Egypt, sore distress,  
Bursts forth a bitter cry;  
But Israel finds peace and rest,  
For that lamb's blood passed by.  
Thine Israel are we,  
O GOD, our Strength and Aid;  
By CHRIST's most precious Blood set free,  
We journey undismayed.

At midnight bursts the cry,  
By angel voices borne,  
"Arise, the Bridegroom draweth nigh:  
See, see, your LORD return."  
Let us keep steadfast guard,  
With well-trimmed hearts all night,  
That, when He comes, we stand prepared  
And meet Him with delight.

At midnight hour again  
Lay Paul and Silas bound;  
Though bound they sang a heavenly  
And singing freedom found. [strain,  
Our prison is this earth,  
And we too sing to Thee;  
LORD, break sin's fetters, lead us forth,  
Thy true believers free.

Make us, O glorious KING,  
Meet for Thy bliss and Thee,  
That we may Thy bright glories sing  
Throughout eternity;—  
With all the heavenly host  
May worship and adore  
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore. Amen.



*And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh.*

*f* BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,  
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;  
*mf* But woe to that dull servant, whom his Master shall surprise  
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.

*mf* Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware lest thou in sleep sink down,  
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and lose the golden crown;  
*p* But see that thou be sober, with a watchful eye, and thus  
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy God, have mercy upon us.

*f* That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul, slack not thy toil,  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;  
*mf* Thou knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,  
*f* Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise! He comes to meet the Bride.

*p* Beware, my soul! take thou good heed, lest thou in slumber lie,  
And, like the five, remain without, and knock, and vainly cry;  
*cres.* But watch, and bear thy lamp undimmed, and CHRIST shall gird thee on  
*f* His own bright wedding-robe of light—the glory of the SON.

*f* To Thee, O SAVIOUR, now we bring the tribute of our praise,  
Too small for Thee, O Bridegroom blest, but all that we can raise:  
*ff* All praise to Thee, great THREE in ONE, the GOD Whom we adore,  
As was, and is, and shall be done, when time shall be no more. Amen.

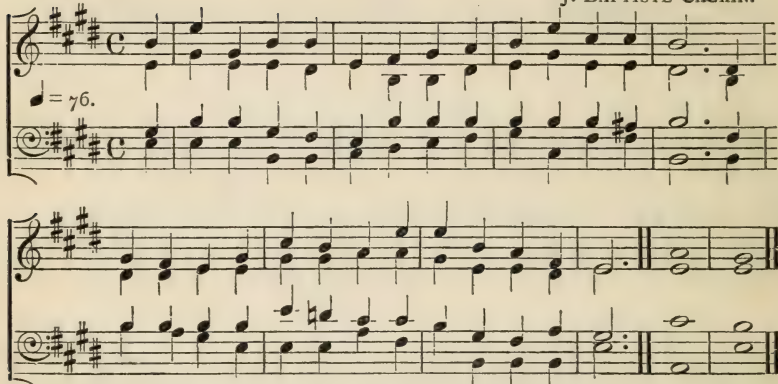
# HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

## ADVENT.

94

MORNING.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*I came forth from the Father, and am come into the world.*

*f* SUPERNAL WORD, proceeding from  
The Eternal FATHER's breast,  
And, in the end of ages, come  
To aid a world distrest;

*p* That when the Judgment-seat on high  
Shall fix the sinner's doom,  
And to the just a glad voice cry,  
Come to your destined home,—

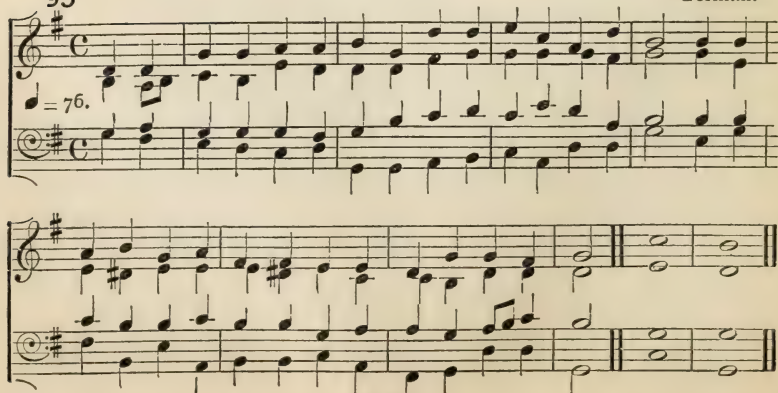
*mf* Enlighten, LORD, and set on fire  
Our spirits with Thy love,  
That, dead to earth, they may aspire  
And live to joys above.

*mf* Safe from the black and fiery flood  
Of restless, endless, pain,  
We may behold the Face of GOD,  
The bliss in heaven attain,

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise for evermore. Amen.

95

German.





# ADVENT.

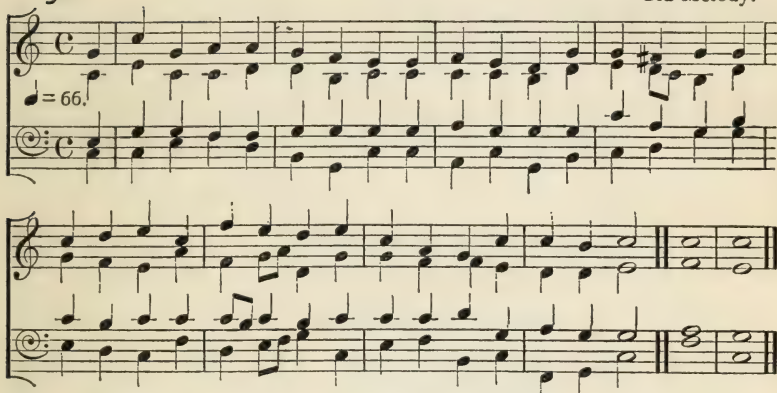
*Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.*

<p><b>f</b> HARK! the Baptist's voice is sounding:          Night is spent, it seems to cry:          Cast away the works of darkness;          Day is dawning; CHRIST is nigh.</p> <p>Startled by the solemn warning,          Let the earth-bound soul arise:          CHRIST our Sun, all gloom dispelling,          Shines upon the morning skies.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Lo! the LAMB, so long expected, [ven;          Comes with pardon down from hea-          Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,          One and all, to be forgiven:</p> <p><i>p</i> That, when next He comes in glory,          And the earth is girt with dread,          He may of His love forgive us,          And His wing above us spread.</p>
--	--

*f* Honour, glory, might and blessing,  
 To the FATHER and the SON,  
 With the everlasting SPIRIT,  
 While eternal ages run. Amen.

96

Old Melody.



*The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight.*

*f* ON Jordan's bank the Baptist's cry  
 Announces that the LORD is nigh:  
 Awake, and hearken, for he brings  
 Glad tidings of the KING of kings.

Earth, air and sea, with joy elate,  
 For their Creator's Advent wait;  
 The very elements rejoice,  
 And welcome Him with cheerful voice.

We, too, will greet our coming GOD;  
 And cleanse our hearts, and smooth the road;  
 And make within a place of rest,  
 Meet home for such a Royal Guest.

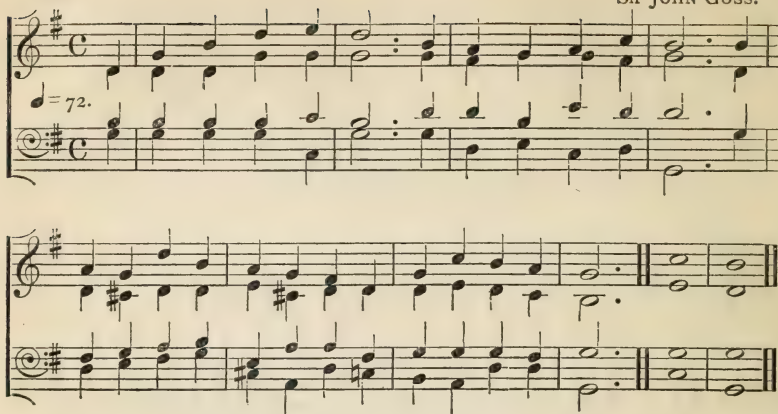
For Thou art our salvation, LORD,  
 Our refuge, and our great reward:  
 Without Thy aid, like withering grass,  
 Man into nothingness must pass.

To heal the sick stretch forth Thine Hand,  
 And bid the fallen sinner stand;  
 Reveal Thy Face, and joy restore,  
 And make earth Paradise once more.

All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
 Whose Advent set Thy people free;  
 Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
 And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

97

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*Tell ye the daughter of Sion, Behold, thy King cometh unto thee.*

*f* LIFT up the Advent strain!  
Behold the LORD is nigh!  
Greet His approach, ye saints, again,  
With hymns of holy joy.

The everlasting SON  
Incarnate deigns to be;  
Our GOD the form of slave puts on,  
A race of slaves to free.

Daughter of Sion, rise  
To meet thy lowly King!  
Nor let the faithless heart despise  
The peace He comes to bring.

*mf* As Judge, in clouds of light,  
He shall come down again,  
And all His scattered saints unite  
With Him in heaven to reign.

*p* Before that dreadful day  
May all our sins be gone,  
The old man all be put away,  
The new man all put on.

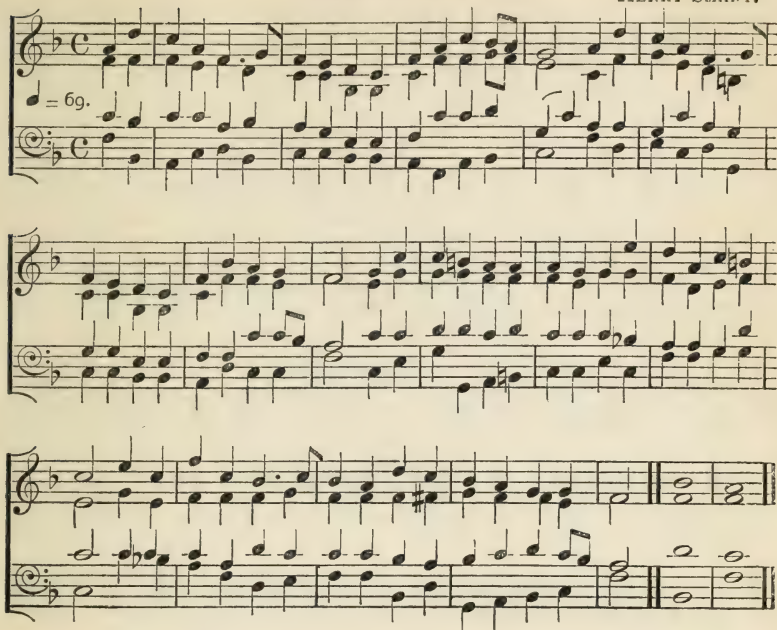
*f* JESU, all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest;  
We pray Thee here our guide to be,  
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.

## AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

98

FIRST SUNDAY.

HENRY SMART.



*Shew us Thy mercy, O Lord; and grant us Thy salvation.*

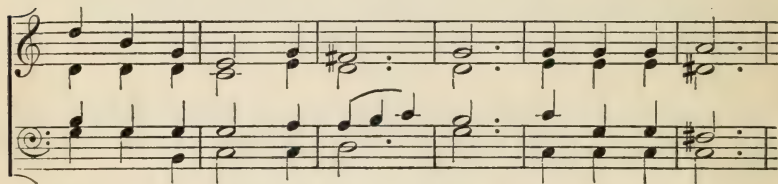
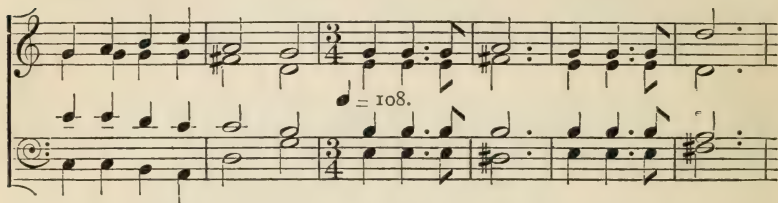
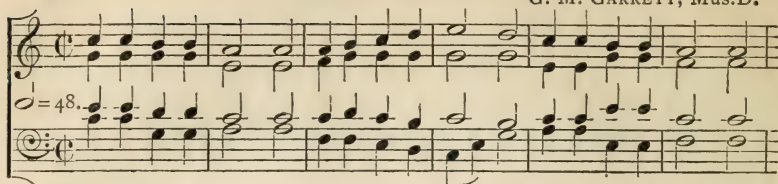
*f* THOU, the SAVIOUR Everlasting,  
 Light that art the Life of man!  
 Light unfailing, brightness casting  
 On the darkness sin began;  
 Thou, man's perishing condition  
 Pitying, Satan's power hast crossed;  
 From the FATHER sent, Thy mission  
 Thou didst hold, to save the lost.

*mf* All man's nature, all his sadness  
 Thou didst take, and share his grave,  
 To the world proclaiming gladness  
 By Thy will that world to save.  
 Though Thy Godhead, high in heaven,  
 With the FATHER still did dwell,  
 GOD and MAN, Thyself wert given  
 All unscathed to traverse hell.

CHRIST, our body's throne possessing,  
 Make us temples meet for Thee!  
 Thy first Advent sin redressing,  
 By Thy second make us free.

*p* When as Judge, all secrets hidden  
 Thou dost summon to the light,

*f* May we, to Thy presence bidden,  
 Live for ever in Thy sight! Amen.



*Gather My saints together unto Me; those that have made a covenant with Me with sacrifice.*

*f* CHRIST That ever reigneth,  
 CHRIST That here remaineth,  
 CHRIST within us dwelling,  
 CHRIST in praise excelling;  
*ff* Him we proclaim,  
 His glorious Name;  
 To our Creator render  
 Homage all due;  
 Lowly and true  
 Homage to Him we tender.

*f* Heaven's high Host rejoices,  
 Lifting up all voices,  
 Jubilant with gladness;—  
 Yet the earth with sadness  
*mf* Dreading her fate  
 God doth await  
 Who judgment strict revealeth;  
 Merciful Power,  
 Save in that hour  
 Those whom Thy Passion healeth!

*mf* Raise us cleansed to regions,  
 Where the angel-legions  
 Round Thee aye are soaring,  
 With the saints adoring;  
*p* Grant us Thy peace,  
 Bid dangers cease,  
 And Thou, Thy mercy sending,  
 CHRIST, give us rest,  
 Where, with the blest,  
 Thy reign is never ending. Amen.

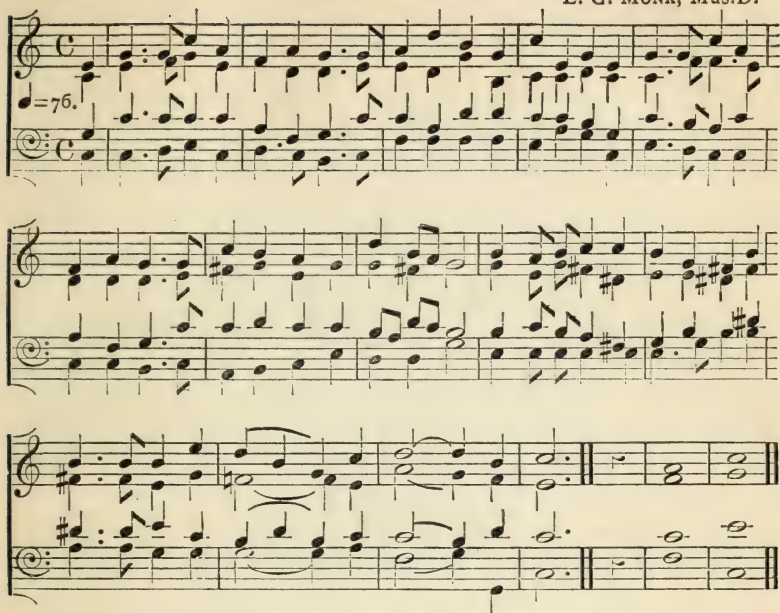


# ADVENT.

100

THIRD SUNDAY.

E. G. MONK, Mus.D.



*Shew Thyself, Thou that sittest upon the Cherubim. Stir up Thy strength, and come and help us.*

*f* THOU GOD, 'mid Cherubim on high,  
O'er thrones, dominions, powers, supreme,  
That reignest veiled in Majesty,  
Raise up Thy power, the lost redeem;  
Come; to the Tempter's trembling slave  
Stretch forth Thy golden sceptre, strong to save.

*mf* Give for His sake, the CHRIST foretold,  
To us the seven-fold gifts of grace,  
Gifts that, foreseen of Prophets old,  
Through Him make pure, and sin efface;  
With wisdom, mind, and counsel bless,  
Might, knowledge, holy fear, and godliness.

To all the labourers in Thy field,  
That set their hand to plough that soil,  
Grant that the hardened heart may yield,  
Nor they be wearied with the toil;  
No lingering look behind may send,  
But follow on life's furrow to the end.

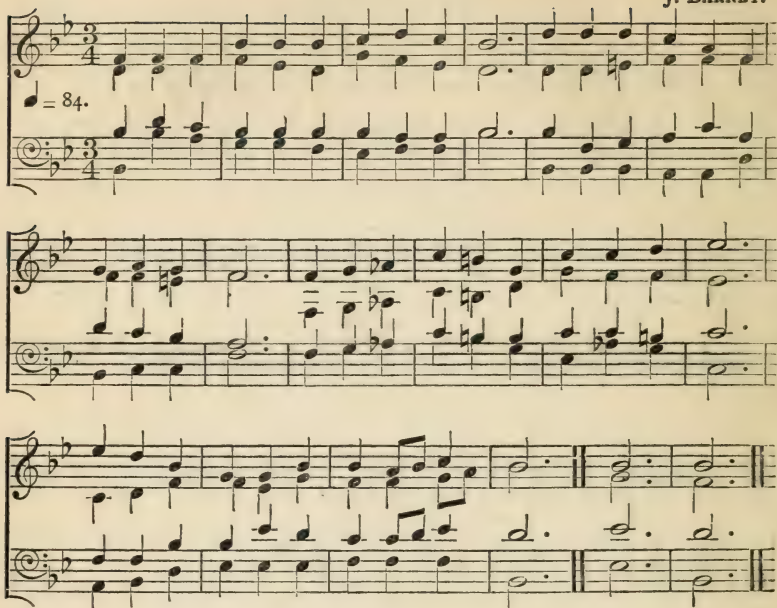
Come from Thy palace in the skies;  
Thy Presence shall our earth restore,  
Shall win for us what sin denies,  
And Paradise be ours once more!  
Come to this earth, LORD JESUS, come,  
And lift Thy people to Thy Godhead's home! Amen.

# ADVENT.

101

FOURTH SUNDAY.

J. BARNEY.



*My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord: and let all flesh give thanks unto His Holy Name.*

*ff* HONOUR and glory, thanksgiving and praise,  
 MAKER of all things, to Thee we upraise;  
 GOD the Almighty, the FATHER, the LORD;  
 GOD by the angels obeyed and adored.

*f* Thou art the FATHER of heaven and earth;  
 Worlds uncreated to Thee owe their birth;  
 All the creation, Thy Voice when it heard,  
 Started to light and to life at Thy WORD.

Onward the sun and the moon on their march  
 Span with the rainbow the firmament's arch;  
 Stars yet unknown, and whose light is to come,  
 Find in creation their place and a home.

Earth with the mountain, the river, the plain,  
 Sky with the dew-drop, the wind, and the rain,  
 Beast of the forest, wild bird of the air,  
 All are Thy creatures, and all are Thy care.

Ocean the restless, and waters that swell,  
 Lightnings that flash over flood, over fell,  
 Own Thee the Master Almighty, and call  
 Thee the CREATOR, the FATHER, of all.

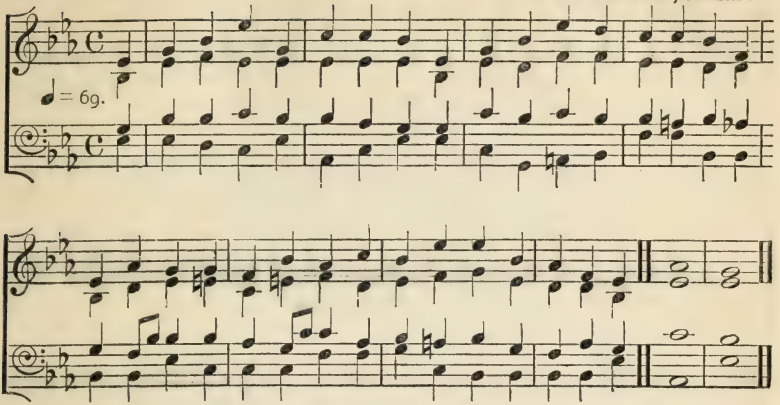
*mf* Yea, Thou art FATHER of all, and Thy love  
 Pity for man that is fallen doth move;  
 Sharing our nature, though sinless, Thy SON  
 Came to redeem us, by Satan undone.

*p* God in Three Persons, give ear to our prayer:  
 Thought, word, and deed in Thine image repair;  
 Guide us in life, and protect to the last;  
 And, at Thine Advent, LORD, pardon the past.

102

EVENING.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber.*

*f* CREATOR of the starry height,  
Of faithful hearts the endless Light,  
*mf* JESU, Redeemer of us all,  
Give ear to Thy poor suppliants' call.

Thou, grieving o'er the fatal curse  
Which doomed to death the universe,  
Salvation for our race hast wrought,  
And healing to the guilty brought.

Love drew Thee down, the world to win  
From common stain of common sin;  
Proceeding from a Virgin shrine,  
The spotless Victim all divine.

*p* To Thine Almighty Majesty  
All things created bend the knee;  
Thee all in heaven and earth adore,  
And own Thy sway for evermore.

*pp* O Thou, Whose coming is with dread,  
To judge and doom the quick and dead,  
Preserve us, while we dwell below,  
From every weapon of our foe.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Praise, honour, might and glory be,  
From age to age eternally. Amen.

# ADVENT.

103

(First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

(Second Tune.)

CHARLES GOUNOD.

$\text{♩} = 46.$



## ADVENT.

*The Desire of all nations shall come,*

*f* DRAW nigh, draw nigh, IMMANUEL,  
And ransom captive Israel,  
*mf* That mourns in lonely exile here,  
Until the SON of GOD appear.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! IMMANUEL  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* Draw nigh, O JESSE'S ROD, draw nigh,  
To free us from the enemy;  
From hell's abyss Thy people save,  
And give us victory o'er the grave.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! IMMANUEL  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, O MORNING STAR,  
And bring us comfort from afar;  
And banish far from us the gloom  
Of sinful night and endless doom.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! IMMANUEL  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

*mf* Draw nigh, draw nigh, O DAVID'S KEY,  
The heavenly gate unfolds to Thee;  
Make safe the way that leads on high,  
And close the path to misery.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! IMMANUEL  
Shall come to thee, O Israel!

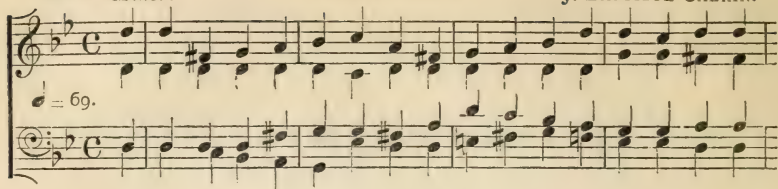
*f* Draw nigh, draw nigh, O LORD OF MIGHT,  
Who once, from Sinai's flaming height  
Didst give the trembling tribes Thy Law,  
In cloud, and majesty, and awe.  
*ff* Rejoice! Rejoice! IMMANUEL  
Shall come to thee, O Israel! Amen.

# ADVENT.

104 *Minor.*

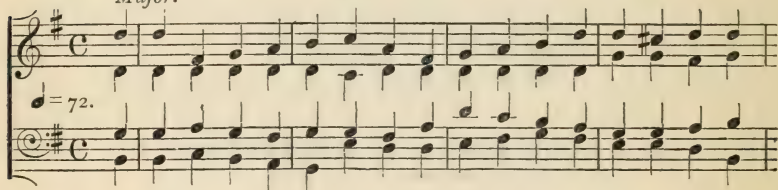
Verses 1, 2, 3, 4.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*Major.*

Verses 5, 6, 7.



*Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness; let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation.*

*f* O LORD, the rolling years fulfil  
At length the counsels of Thy will;  
The Dayspring from on high appears,  
The Hope of earth through wistful years.

*mf* Since Adam sinned, his fallen race  
Was sunk in woe, deprived of grace;  
*dim.* And lost in sorrow's twilight pale  
Lay in mute fear of death's dark vale.

*p* O second death of deathless shame.  
The death of everlasting flame  
O fearful looking for of doom,  
When God the righteous Judge shall come!

# ADVENT.

*mf* Alas! what man can undertake  
The remedy for sin to make?  
For those deep sorrows, ere we die,  
What hand can healing balm supply?

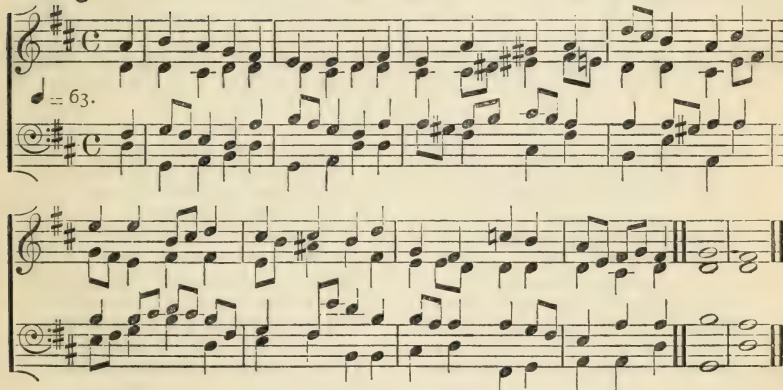
O CHRIST, 'tis Thou, 'tis Thou alone,  
Descending from the eternal throne,  
The heavenly likeness canst restore,  
God's Image, which at first we bore.

*cres.* Rain down, ye heavens, the Righteous ONE;  
Ye skies, pour forth the Incarnate SON;  
Bring forth the Righteous Seed, O earth,  
And give the world's Salvation birth.

*f* O WORD of GOD, made Flesh, to Thee  
Eternal praise and glory be,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

105

W. METCALFE.



*I sleep, but my heart waketh.*

*♩* WHEN night has veiled the earth in shade,  
And weary limbs to sleep are laid,  
*cres.* Our souls, O LORD, shall wakeful be,  
*f* And pour forth longing sighs to Thee.

*mf* Desire of nations, GOD the WORD,  
By Whom our secret prayers are heard;  
*cres.* Earth's mighty SAVIOUR, hear our cry,  
And raise us from our misery.

*mf* Why dost Thou, LORD, so long delay?  
O haste, and cast our chains away;  
The gates of heaven again unfold,  
Which Adam's sin close barred of old.

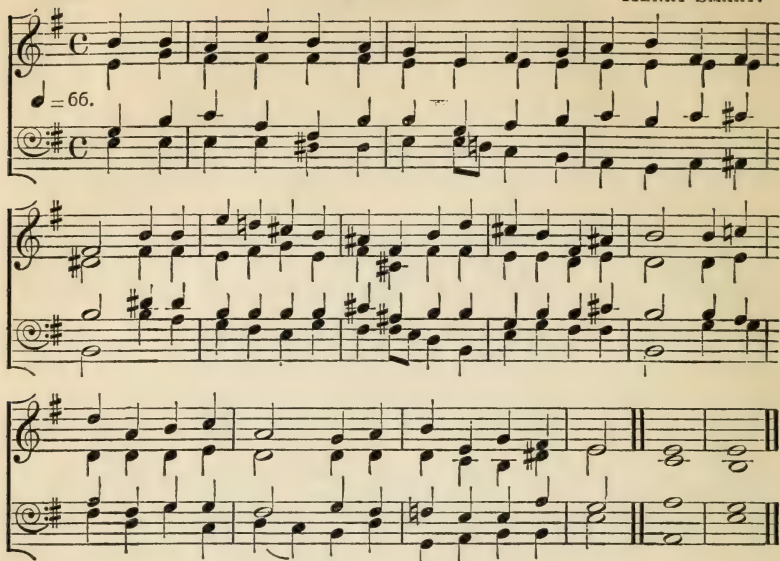
*f* To Him, Who comes the world to free,  
The WORD made Flesh, all glory be;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

ADVENT.

106

ANY HOUR.

HENRY SMART.



*I said, in the cutting off of my days, I shall go to the gates of the grave.*

*p* DAY of death, in silence speeding  
On the wings of darkness near!  
How my inmost nature trembles,  
Melting with excess of fear,  
When, in sleepless thought reclined,  
I depict it to my mind.

*mp* Vainly strives imagination  
That dread moment to portray,  
When the soul, her course completed,  
Soon to leave her home of clay,  
*cres.* Fiercely wrestles, might and main,  
With her yielding fleshly chain.

*mf* While revived from deep oblivion  
Thoughts and words, a mingled  
maze,  
Long forgotten deeds, unnumbered,  
Crowd before the spirit's gaze;  
Turn whichever way we will,  
Ever there abiding still.

*p* O how then the guilty spirit  
Shall the wasted years deplore!  
Shall bewail salvation's season  
Idly lost for evermore!  
How supreme shall be the pain  
To have lived a life in vain!

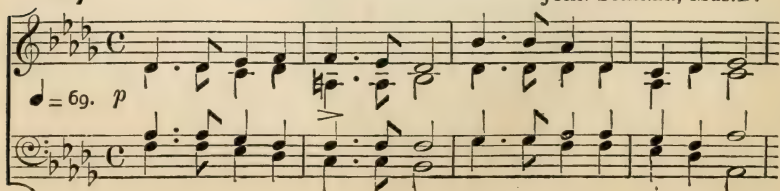
Oh, how bitter then the sweetness  
Of deluding sin shall seem!  
What a phantom human greatness,  
All dissolving like a dream!  
What a mockery, pleasures brief,  
Followed by eternal grief!

*p* KING Immortal, we beseech Thee  
By Thy Cross of bitter woe,  
JESU CHRIST, at our departure  
Thy sustaining grace bestow;  
Oh, in us at that dread hour  
Crush the tyrant tempter's power.

*mf* Scatter all his host infernal;  
Lay us fast in Thee asleep:  
Then to fields of life eternal  
Bear us, Shepherd of the sheep;  
There in joy to gaze on Thee,  
Safe for all eternity. Amen.

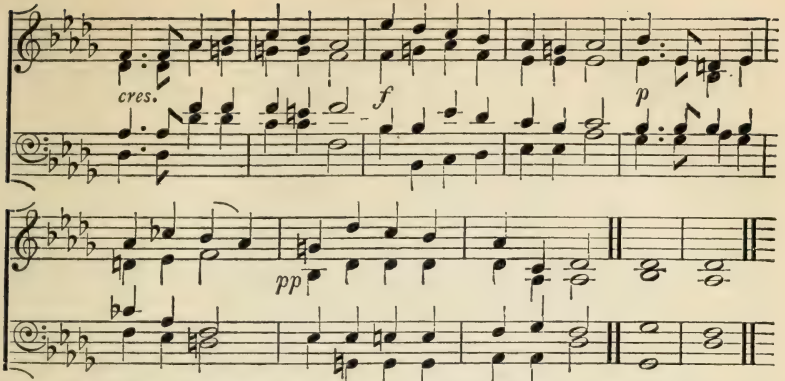
107

JOHN STAINER, Mus.D.





# ADVENT.



*Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord; Lord, hear my voice; O let Thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint. If Thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss, O Lord, who may abide it?*

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day,  
When this world shall pass away,  
And the heavens together roll,  
Shrivelling like a parched scroll,  
Long foretold by saint and sage,  
David's harp, and Sibyl's page.

Day of terror, day of doom,  
When the Judge at last shall come;  
Through the deep and silent gloom,  
Shrouding every human tomb,  
Shall the Archangel's trumpet-tone  
Summon all before the Throne.

Then shall nature stand aghast,  
Death himself be overcast;  
Then at her Creator's call,  
Near and distant, great and small,  
Shall the whole creation rise  
Waiting for the Great Assize.

Then the writing shall be read,  
Which shall judge the quick and dead;  
Then the LORD of all our race  
Shall appoint to each his place;  
Every wrong shall be set right,  
Every secret brought to light. \*

## PART II.

WHEN, in that tremendous day,  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
What shall I the sinner say?  
What shall be the sinner's stay?  
When the righteous shrinks for fear,  
How shall my frail soul appear?

KING of kings, enthroned on high,  
In Thine awful Majesty,  
Thou Who of Thy mercy free  
Savest those who saved shall be:  
In Thy boundless charity,  
Fount of pity, save Thou me.

O remember, SAVIOUR dear,  
What the cause that brought Thee here;  
All Thy long and toilsome way  
Was for me who went astray:  
When that day at last is come,  
Call, O call, the wanderer home.

Thou in search of me didst sit  
Weary with the noonday heat;  
Thou to save my soul hast borne  
Cross and grief, and hate and scorn;  
O may all that toil and pain  
Not be wholly spent in vain! \*

## PART III.

O JUST Judge, to Whom belongs  
Vengeance for all earthly wrongs:  
Grant forgiveness, LORD, at last,  
Ere the dread account be past.  
Lo! my sighs, my guilt, my shame!  
Spare me for Thine own great Name!

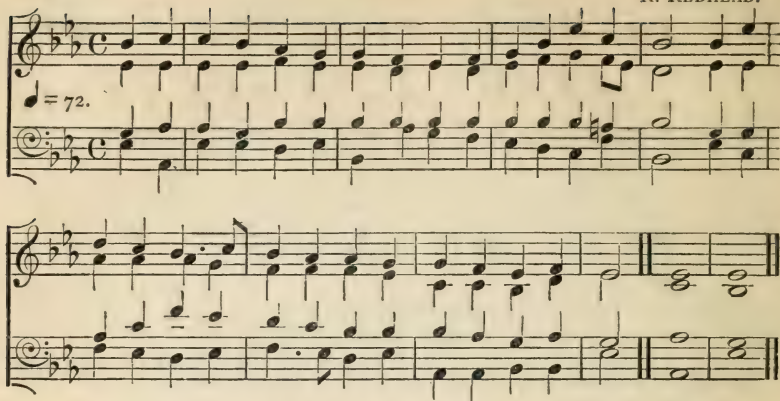
Thou Who bad'st the sinner cease  
From her tears, and go in peace;  
Thou Who to the dying thief  
Spakest pardon and relief;  
Thou, O LORD, to me hast given,  
E'en to me, the hope of heaven!

Nought of Thee my prayers can claim,  
Save in Thy free mercy's name.  
Worthless is each tear and cry:  
Yet, Good LORD, in grace comply;  
Spare me; cause me not to go  
Into everlasting woe.

Make me with Thy sheep to stand,  
Severed from the guilty band;  
When the curst condemned shall be,  
With the blest then call Thou me:  
Contrite in the dust, I pray,  
Save me in that awful day. \*

\* Full of tears, and full of dread,  
Is the day that wakes the dead,  
Calling all, with solemn blast,  
From the ashes of the past;  
LORD of MERCY, JESU Blest,  
Grant us Thine eternal rest. Amen.

\* This verse may be sung at the end of each part.



*But ye, brethren, are not in darkness, that that day should overtake you as a thief.*

*f* Lo, the day of CHRIST's appearing,  
Day of life, and day of light,  
Day when death itself shall perish,  
Day which ne'er shall set in night.

*mf* Steadily that day is coming,  
When the just shall find their rest,  
*dim.* When the wicked cease from troubling,  
*p* And the patient reign most blest.

*mf* See the King desired for ages,  
By the just expected long:  
Long implored, at length He hasteth;  
Cometh with salvation strong.

Oh, how past all utterance happy,  
Sweet, and joyful, will it be!  
When they who, unseen, have loved Him,  
JESUS face to face shall see.

Blessèd, then, earth's patient mourners,  
Who for Him have toiled and died;  
Called to share with Him His glory,  
With Him ever to abide.

There shall be no sighs or weeping,  
Not a shade of doubt or fear;  
No old age, nor want nor sorrow,  
Nothing sick or lacking there.

*p* There the peace will be unbroken,  
Deep and solemn joy be shed;  
Youth in fadeless flower and freshness  
And salvation perfected.

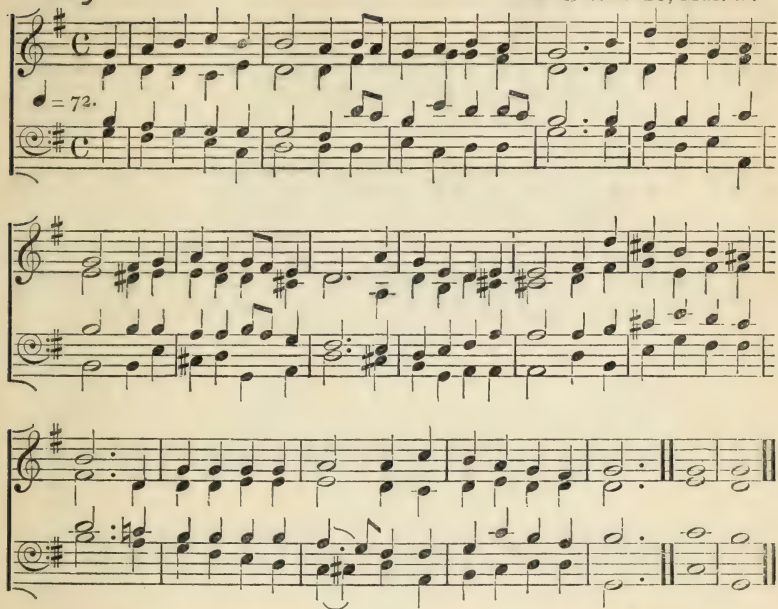
What will be the bliss and rapture  
None can dream and none can tell,  
There to reign among the angels,  
In that heavenly home to dwell.

*pp* To those realms, just Judge, oh, call us;  
*cres.* Deign to open that blest gate;  
Thou, Whom seeking, looking, longing,  
We with eager joy await. Amen.

# ADVENT.

109

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. D.



*Abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labour is not in vain in the Lord.*

*f* THE world is very evil,  
The times are waxing late,  
Be sober, and keep vigil;  
The Judge is at the gate:  
The Judge that comes in mercy,  
The Judge that comes with might,  
To stop the course of evil,  
To recompense the right.

Arise, arise, ye Christians,  
Let right to wrong succeed;  
Let penitential sorrow  
To heavenly gladness lead;—  
To light that has no evening,  
That knows nor moon nor sun,  
The light so new and golden,  
The light that is but one.

*mf* O home of fadeless splendour,  
Of flowers that hide no thorn,  
Where they shall dwell as children  
Who here as exiles mourn;  
'Midst power that knows no limit,  
Where wisdom has no bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall gladden all around.

*p* O happy, holy portion,  
Refecation for the blest,  
True vision of true beauty,  
True cure of the distrest!  
O strive to win that glory;  
O toil to gain that light;  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight.

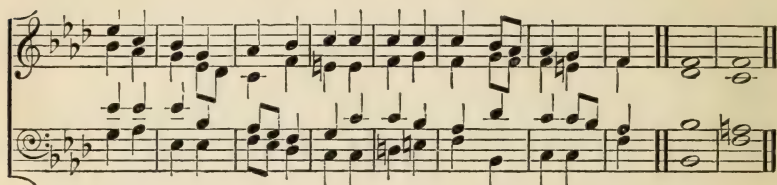
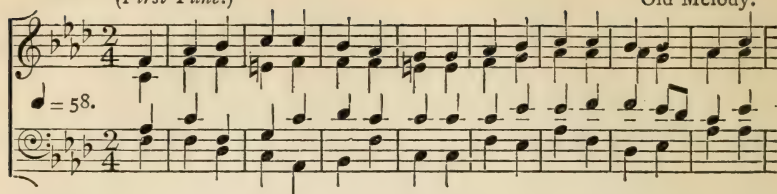
*p* O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country  
That eager hearts expect!  
*dim.* JESU, in mercy bring us  
*pp* To that dear land of rest;  
Who art with GOD the FATHER,  
And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

# ADVENT.

110

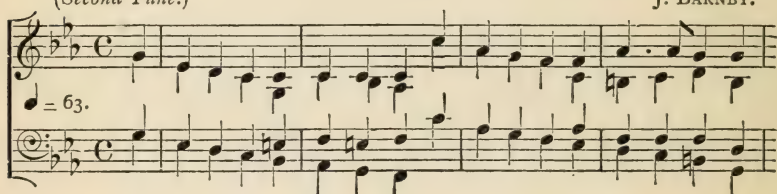
(First Tune.)

Old Melody.



(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.



*The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night.*

*p* THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,

When heaven and earth shall pass away:

*cres.* What power shall be the sinner's stay?

*dim.* How shall he meet that dreadful day?

*f* When shrivelling, like a parchèd scroll,

The flaming heavens together roll;

*cres.* When louder yet, and yet more dread,

*ff* Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;

*p* Oh! on that day, that wrathful day,

When man to judgment wakes from clay,

*cres.* Be Thou, O CHRIST, the sinner's stay

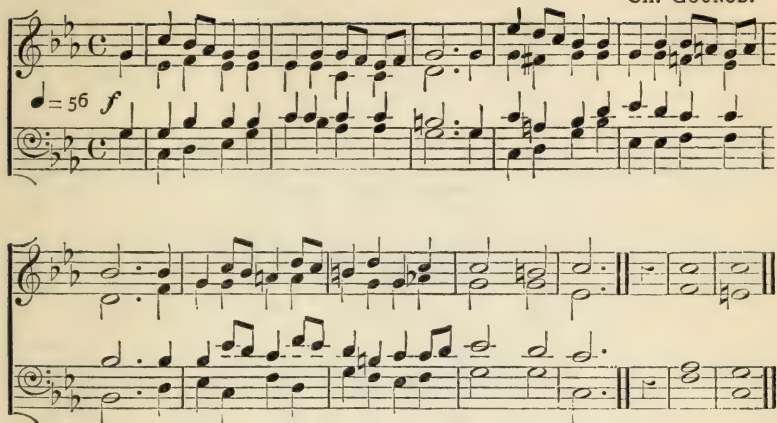
*dim.* Though heaven and earth shall pass away. Amen.



# ADVENT.

## III

CH. GOUNOD.



*Wherefore, beloved, seeing that ye look for such things, be diligent that ye may be found of Him in peace, without spot, and blameless.*

*f* THAT fearful day, that day of speechless dread,  
When Thou shalt come to judge the quick and dead!  
We shudder to foresee,  
O God, what then shall be.

*ff* When Thou shalt come, with awful trumpet sound,  
And thousand thousand angels Thee surround;  
CHRIST, grant us in the air  
With saints to meet Thee there.

*p* O hear our cry, ere that great judgment-day,  
When Thou shalt shine in manifest array;  
Forgive, remit, protect,  
And set us with the elect.

*pp* O enter not in judgment with each deed,  
Nor each intent and thought in strictness read:  
Forgive and save us then,  
O Thou that lovest men.

*p* Thee, ONE in THREE Blest Persons, LORD of all,  
Thee we entreat; on Thee for mercy call:  
Save us, O FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, ever ONE. Amen.

*Fear not, daughter of Sion: behold thy King cometh, sitting on an ass's colt.*

*f* BEHOLD He comes, thy King most holy,  
 In triumph riding, meek and lowly:  
     Jerusalem, behold thy King!  
 O meet your LORD, palm-branches bearing,  
 His way with boughs of trees preparing;  
     Ye faithful, loud Hosannas sing.

Thou Conqueror, of no earthly power,  
 Our Champion in sin's darkest hour,  
     Thou Prince of Peace, of heavenly might;  
 The powers of earth and hosts infernal  
 Are leagued against Thy throne eternal;  
     But Thou shalt conquer in the fight.

With glad Hosannas, LORD, we greet Thee;  
 With palms of victory we meet Thee,  
     And welcome Thee this Advent-tide.  
*mf* For Thy last coming, LORD, prepare us:  
 In that dread day of judgment spare us:  
     And evermore with us abide.

# ADVENT.

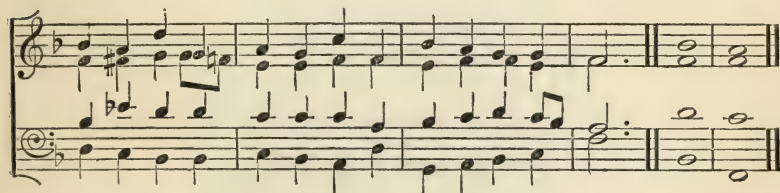
*p* On bended knees we now adore Thee:  
Our griefs and wants we lay before Thee:  
    Console us in our dire distress.  
Be Thou our helper; when Thou wilt,  
Our fierce unruly wills Thou stillest;  
    O save us in our helplessness.

*p* O LORD, in all our tribulation,  
In pity hear our supplication;  
    From sin's hard yoke grant us release.  
When earthly sufferings oppress us,  
When sinful memories distress us,  
    Shed over us Thy blessed peace.

*f* O Sun of righteousness, most glorious,  
O'er sin and error rise victorious,  
    Dispel the gloomy shades of night:  
Shine forth with healing for the nations:  
Hear, LORD of lords, our supplications,  
    Be Thou our everlasting light. Amen.

113

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



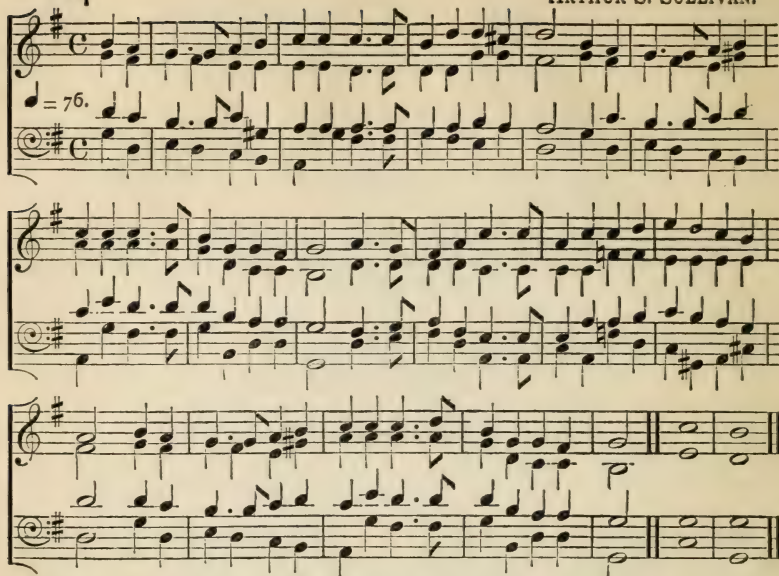
*Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped: and the tongue of the dumb sing.*

<i>f</i> HARK the glad sound, the SAVIOUR	<i>mf</i> He comes, from thickest films of vice
The SAVIOUR promised long; [comes,	To clear the mental ray,
Let every heart prepare a throne,	And on the eye-balls of the blind
And every voice a song.	To pour celestial day.

He comes, the prisoners to release,  
In Satan's bondage held;  
The gates of brass before Him burst,  
The iron fetters yield.

*p* He comes the broken heart to bind,  
The bleeding soul to cure,  
And with the treasures of His grace  
To enrich the humble poor.

*f* Our glad Hosannas, Prince of Peace,  
Thy welcome shall proclaim,  
And heaven's eternal arches ring  
With Thy beloved Name. Amen.



*And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming.*

*f* He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He came before,  
Wailing Infant, born in weakness  
On a lowly stable floor:  
But upon His cloud of glory,  
In the crimson-tinted sky,  
Where we see the golden sunrise  
In the rosy distance lie.

*mf* He is coming, He is coming,  
Not in pain, and shame, and woe,  
With the thorn-crown on His Forehead,  
And the blood-drops trickling slow;

*f* But with diadem upon Him,  
And the sceptre in His Hand,  
And the dead all ranged before Him,  
Raised from death, hell, sea, and land.

*mf* He is coming, He is coming,  
Not as once He wandered through  
All the hostile land of Judah,  
With His followers poor and few:

*f* But with all the holy angels  
Waiting round His judgment-seat,  
And the chosen twelve Apostles  
Sitting crownèd at His feet.

*mf* He is coming, He is coming;  
Let His lowly first estate,  
And His tender love, so teach us  
That in faith and hope we wait,

*f* Till in glory eastward burning,  
Our redemption draweth near;  
And we see the sign in heaven  
Of our Judge and SAVIOUR dear.

Amen.



# ADVENT.

115

CH. GOUNOD.

*The Son of Man shall come in the glory of His Father, with His angels.*

*f* Lo, He comes with clouds descending,  
Once for our salvation slain;  
Thousand angel-hosts attending  
Swell the triumph of His train:  
In His glory  
JESUS comes to earth again.

*f* Every eye shall now behold Him  
Robed in dreadful majesty;  
*mf* They who set at nought and sold Him,  
Pierced and nailed Him to a Tree,  
Deeply wailing,  
Shall the Judge of all men see.

The dear tokens of His passion  
Still His dazzling Body bears;  
Cause of endless exultation  
To His ransomed worshippers:  
With what rapture  
Gaze we on those glorious scars.

*p* WORD Incarnate, we adore Thee  
Seated on Thy throne on high;  
When Thou comest, we implore Thee,  
Grant us mansions in the sky;  
*cres.* Where the angels  
*f* Praise Thee everlastingly. Amen.

# ADVENT.

116

German.

*I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God.*

*f* O God, what do I see and hear?

The end of things created:

The Judge of all men doth appear

On clouds of glory seated:

The trumpet sounds, the graves restore

The dead which they contained before:

Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

*f* The dead in CHRIST shall first arise

At that last trumpet's sounding;

Caught up to meet Him in the skies,

With joy their LORD surrounding:

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;

His Presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet Him.

*p* But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold His wrath prevailing;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

And sighs are unavailing:

The day of grace is past and gone;

Trembling they stand before His throne,

All unprepared to meet Him.

*pp* O God, to Thee our prayers we pour,

In deep abasement bending;

O shield us through that last dread hour,

Thy wondrous love extending:

*cres.* May we, in this our trial day,

With faithful hearts Thy word obey,

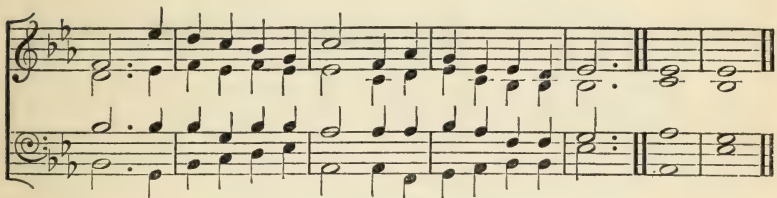
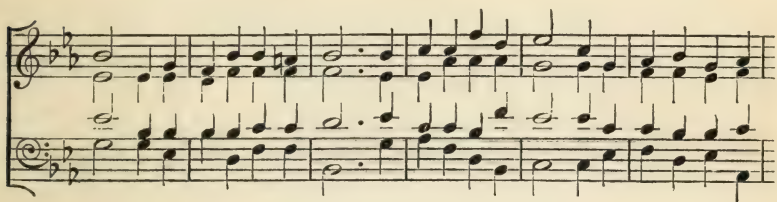
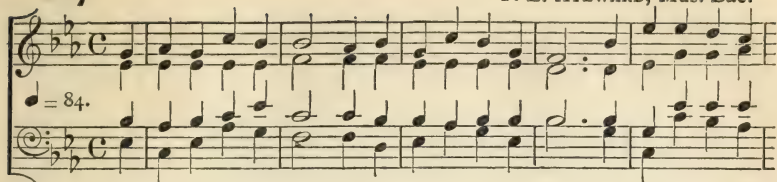
*ff* And thus prepare to meet Thee.

Amen.

# ADVENT.

II7

T. E. AYLWARD, Mus. Bac.



*The marriage of the Lamb has come, and His wife hath made herself ready.*

*mf* THE Marriage Feast is ready,  
The Marriage of the LAMB,  
He calls the faithful children  
Of faithful Abraham:  
He calls them from their sojourn  
To come to their abode;  
The children of the promise,  
The Israel of God.

He calls them from their prison  
Fast bound in iron chains,  
Whose cup is mixed with weeping,  
Where sin with Satan reigns:

*f* Now from the golden portals  
The sounds of triumph ring;  
The triumph of the Victor,  
The Marriage of the KING.

*mf* Nor sigh nor sorrow enter  
Where JESUS leads them in;  
Nor death may cross the threshold,  
Nor pain, nor fear, nor sin:  
Now shades of night and darkness  
Are past and fled away,  
Before the radiant brightness  
Of everlasting day.

*p* No tear-drops stain that threshold,  
No weeping eyes are there;  
For God hath wiped all tear-drops,  
And God hath stilled all care:

*mf* The sunlight of the Presence,  
The bright Shechinah-flame,  
Lights up the bridal banquet  
Of GOD and of the LAMB.

*f* The Rainbow of the promise  
Around the throne hath gleamed,  
To welcome them for ever  
To joys of the redeemed:  
They enter to their glory,  
The feast for them is spread,  
The bridal feast of JESUS,  
The first fruits of the dead. Amen.

# ADVENT.

## II8 (First Tune.)

German.

♩ = 56.

The first system of the musical score for 'First Tune' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music features a melody in the upper staff and a supporting bass line in the lower staff, primarily using eighth and quarter notes.

1st time. 2nd time.

The second system of the musical score for 'First Tune' continues the melody and bass line. It includes a repeat sign with first and second endings. The first ending leads back to an earlier part of the tune, while the second ending concludes the phrase. The notation remains consistent with the first system.

The third system of the musical score for 'First Tune' continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff features a more active melody with eighth notes, while the lower staff provides a steady bass accompaniment with quarter notes.

The fourth system of the musical score for 'First Tune' concludes the piece. It features a final cadence in both staves, with the upper staff ending on a half note and the lower staff on a whole note chord.

## (Second Tune.)

E. H. THORNE.

♩ = 88. *f*

The first system of the musical score for 'Second Tune' consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (Bb, Eb) and a common time signature (C). The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The music is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a tempo of 88 beats per minute. The melody in the upper staff is more complex, featuring sixteenth and thirty-second notes.

The second system of the musical score for 'Second Tune' continues the melody and bass line. The upper staff features a complex melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes, while the lower staff provides a steady bass accompaniment with quarter notes.



# ADVENT.

The musical score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano line (bass clef). The vocal line starts with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note D5. The piano line has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4. The second system continues the vocal line with a half note E5, followed by quarter notes D5, C5, and B4, then a half note A4. The piano line has a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4, then a half note D4. The third system continues the vocal line with a half note F#4, followed by quarter notes E4, D4, and C4, then a half note B3. The piano line has a half note G2, followed by quarter notes A2, B2, and C3, then a half note D3. The score includes various musical notations such as clefs, notes, rests, and dynamic markings.

And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.

*f* WAKE, awake, for night is flying:  
The watchmen on the heights are cry-  
Awake, Jerusalem, arise! [ing,  
Midnight's solemn hour is tolling,  
His chariot wheels are nearer rolling;  
He comes; prepare, ye Virgins  
Rise up; with willing feet [wise.  
Go forth, the Bridegroom meet:

Alleluia!

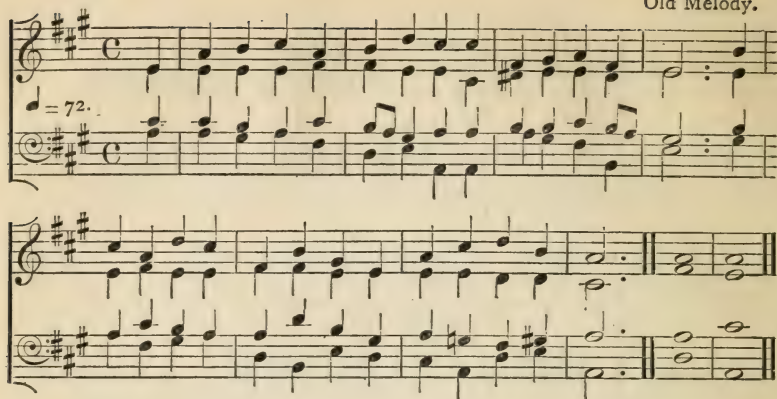
*cres.* Bear through the night your well-  
trimmed light,

*ff* Speed forth to join the marriage rite.

*f* Sion hears the watchmen singing,  
Her heart with deep delight is  
springing, [away:  
At once she wakes, she hastes  
Forth her Bridegroom hastens glori-  
ous,  
In grace arrayed, by truth victorious;  
Her grief is joy, her night is day:  
All hail, Incarnate LORD,  
Our Crown, and our Reward!  
Alleluia!

*cres.* We haste along, in pomp of song,  
*ff* And gladsome join the marriage  
throng.

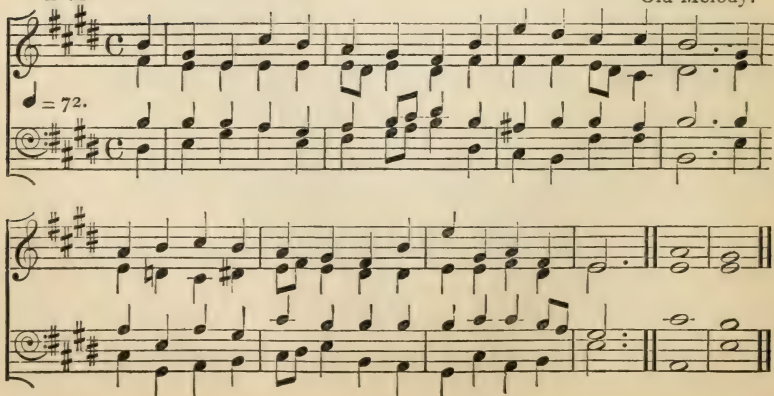
*f* Hear Thy praise, O LORD, ascending  
From tongues of men and angels, blending  
With harp and lute and psaltetry.  
By Thy pearly gates in wonder  
*ff* We stand, and swell the voice of thunder,  
In bursts of choral melody:  
No vision ever brought,  
No ear hath ever caught,  
Such bliss and joy:  
We raise the song, we swell the throng,  
To praise Thee ages all along. Amen.

DECEMBER 16, *called* O SAPIENTIA.

*O Wisdom, Which camest forth out of the mouth of the Most High, and reachest from one end to the other, mightily and sweetly ordering all things : Come, and teach us the way of prudence.*

<p><i>mf</i> O HEAVENLY Wisdom, hear our cry,          Thou Everlasting SON;          Who with the FATHER, GOD Most          And HOLY GHOST, art ONE. [High,          Ere Thou hadst formed the lower part          Of all the world we see,          Before the heavens were made, Thou          And when they fail, shalt be. [art;          Ere Thou hadst called mankind Thine          And made them Thy delight, [Own,          Thou reignedst by the FATHER'S          Rejoicing in His sight. [Throne,</p>	<p>Thou mad'st the waters like a robe,          To gird the solid land; [globe,          The wandering stars, the firm-fixed          Were formed by Thy Right Hand.  <i>mf</i> Come, Heavenly Wisdom, from on          And give us that we need: [high,          Unloose our ear, unseal our eye,          And make us Thine indeed.  <i>p</i> We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,          Until the happy morn          When Thou didst come our flesh to          And for our sakes be born. [share,</p>
--	---

*f* To GOD the FATHER praise be done:  
 And equal glory be  
 To Thee, True Wisdom, GOD the SON,  
 And HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.



DECEMBER 17, called O ADONAI.

*O Lord and Ruler of the House of Israel, Who appearest unto Moses in a flame of fire in the bush, and gavest unto him the Law in Sinai: Come, and redeem us with a stretched-out arm.*

*f* O Thou, Who camedst down of old  
To bring salvation nigh,  
What time the people of Thy fold  
Sent up a bitter cry:

Thy servant turned aside with awe,  
And that great wonder learnt;  
A bush that flamed with fire he saw,  
That yet was never burnt.

When Israel thought all hope was o'er,  
And fear seized every mind,  
The Red Sea's wave was stretched be-  
And Pharaoh's host behind: [fore,

Thou didst not leave them in their need,  
Nor let their prayer be vain;  
But didst command Thy winds with  
To cleave the waves in twain: [speed

Thy people, like a flock of sheep,  
Passed on, though weak and few;  
But Pharaoh's chariots in the deep  
Thy Right Hand overthrew.

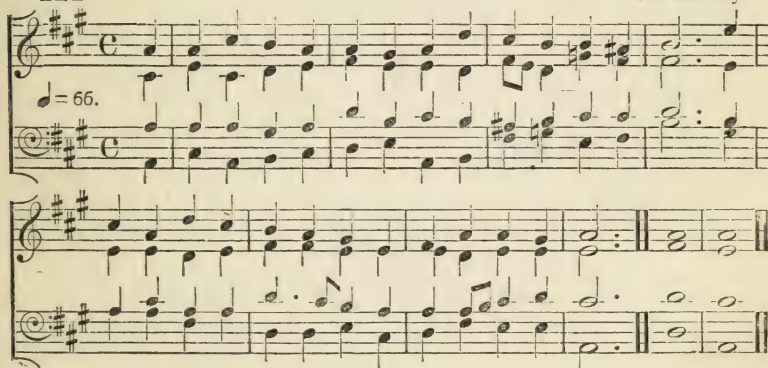
*mf* Come, SAVIOUR, come, and from their  
Set free the sons of men; [foes  
Our foes are mightier now than those  
That threatened Israel then.

*p* We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Until the happy morn  
When Thou didst come our flesh to  
And for our sakes be born. [share,

*f* To GOD the FATHER praise be done;  
And equal glory be  
To Thee, O Ruler, GOD the SON,  
And HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

121

Old Melody.



DECEMBER 18, called O RADIX JESSE.

*O Root of Jesse, Who standest for an ensign of the people, at Whom Kings shall shut their mouths, unto Whom the Gentiles shall pray: Come, and deliver us, and tarry not.*

*f* O Root of Jesse, Thou on Whom  
The HOLY GHOST shall rest;  
Whose boughs through all the world  
shall bloom,  
With healing virtue blest:

True Vine, in Whom we must abide  
To bring forth plenteous fruit;  
Whose branches, when by tempests  
Are firm in Thee their root: [tried,

Thou art a shelter from the heat  
That burns the thirsty ground:  
A hiding place when tempests beat  
Upon the plain around.

*mf* O Root of Jesse, day by day  
To Thee our prayers we send:  
Come now, and through the world, we  
Thy healing leaves extend. [pray,

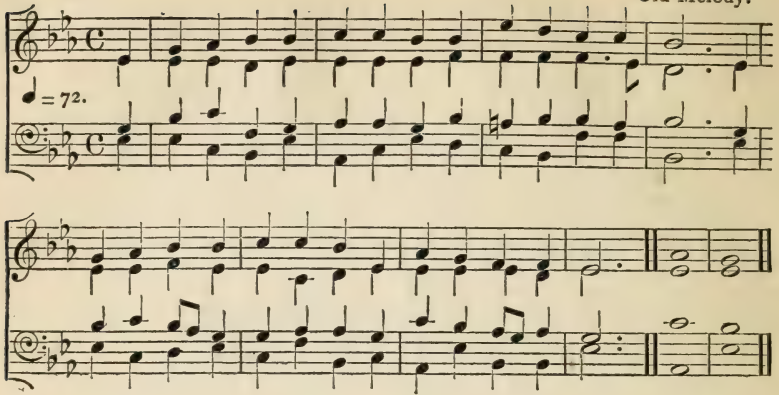
*p* We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Until the happy time  
Wherein Thy branches fruit shall bear  
Through every distant clime.

*f* To GOD the FATHER glory be,  
In majesty adored;  
To Jesse's Root, the SON; and Thee,  
O HOLY GHOST; One LORD. Amen.

# ADVENT.

122

Old Melody.



## DECEMBER 19, called O CLAVIS DAVID.

*O Key of David and Sceptre of the House of Israel, Thou that openest, and no man shutteth, and shuttest, and no man openeth: Come, and loose the prisoner from the prison-house, and him that sitteth in darkness from the shadow of death.*

*f* O KEY of David, hailed by those  
In fetters long confined; [close,  
For where Thou openest none may  
Nor where Thou loosest, bind;

Without one ray of light around  
To comfort and to cheer,  
Poor prisoners we, in fetters bound,  
Await Thy drawing near.

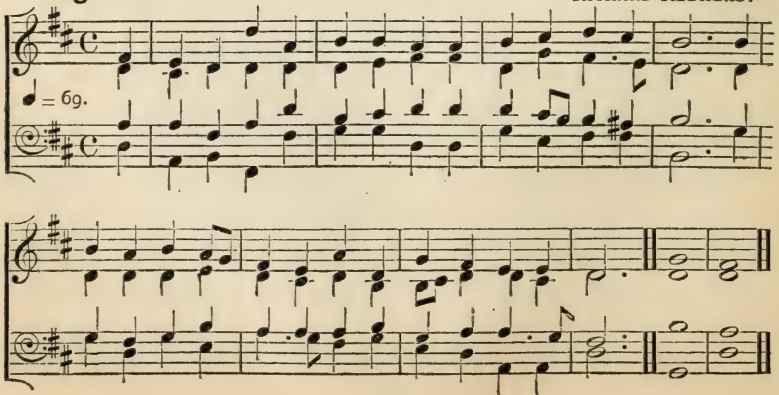
Thou, only Thou, canst loose the chain,  
Thou only end our woe:  
Thou only give us light again,  
And let the captives go.

*p* We wait in faith, in prayer we wait,  
Until the happy day  
When Thou shalt ope our prison-gate,  
And call Thine Own away.

*f* From every creature that hath breath  
Praise to the FATHER be;  
To Him That hath the Keys of death;  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

123

RICHARD REDHEAD.





DECEMBER 20, called O ORIENS.

*O Orient, Brightness of the Eternal Light, and Sun of Righteousness: Come, and lighten them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow of death.*

*f* O VERY GOD of very GOD,  
And very LIGHT of LIGHT,  
Whose feet this earth's dark valley trod,  
That so it might be bright;

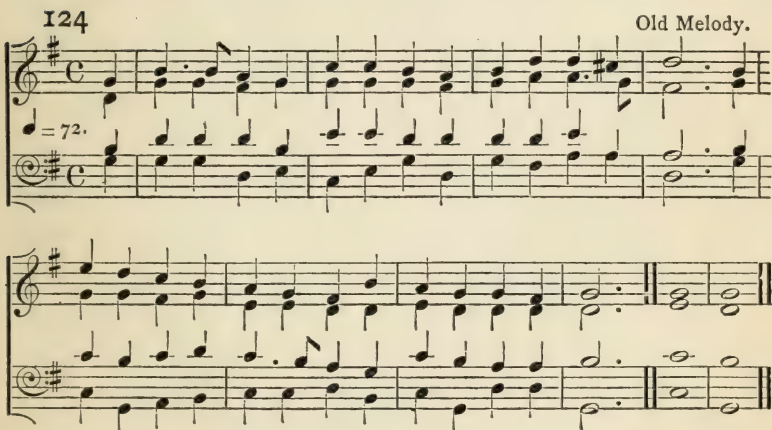
Our hopes are weak, our fears are strong,  
Thick darkness blinds our eyes;  
Cold is the night, and oh! we long  
That Thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

And even now, though dull and grey,  
The east is brightening fast,  
And kindling to the perfect day,  
That never shall be past.

*mf* Oh, guide us till our path is done,  
And we have reached the shore  
Where Thou, our Everlasting Sun,  
Art shining evermore.

*p* We wait in faith, and turn our face  
To where the daylight springs,  
Till Thou shalt come our gloom to  
With healing on Thy wings. [chase,

*f* To GOD the FATHER power and might  
Both now and ever be;  
To Him That is the LIGHT of LIGHT;  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.



DECEMBER 22, called O REX GENTIUM.

*O King of the Gentiles, and their Desire, the Corner-stone, Who madest both one: Come, and save man, whom Thou hast made out of the dust of the earth.*

*f* O THOU, on Whom the nations wait,  
And kingdoms far away,  
Who midst the Gentiles shalt be great,  
Whom all men must obey:

Behold the lands where Satan reigns,  
Upon his cruel throne;  
That sit in darkness and in chains,  
And worship wood and stone.

Thine ancient heritage behold,  
Thy faithful Abraham's seed;  
And join them to the holy Fold  
Wherein Thy ransomed feed.

Lead sinners from the paths of sin,  
Let scorners hear Thy voice;  
And let all heretics come in;  
And make Thy Church rejoice!

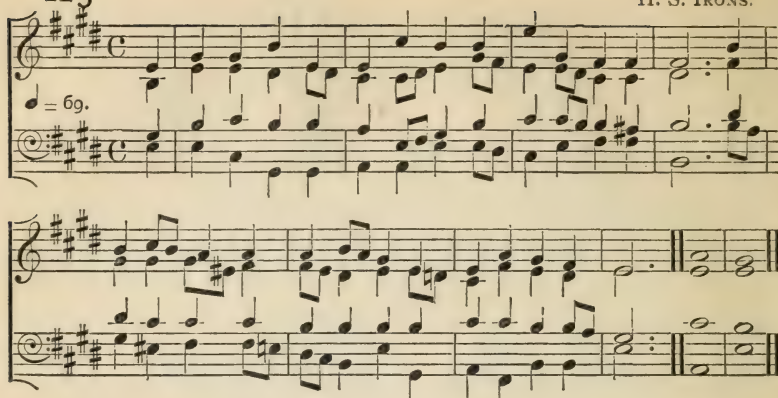
*p* We wait in faith, we wait in prayer,  
Until the happy morn  
When Thou didst come our flesh to  
And for our sakes be born. [share,

*f* To Thee, the Mighty and the Just,  
O FATHER, glory be;  
To Thee, in Whom the isles shall trust;  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

# ADVENT.

125

H. S. IRON'S.



## DECEMBER 23, called O IMMANUEL.

*O Immanuel, our King and Lawgiver, the Desire of all Nations, and their Saviour: Come, and save us, O Lord, our God.*

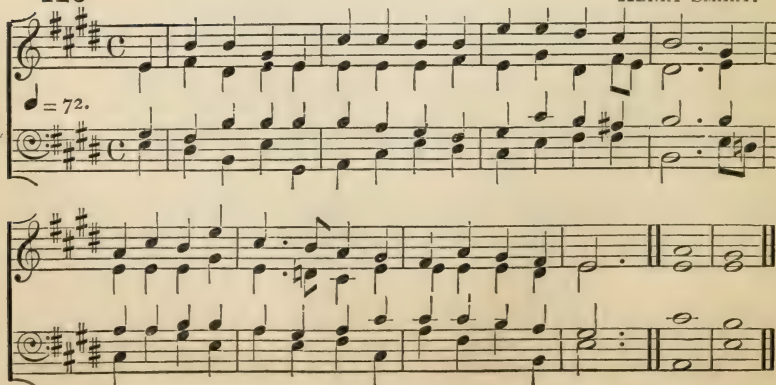
<p><i>f</i> O THOU, Whose Name is "GOD with For Thou with man art One, [us," And, putting on his flesh, would'st save His race from exile lone;</p> <p>Not as a King Thou comest now; No gold Thy throne adorns; No royal crown is on Thy Head; Thine is the crown of thorns.</p> <p>Thou com'st to suffer scorn and pain, To die upon the tree; To save Thy people from their sins, And make us one with Thee.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> Oh, make us one with Thee below, In heart, and will, and love; And make us, when this life is o'er, Still one with Thee above.</p> <p><i>p</i> We wait in faith, we wait in prayer, Until the happy morn When Thou didst come our flesh to And for our sakes be born. [share,</p> <p><i>f</i> To Thee, from Whom our blessings O FATHER, glory be; [spring, Like glory to IMMANUEL; And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.</p>
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# CHRISTMAS.

## MORNING.

126

HENRY SMART.



# CHRISTMAS.

*Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and bring forth a Son,*

*f* FROM lands that see the sun arise  
To earth's remotest shore,  
Let every tongue give praise to Him,  
Whom Blessed Mary bore.

He comes, the world's Blest Maker,  
In servile guise arrayed, [He,  
In Flesh our sin-bound flesh to free,  
To save the souls He made.

*mf* A spotless Maiden bears the Babe  
Foretold by Gabriel's word;  
She carries on her virgin breast  
Her SAVIOUR and her LORD.

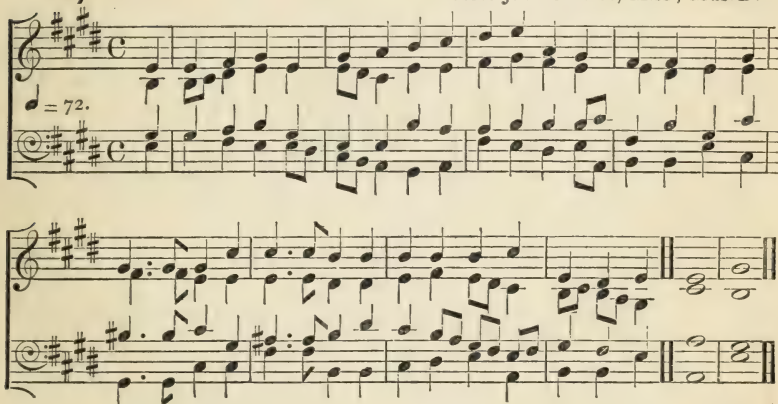
A manger scanty strewn with hay  
Becomes the Eternal's bed;  
And He, Who feeds each smallest bird,  
Himself with milk is fed.

The hosts of heaven His birthday keep,  
The angels round Him sing;  
And shepherds hasten to adore  
Their Shepherd and their King.

*f* Praise to the FATHER; praise to Thee,  
The Virgin's HOLY SON;  
Praise to the HOLY PARACLETE,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

127

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus. D.



*When the fulness of time was come, God sent forth His Son, made of a woman.*

*f* JESU, Redeemer of the world,  
Who, ere the earliest dawn of light,  
Wast from eternal ages born,  
Immense in glory as in might;

*mf* Unfailing Hope of all mankind,  
In Whom the FATHER's Face we see;  
O hear the prayers Thy people pour  
This day throughout the world to Thee.

Remember, Thou, Who all hast made,  
How in the Holy Virgin's womb  
Thou for Thy fallen creatures' sake  
Didst our humanity assume.

From year to year this festal day  
Its witness bears, that all alone,  
From Thine own FATHER's bosom forth,  
To save the world Thou camest down.

O Day, to which the seas and sky,  
And earth and heaven, glad welcome  
sing;  
O Day, which healed our misery,  
And brought to earth salvation's King.

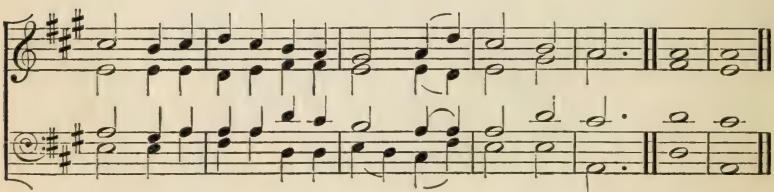
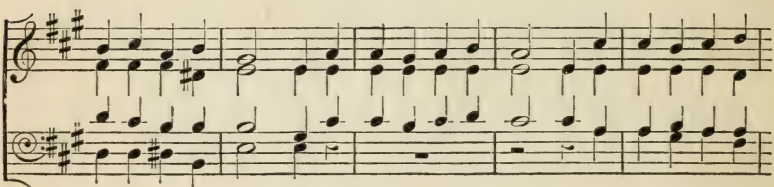
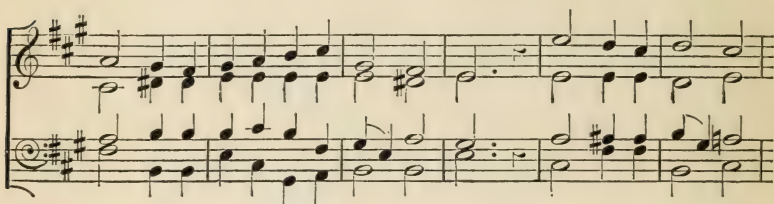
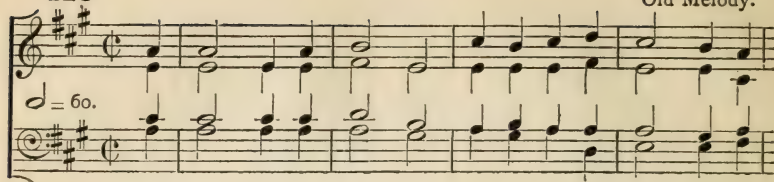
We too, O LORD, who have been cleansed  
In Thine own fount of Blood Divine,  
Will join our tribute of sweet song,  
On this blest Natal Day of Thine.

*f* O JESU, born of Virgin pure,  
Immortal glory be to Thee,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

128

Old Melody.



*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*

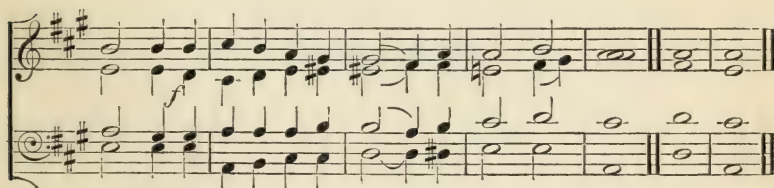
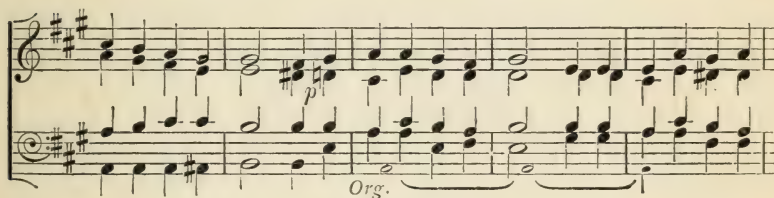
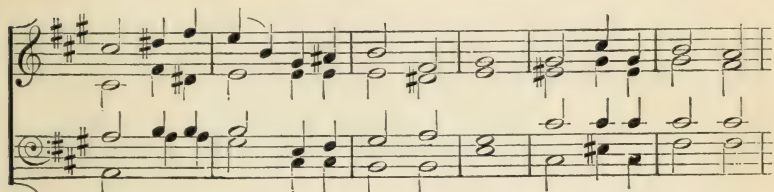
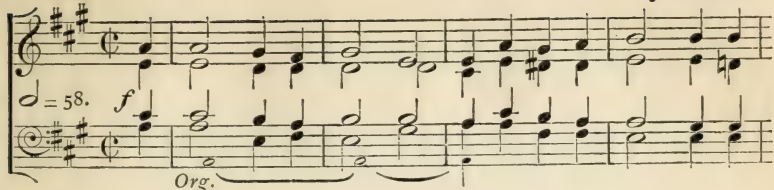
<i>f</i> O COME, all ye faithful, Joyful and triumphant:	Sing, choirs of angels,
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;	Sing in exultation,
Come and behold Him	Sing, all ye citizens of heaven above,
Born, the King of Angels;	"Glory to God
O come, let us adore Him,	In the highest;"
O come, let us adore Him, [LORD.	O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the	O come, let us adore Him, [LORD.
	O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the
GOD of GOD,	Yea, LORD, we greet Thee,
LIGHT of LIGHT,	Born of Virgin Mother;
Lo! He abhors not the Virgin's womb;	JESU, to Thee be glory given;
Very God,	WORD of the FATHER,
Begotten, not created;	Now in flesh appearing;
O come, let us adore Him,	O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him,	O come, let us adore Him,
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the	O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the
LORD.	LORD. Amen.



# CHRISTMAS.

129

J. BARNBY.



*Let us now go even unto Bethlehem.*

*f* APPROACH, all ye faithful,  
Joyful and triumphant;  
O come ye, O come ye to Bethlehem;  
See in a manger  
The Monarch of Angels:  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, [LORD.  
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the

GOD of GOD Eternal.  
LIGHT from LIGHT proceeding,  
Born of a Virgin, made Very Man;  
Very GOD of Very GOD,  
Begotten, not created!  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the  
LORD.

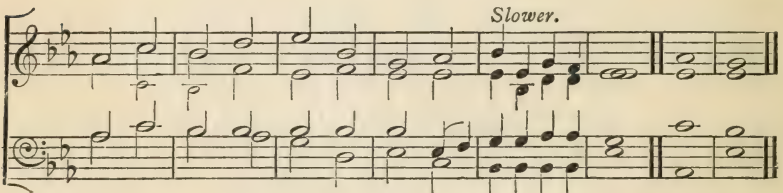
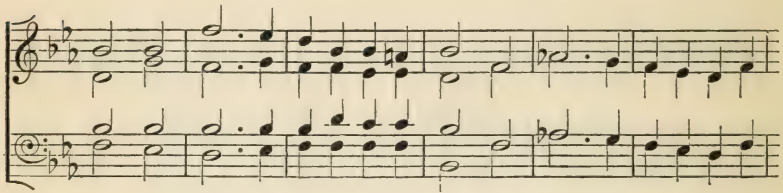
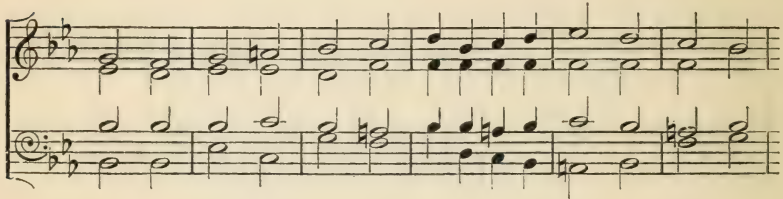
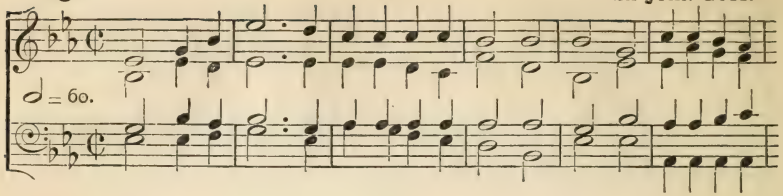
O sing Alleluia,  
Ye bright Choirs of Angels,  
O fill ye the courts of heaven with song;  
Sing ye "All glory  
To GOD in the Highest;"  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, [LORD.  
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the

O hail, LORD Incarnate,  
SON of the FATHER,  
Born of the Virgin, the WORD made Flesh;  
Glory and honour  
Give we Thee, O JESU;  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him,  
O come, let us adore Him, CHRIST the  
LORD. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

130

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*

*f* CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn,  
Whereon the SAVIOUR of mankind was born;  
Rise to adore the mystery of love,  
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;  
With them the joyful tidings first begun  
Of GOD INCARNATE, of the Virgin's Son.

Then to the watchful shepherds it was told,  
Who heard the angelic herald's voice, "Behold,  
I bring good tidings of a SAVIOUR's birth  
To you and all the nations upon earth:  
This day hath GOD fulfilled His promised word,  
This day is born a SAVIOUR, CHRIST the LORD."

He spake; and straightway the celestial choir,  
In hymns of joy unknown before, conspire:  
The praises of redeeming love they sang,  
And heaven's whole orb with alleluias rang:  
God's highest glory was their anthem still,  
Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will.

To Bethlehem straight the enlightened shep-  
herds ran,  
To see the wonders God had wrought for man:  
Then to their flocks, still praising GOD, return,  
And their glad hearts with holy rapture burn:  
To all the joyful tidings they proclaim,  
These first apostles of the SAVIOUR's Name.

*p* Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind  
GOD's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;  
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,  
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;  
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,  
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.

*f* Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,  
To join, redeemed, a glad triumphant throng.  
He That was born upon this joyful day  
Around us all His glory shall display;  
Saved by His love, incessant we shall sing  
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

Amen.

# AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

131

AT MIDNIGHT.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

*In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings with an holy worship: the dew of Thy birth is the womb of the morning.*

*f* To Him, God's only Son,  
 God's armies all uplift  
 Their voices, and proclaim  
 His praise in unison!  
 Those heavenly Hosts are swift  
 To syllable His Name;  
 In Him they find alone  
 The priceless Gospel-gift,  
 That heralds forth His fame.  
 This is the hallowed day,  
 And who shall tell its worth?  
 This day doth Hell destroy,  
 And death for ever slay!  
 This gives the world new-birth,  
 Gladness without alloy!  
 This night, far, far away,  
 There rang through utmost earth,  
 The angels' song of joy!  
*p* It was at deep midnight,  
 And shepherds watched the fold:  
*f* Sudden there flashed around  
 The glorious heavenly light!  
*p* Along the lonely wold  
 They heard a weird-like sound;  
 It spake the Godhead's might;  
 The Virgin-born it told,  
 Before all ages found!

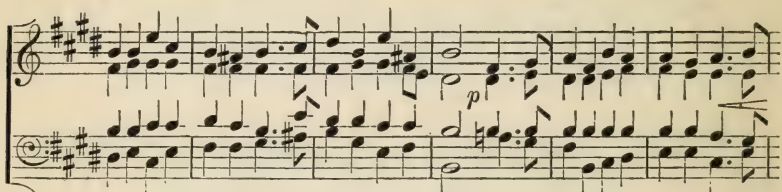
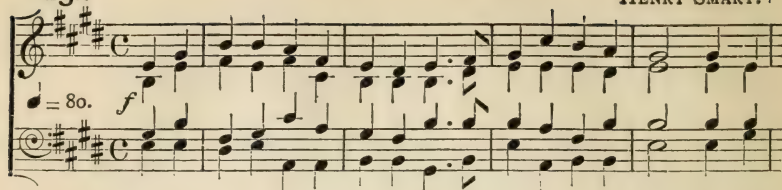
*p* Glory to God on high,  
 On earth deep peace and rest,  
 Good-will from heaven to men!  
 This was the thrilling cry;  
 The FATHER's high behest  
 The angels echoed then!  
 Of ONE born wondrously  
 Of Virgin, ever-blest,  
 The SON, they sang again.  
*mf* While thus with joyous song,  
 Which tens of thousands gave,  
 The heaven's high vaults resound,  
 Can man be silent long,  
 New ransomed from the grave,  
 So long in fetters bound?  
 No! let him swell the throng  
 Of triumph, now no slave,  
 For he hath freedom found!  
*f* Passed is the tyrant's hour—  
 His banner stained and torn;  
 Crushed lies our deadliest foe!  
 No more dark tempests lour:  
 The Prince of Peace this morn  
 The path of peace doth show!  
 Thou, Whose sustaining power  
 Creation hath upborne,  
 Grant us no sin to know! Amen.



# CHRISTMAS.

132

HENRY SMART.



*In the day of Thy power shall the people offer Thee free-will offerings with an holy worship; the dew of Thy birth is of the womb of the morning.*

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing  
Praises to their new-born LORD,  
Strains of sweetest music flinging,  
Not a note or word unheard:  
This the day of days most holy,  
Day in which new joys were given,  
Not in part alone, but wholly,  
To the wide world under heaven.

On this night, all nights excelling,  
God's high praises sounded forth,  
While the angels' songs were telling  
Of the LORD's mysterious Birth:  
Through the darkness, strangely splendid,  
Flashed the light on shepherds' eyes;  
As their lowly flocks they tended,  
Came new tidings from the skies.

GOD of GOD, ere ages hoary,  
Now is born of purest Maid;  
In the heavens is boundless glory,  
On the earth is peace displayed:  
All the hosts of heaven are chanting  
Songs with power to stir and thrill,  
And the universe is panting  
Joy's deep longings to fulfil.

On this day then through creation  
Let the glorious hymn ring out;  
Let men hail the great salvation,  
"God with us," with song and shout.  
See the powers of hell are broken,  
Fierce and tyrannous and wild;  
And on earth glad words are spoken,  
Heralding the new-born CHILD.

CHRIST Who framed the earth and heaven,—  
Such the WORD's creative power,—  
Who alone the law hath given  
That upholds them hour by hour;  
Grant to us of His great pity  
Pardon for our guilt and sin;  
Grant us in the heavenly city  
Peace and rest and life to win. Amen.



# CHRISTMAS.

## AT THE SECOND CELEBRATION.

133

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (three sharps) and common time (C). It consists of three systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked '♩ = 80.' The first system has 8 measures, the second has 8 measures, and the third has 8 measures, ending with a double bar line. The melody is primarily in the right hand, with the left hand providing harmonic support with chords and single notes.

*The Lord is King and hath put on glorious apparel.*

*f* O COME, new anthems let us sing,  
Loud praises to the new-born KING,—  
The KING, Whose FATHER reigns on  
Creator of the earth and sky,— [high,  
The KING, Whose Mother's name we  
As clothed in virgin holiness. [bless,

O wondrous Birth, O heavenly WORD  
Of GOD begotten, LORD of LORD!  
O awful Babe, O glorious Child,  
Man's nature bearing undefiled,  
In Whom, thus veiled from mortal eye,  
We own Incarnate Deity!

*mf* No touch impure—no taint of earth  
Mars there the high and heavenly Birth;  
There she, the mother meek and mild,  
Though maiden pure, brings forth her  
Child;  
There to her loving heart is pressed  
The WORD made Flesh, the Ever-Blest.

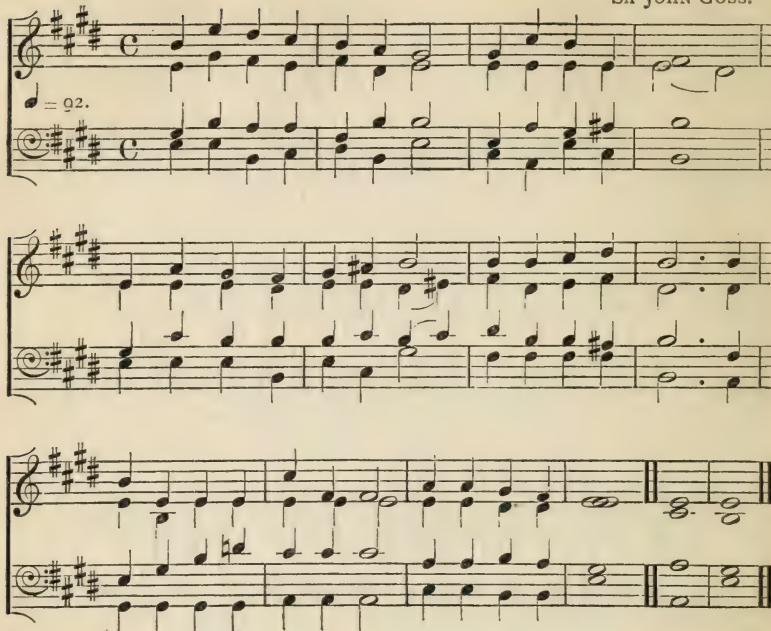
So of Thy coming sages old,  
Taught by Thy SPIRIT, LORD, foretold;  
So at Thy Birth men sing Thy praise,  
And songs of peace the angels raise,  
And all creation lifts its chant,  
And all the saints are jubilant.

*f* Hail then, O LORD! incline Thine ear,  
And these our prayers and praises hear,  
Thou Who art known in Persons Three,  
Thrice Blest, thrice Holy, TRINITY,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
ONE, and ONE only, evermore. Amen.

AT THE THIRD CELEBRATION.

134

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*All the ends of the world have seen the salvation of our God. Shew yourselves joyful unto the Lord, all ye lands.*

*mf*

HARK, the heaven's sweet melody  
Echoes now on earth,  
And the bands of those on high  
Sing the Virgin-Birth;  
What mean ye, O ye passers-by,  
Share ye not their mirth?

Shepherds watch their flocks by night;  
Angel notes they hear;  
Songs of glory in the height,  
Peace and love brought near: [might;  
To us they sing, through Love's dear  
Praise to CHRIST they bear.

Those high gifts to none belong  
But the good and true,  
Falling not on sinful throng,  
But the faithful few:  
When we against the foe are strong,  
Then is peace in view.

Earthly things with heaven are blent,  
Twofold is the praise;  
Yet each word divinely sent  
Hidden depths displays;  
On CHRIST, the WORD made Flesh, in-  
Men, your anthems raise. [tent,

Of His Birth the bright stars tell,  
Pouring floods of light;  
Shepherds seek out Bethlehem's cell,  
All those stars in sight:  
They find the King of Heaven where  
Ox and ass of right. [dwell

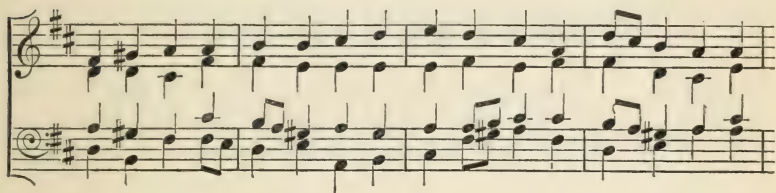
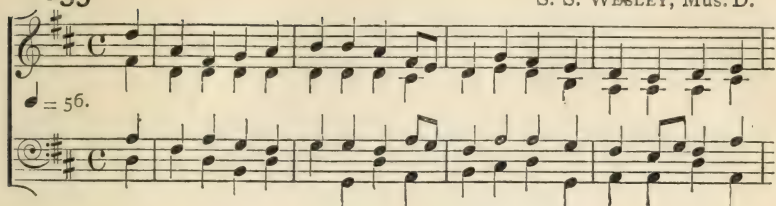
There, within the manger laid,  
They their LORD descry:  
We that Child of Mother-maid  
Sing with praises high;  
With homage, LORD, thus duly paid  
We to Thee draw nigh.

Amen.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

135

S. S. WESLEY, Mus. D.



*My heart is inditing of a good matter: I speak of the things which I have made unto the King.*

*f*  
O COME, loud anthems let us sing;  
Come, praise the Birth of CHRIST our  
Let all the hosts of heaven rejoice, [KING:  
And praise Him both with heart and voice:  
Sing ye, from greatest unto least,  
Our blest Redeemer's marriage feast.

*mf*  
See, o'er the earth new light is shed,  
And all the ancient gloom is fled;  
God's grace descending open throws  
The courts that sin of old did close;  
For Mary, Virgin undefiled,  
Folds in her arms the new-born Child.

'Twas hers upon her breast to rear  
Him, Who alone man's guilt may bear,  
To Whom, o'er all in earth and heaven,  
The rod of might and power is given,  
To Whom from earth's remotest ends  
The voice of prayer and praise ascends.

*mp*  
So we, in lowly homage bent,  
Our tribute due of love present;  
Beseeching Him with pitying eye  
To look on us His family,  
To fill our hearts with plenteous peace,  
And bid all wars and tumults cease.

*p* And then when all our course is run,  
And sorrows ended, task-work done,  
Then may He lead us there, where sin  
And sorrow never enter in;

*cres.*  
Where He at God's right hand is throned,  
As LORD and KING for ever owned.

*f* There, as in His surpassing might,  
Things far and near He orders right,  
He on the just their portion blest  
Bestows, the chiefest and the best,  
Where shines the light on that blest shore,  
Our joy, our peace for evermore. Amen.

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

136

EVENING.

Old Melody.



*The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall overshadow thee; therefore, also that holy thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.*

*f* HAIL, Blest REDEEMER of the earth,  
We greet with hymns Thy Virgin-Birth:  
All lands admire, all times applaud;  
Thy wondrous Birth proclaims Thee GOD.

*mf* The WORD made Flesh His race began,  
Begotten of no mortal man,  
But of the HOLY SPIRIT's might,—  
A Babe yet waiting for the light.

*f* The Bridegroom from His chamber springs,  
Meet palace of the KING of kings;  
Like giant, roused from sleep, our Sun  
Comes forth rejoiced His course to run.

From GOD the FATHER He proceeds;  
To GOD the FATHER back He speeds:  
Proceeds—as far as hell's abyss;  
Speeds back—to GOD's bright throne of bliss.

And there, with GOD the FATHER One,  
He wears for ever on the Throne  
The Flesh in which He fought, to be  
The trophy of His victory.

*p* O hear our prayers, Eternal Son,  
Made Flesh to be our Champion;  
The weakness of our mortal state  
With deathless might invigorate.

*mf* Thy manger-cradle glitters bright,  
And darkness sheds a newer light,—  
A light o'er which no night shall close,  
For ever bright as when it rose.

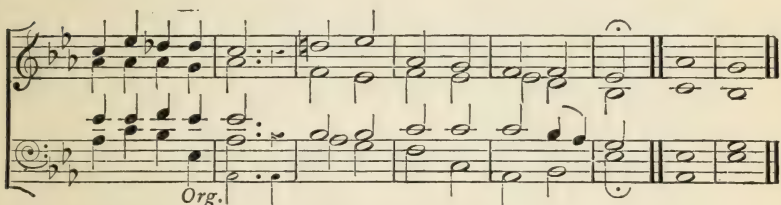
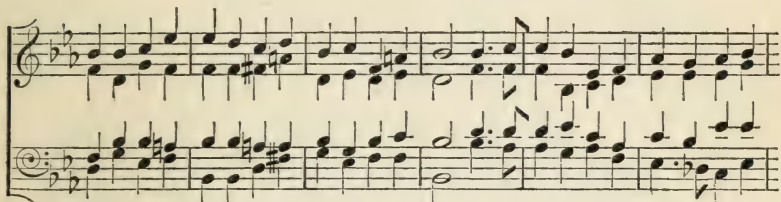
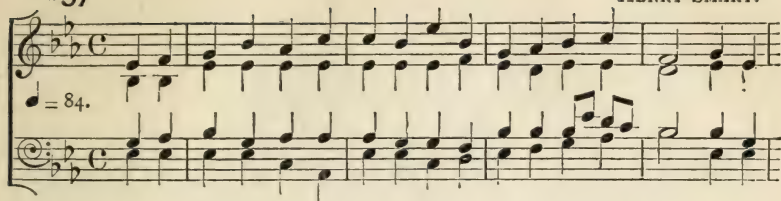
*f* All honour, praise, and glory be,  
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.



# CHRISTMAS.

137

HENRY SMART.



*The Word was made flesh.*

*mf*  
 OF the FATHER sole-begotten,  
 Ere the worlds began to be,  
 He the Alpha and Omega,  
 He the source, the ending He,  
 Of the things that are, that have been,  
 And that future years shall see,  
 Evermore and evermore!

He is here, Whom seers in old time  
 Chanted of, while ages ran;  
 Whom the writings of the Prophets  
 Promised since the world began:  
 Then foretold, now manifested,  
 To receive the praise of man,  
 Evermore and evermore!

O that ever-blessèd birthday,  
 When the Virgin, full of grace,  
 By the HOLY GHOST conceiving,  
 Bare the SAVIOUR of our race;  
 And that CHILD, the world's Redeemer,  
 First displayed His Sacred Face,  
 Evermore and evermore!

*f* Praise Him, O ye heaven of heavens!  
 Praise Him, angels in the height!  
 Every power and every virtue  
 Sing the praise of GOD aright:  
 Let no tongue of man be silent,  
 Let each heart and voice unite,  
 Evermore and evermore!

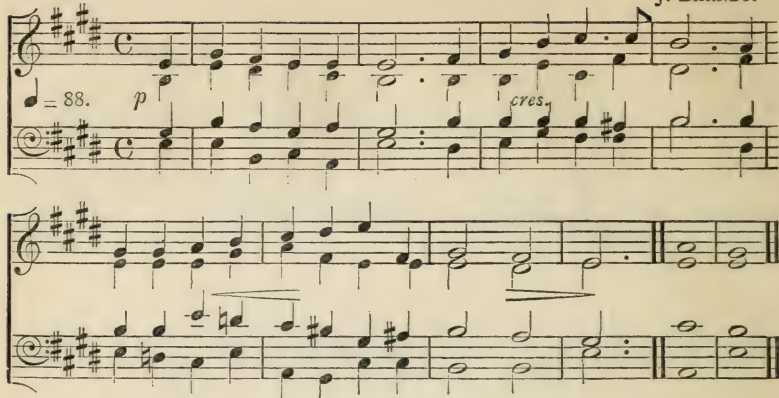
Thee let age, and Thee let manhood,  
 Thee let choirs of infants sing;  
 Thee the matrons and the virgins,  
 And the children answering:  
 Let their modest song re-echo,  
 And their heart its praises bring,  
 Evermore and evermore!

*ff* Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
 Laud and honour to the SON,  
 Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
 Ever THREE and ever ONE:  
 Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
 While unending ages run,  
 Evermore and evermore!

Amen.

138

J. BARNBY.



*Is not the Lord in Sion? Is not her King in her?*

GOD from on high hath heard;  
Let sighs and sorrows cease:  
Lo, from the opening Heaven  
Descends the promised peace!

Hark, through the silent night  
Angelic voices swell:  
The hosts of heaven proclaim  
God, born on earth to dwell.

Now with the shepherd band  
Speed on with eager feet:  
Come seek the hallowed cave  
The holy Babe to greet.

But, O, what sight appears  
Within that lowly door!  
Behold a manger rude,  
A Child and mother poor.

Art Thou the CHRIST, the SON,  
Of LIGHT the very LIGHT,  
Who holdest in Thine Hand  
Earth and the starry height?

Yea, faith can pierce the cloud  
Which veils Thy glory now;  
And hail Thee GOD and LORD,  
To Whom all creatures bow.

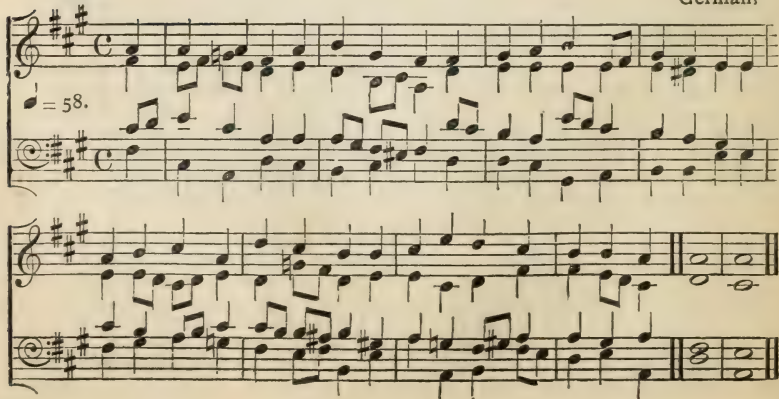
Faith sees the sapphire throne,  
Where angels evermore  
Adoring tremble still,  
And trembling still adore.

JESU, Thy silence speaks,  
And bids us not refuse  
To bear what flesh would shun,  
To spurn what flesh would choose.

Once born within us, LORD,  
By that pure love of Thine,  
Keep Thou each contrite heart  
Thy cradle and Thy shrine. Amen.

139

German.



# CHRISTMAS.

*He is our peace.*

**O SAVIOUR** of the world forlorn,  
At night to save Thy people born;  
Thy servants through the night defend,  
And be our safeguard to life's end.

Look on us now with pardoning eye,  
And spare us as we suppliant cry;  
And cleanse our every sin away,  
And turn our darkness into day.

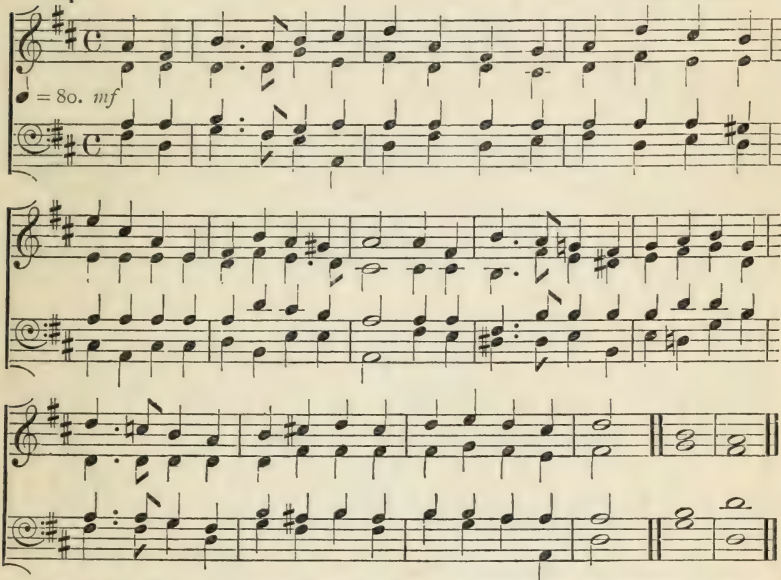
Let not the foe disturb our rest,  
Nor evil dreams the soul molest;  
And keep us pure, that free from stain  
We from our beds may rise again.

*f* All honour, praise, and glory be,  
O JESU, Virgin-born to Thee;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

ANY HOUR.

140

HENRY SMART.



*I will not rest, until the righteousness thereof go forth as brightness, and the salvation thereof as a lamp that burneth.*

CHRIST has come for our salvation:  
Hallowed be our celebration  
Of the day when He was born!  
He for us hath left His heaven,  
And to dwell with man is given,—  
Israel's hope, the Gentiles' morn.

We our parents' sin inherit,  
Tears and pain, and sorrow merit,  
Ever ending in the grave:  
But this day the Virgin-Mother  
Gave the world our Elder Brother:  
JESUS comes the world to save!

He hath cared for us the careless;  
He hath wept for us the tearless;  
God hath sent His only SON;  
Bridegroom to the world hath shown Him;  
Yet the world refused to own Him,  
When His course He deigned to run.

He, the swift, the mighty Giant,  
Of the conqueror Death defiant,  
Girt with sword upon His thigh,  
Onward to His conquest rideth;  
Gathered there in Him abideth  
All the foregone prophecy.

JESU, God of our salvation,  
Healer Thou of every nation,  
Thou our glory, Thou our peace!  
Unto Thee from heaven descending,  
To the lowly lowly bending,  
Praise from all shall never cease.

Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

141

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.

*Though He was rich, yet for our sakes He became poor, that ye through His poverty might be rich.*

Dost Thou in a manger lie,  
Who hast all created,  
Stretching infant hands on high,  
SAVIOUR long awaited?  
If a monarch, where Thy state?  
Where Thy court on Thee to wait?  
Royal purple, where?  
Here no regal pomp we see;  
Nought but need and penury:  
Why thus cradled here?

Pitying love for fallen man  
Brought Me down thus low;  
For a race deep lost in sin,  
Come I into woe.  
By this lowly Birth of Mine,  
Sinner, riches shall be thine,  
Matchless gifts and free;  
Willingly this yoke I take,  
And this sacrifice I make,  
Heaping joys for Thee.

Fervent praise would I to Thee  
Evermore be raising;  
For Thy wondrous love to me  
Thee be ever praising.  
Glory, glory, be for ever  
Unto that most bounteous Giver,  
And that loving LORD!  
Better witness to Thy worth,  
Purer praise than ours on earth,  
Angels' songs afford. Amen.



*The Word was made flesh.*

CHRIST is born ; tell forth His fame !  
 CHRIST from heaven ; His love proclaim ;  
 CHRIST on earth ; exalt His Name !  
 Sing to the LORD, O world, with exultation ;  
 Break forth in glad thanksgiving every nation ;  
     For He hath triumphed gloriously !

Man in God's own Image made,  
 Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,  
 Man, on whom corruption preyed,  
 Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,  
 To-day CHRIST maketh him a new creation ;  
     For He hath triumphed gloriously !

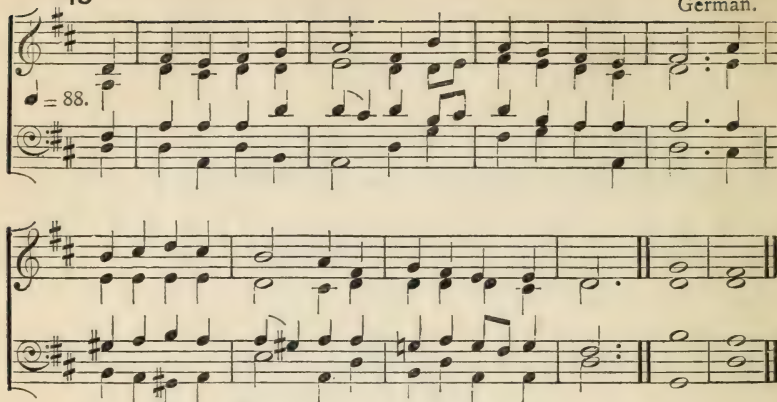
For the Maker, when his foe  
 Wrought the creature death and woe,  
 Bowed the heavens and came below,  
 And, in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,  
 Became true Man, man's very nature taking ;  
     For He hath triumphed gloriously !

He, the WISDOM, WORD, and MIGHT ;  
 GOD, and SON, and LIGHT of LIGHT ;  
 Undiscovered by the sight  
 Of earthly monarch or infernal spirit,  
 Incarnate was that we should heaven inherit :  
     For He hath triumphed gloriously. Amen.

CHRISTMAS.

143

German.



*And she brought forth her first-born Son, and wrapped Him in swaddling-clothes,  
and laid Him in a manger.*

*f* A GREAT and mighty wonder,  
Of sin and death the cure ;  
The Virgin bears the Infant,  
With virgin-honour pure.

*mf* The WORD is made Incarnate,  
And yet remains on high ;  
And cherubim to shepherds  
Sing anthems from the sky.

*f* And we with them triumphant  
Repeat the hymn again ;  
"To GOD on high be glory,  
And peace on earth to men !"

While thus they sing your Maker,  
Those bright angelic bands,  
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains !  
Ye oceans, clap your hands !

*mf* Since all He comes to ransom,  
By all be He adored,  
The Infant born in Bethlehem,  
The SAVIOUR and the LORD.

*f* And idol forms shall perish,  
And error shall decay,  
And CHRIST shall wield His sceptre,  
Our LORD and GOD away.

Amen

# CHRISTMAS.

I44

Sir GEORGE ELVEY.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

*A Virgin shall conceive, and bear a son.*

*f* COME, ye nations, thankful own  
Life's reward at length is shewn :  
Now has dawned redemption's day ;  
Satan's chains are cast away.  
See fulfilled what God, of old,  
By Isaiah had foretold :  
Of the Virgin God is born :  
Come, ye nations, hail the morn.

Whom the wide world cannot hold,  
Now the Virgin's arms enfold :  
He, Whose Hand made earth and sky,  
In a manger deigns to lie.  
He, Who gave the Law to men,  
Wrote it in Commandments Ten,  
Human nature deigns to share,  
Fetters of the Law to wear.

Now the First Man's sinful stain  
Hath the Second cleansed again ;  
What the First by pride debased,  
CHRIST by lowliness hath raised.  
Light is come, Salvation shewn ;  
Night repelled, and Death o'erthrown.  
Come, ye nations, hail the morn,  
God of Mary now is born. Alleluia. Amen.

*Org.*  
*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men.*

HARK! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born KING:  
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
 God and sinners reconciled.  
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
 Join the triumph of the skies;  
 With the angelic host proclaim  
 CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born KING.

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,  
 CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,  
 Late in time behold Him come,  
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
 Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see!  
 Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
 Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
 JESUS, our IMMANUEL.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born KING.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
 Light and life to all He brings,  
 Risen with healing in His wings.  
 Mild He lays His glory by,  
 Born that man no more may die,  
 Born to raise the sons of earth,  
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark! the herald-angels sing  
 Glory to the new-born KING. Amen.



# CHRISTMAS.

146 Old Melody.

The musical score is written for two staves, treble and bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 72 beats (♩ = 72.). The melody is a simple, folk-like tune. The first system contains 10 measures, and the second system contains 10 measures, ending with a double bar line. The bass line provides a steady accompaniment with eighth and sixteenth notes.

*Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy.*

*f* WHILE Shepherds watched their flocks by night,  
 All seated on the ground,  
 The angel of the LORD came down,  
 And glory shone around.

*mf* "Fear not," said he, for mighty dread  
 Had seized their troubled mind,  
 "Glad tidings of great joy I bring  
 To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day,  
 Is born of David's line  
 The SAVIOUR, Who is CHRIST the LORD,  
 And this shall be the sign :

"The Heavenly Babe you there shall find  
 To human view displayed,  
 All meanly wrapped in swathing-bands,  
 And in a manger laid."

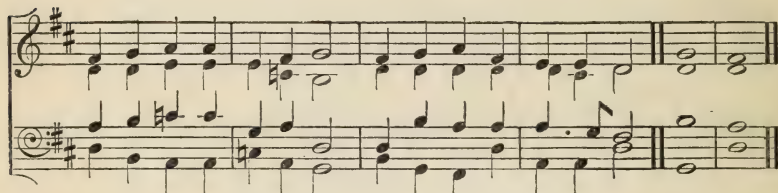
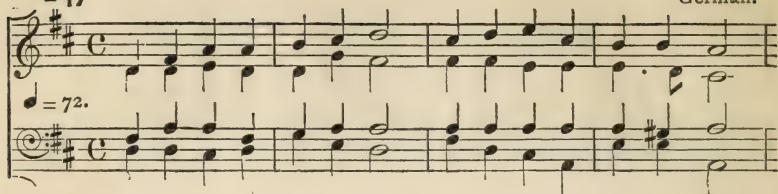
*cres.* Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith  
 Appeared a shining throng  
 Of angels, praising GOD, who thus  
*f* Addressed their joyful song :

"All glory be to GOD on high,  
 And in the earth be peace ;  
 Good-will henceforth from heaven to men  
 Begin, and never cease!" Amen.

# S. STEPHEN'S DAY.

147

German.



*Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life.*

*mf* FIRST of Martyrs, thou whose name  
Answers to thy crown of fame;  
Not of flowers that see decay  
Weave we this thy crown to-day.

Like a gem each rugged stone,  
Sparkling with thy life-blood, shone;  
Ne'er could stars such lustre shed,  
Studded round thy saintly head.

Every bruise upon thy brow  
Glistens with a heavenly glow;  
And thy wounded countenance  
Brightens to an angel's glance.

Victim thou art called to be  
To the Victim slain for thee:  
First to own thy LORD in death,  
Earliest witness to the faith:

First to tread the crimson sea,  
Through the pathway marked for thee;  
Leading on the martyr host  
To the heavenly Canaan's coast.

Thou, who didst dispense thy store  
Daily to the sick and poor,  
Now art come a welcome guest  
To the LAMB's high marriage-feast.

*f* Glory to the FATHER be;  
Glory, Virgin-born, to Thee;  
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,  
Praised by men and angel host. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

148

CH. GOUNOD.

*And they stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! And he kneeled down, and cried with a loud voice, Lord, lay not this sin to their charge.*

*mf* JESU, WORD of GOD Incarnate,—  
Mingling with the hymns of earth,  
And the herald angels' anthems,  
Which proclaim Thy wondrous  
In our glad festivity, [Birth,—  
Sounds Thy Martyr's dying cry.

See, the Deacon Protomartyr,  
Noble in his faith and life,  
Glorious both by signs and wonders,  
Triumphs in the deadly strife;  
Like an angel's shines his face,  
Sparkling with celestial grace.

Braving all the unbelieving,  
Nerved by Thee to persevere,  
Satan's synagogue refuting  
With his wisdom true and clear,  
Stephen—"crowned one" is his name—  
For the crown endures the shame.

For the crown that cannot wither,  
Thy bright crown of righteousness,  
Light he counts the pain and torment;  
Light the stones that on him press:  
Victory shall end the strife,  
Death shall be the birth to life.

JESU, filled with Thy Blest SPIRIT,  
Now he penetrates the sky,  
Sees Thee there in regal glory  
Stand at God's right hand on high;—  
Stand,—to guard Thy champion's death,  
And receive his parting breath.

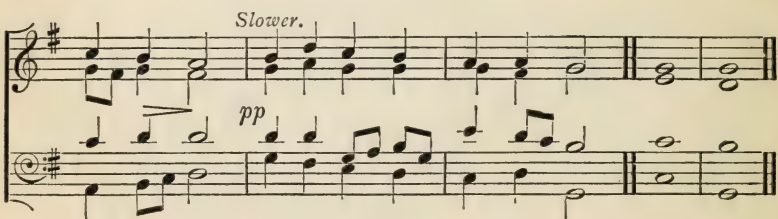
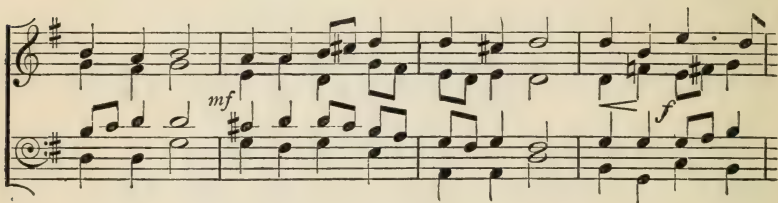
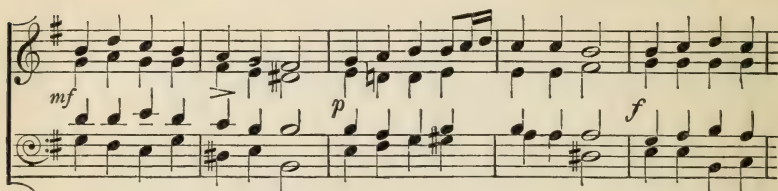
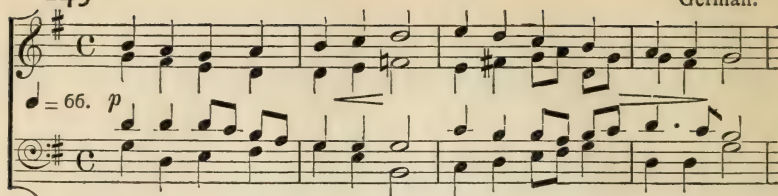
"JESU, LORD, receive my spirit,"—  
Praying thus he humbly kneels,  
And to Thee, beneath the stoning,  
For his murderers appeals;  
True to Thee in death he keeps;  
In Thee, JESU, sweetly sleeps.

For Thy wondrous Incarnation  
Thee with praise with joyous song,  
Who hast crowned the Holy Stephen,  
First-fruits of the martyr throng;  
Teach us for our foes to pray;  
Guide us to the perfect day. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

149

German.



*Pray for them which despitefully use you and persecute you.*

JESU, LORD, Thy praise we sing,  
Thou the Martyrs' Crown and King,  
Who dost raise above the skies  
All who earth and sin despise :  
Hear us now, and as we tell  
How Thy Martyr Stephen fell,  
Grant the prayer Thy servants pray,  
Wash our stain of guilt away.

'Twas Thy SPIRIT from above  
Filled his heart with strength and love ;  
First to own his LORD in death,  
First to gain the crown of faith ;  
Gazing upward to the skies,  
With his parting breath he cries,  
JESU, LORD, my soul receive,  
JESU, LORD, my foes forgive.

LORD, for him Thy Name we bless,  
Grant to us like holiness ;  
May we ever live to Thee,  
And in death have victory :  
Then through ages all along,  
This shall be our endless song,  
Praise the FATHER, and the SON,  
And the SPIRIT, Three in One. Amen.



# S. JOHN THE EVANGELIST'S DAY.

150 Old Melody.

*That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us.*

*mf* THE life, which GOD'S INCARNATE WORD  
Lived here below with men,  
Three blest Evangelists record  
With heaven-inspired pen :

John soars on high, with eagle wing,  
To GOD the FATHER'S throne ;  
And shows the mystery wherein  
The WORD with GOD is ONE.

*p* Best loved one, on his SAVIOUR'S breast  
Invited to recline,  
'Twas thence he drew in moments blest  
Rich stores of truth divine

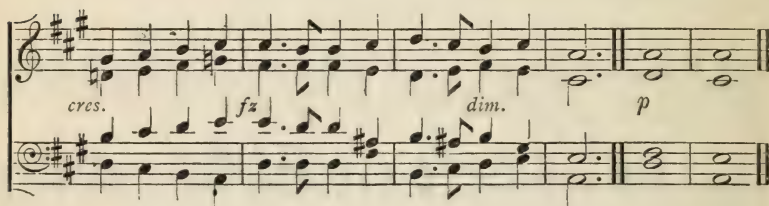
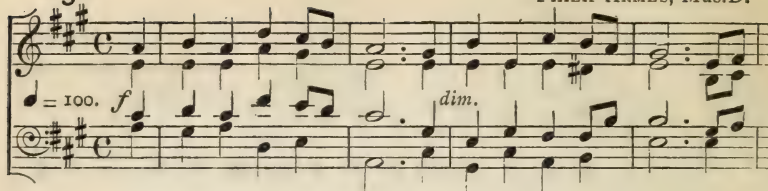
There too with that angelic love  
Did he his bosom fill,  
Which, once enkindled from above,  
Breathes in his pages still.

*f* JESU, the Virgin's Holy SON,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

151

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.



*I. John, was in the isle that is called Patmos, for the word of God and for the testimony of Jesus Christ.*

AN exile for the faith  
Of his Incarnate LORD,  
Beyond the stars, beyond all space,  
The loved disciple soared :

There saw in glory Him  
Who liveth and was dead ;  
There Judah's Lion, and the LAMB  
That for our ransom bled ;

There of the Kingdom learnt  
The mysteries sublime ;  
How, sown in martyrs' blood, the faith  
Should spread from clime to clime :

There new Jerusalem  
Bathed in her Spouse's light,  
Pure seat of bliss, his spirit saw,  
The land that hath no night :

There heard through highest heaven  
The Alleluia sound,  
The loud Amen that ever rolls  
The eternal throne around.

He now calls all to drink  
Of streams of life their fill,  
From out the LAMB's clear fount: O LORD,  
In us this thirst instil;

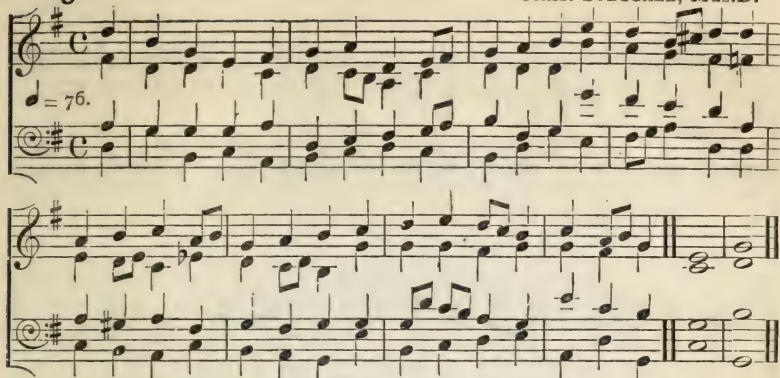
And grant us now with him  
On those blest courts to gaze,  
To see the rainbow round the throne,  
And join those songs of praise.

O Jesu, Virgin-born,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

152

CHAS. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



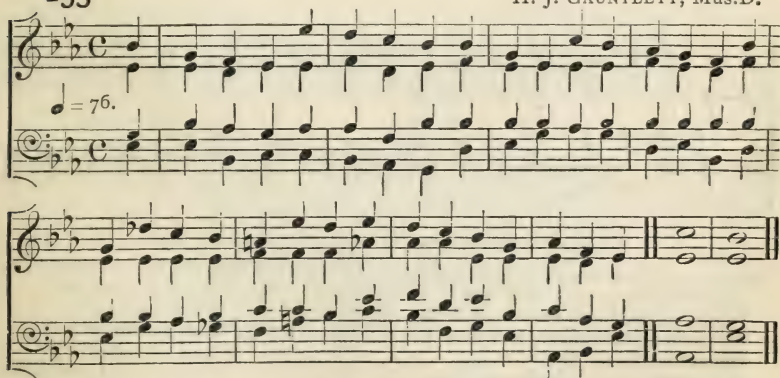
*He then lying on Jesus' breast. And I, John, saw these things and heard them.*

<i>mf</i> O THOU, Who gav'st Thy servant grace On Thee the living Rock to rest, To look on Thine unveiled Face, And lean on Thy protecting breast;	And when the toils of life are done, And nature waits Thy just decree, To find our rest beneath Thy throne, And look in certain hope to Thee.
<i>f</i> Grant us, O King of Mercy, still To feel Thy presence from above, And in Thy word and in Thy will To hear Thy voice and know Thy love;	<i>f</i> To Thee, O JESU, LIGHT of LIGHT, To Thee all praise and glory be, With GOD the FATHER Infinite, And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

## THE INNOCENTS' DAY.

153

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*These were redeemed from among men, being the first-fruits unto God, and to the Lamb. And in their mouth was found no guile; for they are without fault before the throne of God.*

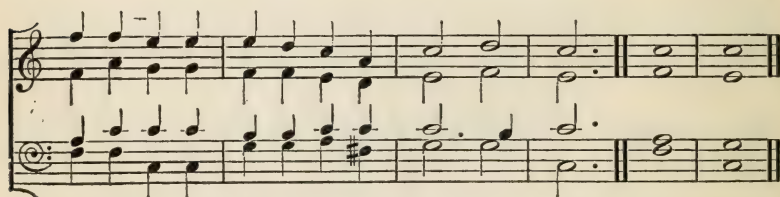
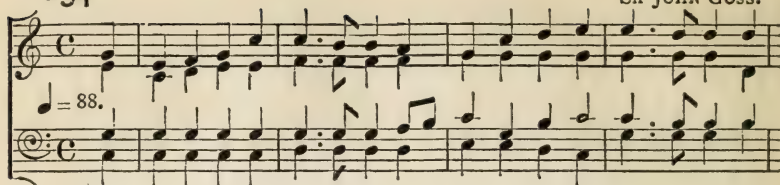
<i>mf</i> ALL hail, ye infant martyr-flowers, Cut off in life's first dawning hours: As rosebuds snapt in tempest strife, When Herod sought your SAVIOUR's life.	Aye, mothers, dry your tears; no more These pledges of your love deplore: They follow, fair and joyful train, The LAMB for their salvation slain.
You, tender flock of lambs, we sing, First victims slain for CHRIST your KING: Beneath the Altar's heavenly ray, With martyr-palms and crowns ye play.	For their redemption glory be, O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee; Like praise be to the FATHER given, And HOLY GHOST, by earth and heaven.

Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

154

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever He goeth.*

*f* THE hymn for conquering Martyrs raise;  
The victor Innocents we praise:  
Whom in their woe earth cast away,  
Whom heaven with joy received to-day;  
Whose angels see the FATHER'S Face,  
World without end; and hymn His grace;  
And, while they chant unceasing lays,  
The hymn for conquering Martyrs raise.

*mf* A voice from Ramah was there sent,  
A voice of weeping and lament; [sore,  
While Rachel mourned her children  
Whom for the tyrant's sword she bore:  
*f* Triumphal is their glory now,  
Whom earthly torments could not bow;  
When forth the cruel mandate went,  
A voice from Ramah was there sent.

Fear not, O little flock, and blest,  
The lion that your life oppressed:  
To heavenly pastures ever new  
The heavenly Shepherd leadeth you,  
Who, dwelling now on Sion's hill,  
The LAMB'S own footsteps follow still:  
By tyrant there no more distressed,  
Fear not, O little flock, and blest.

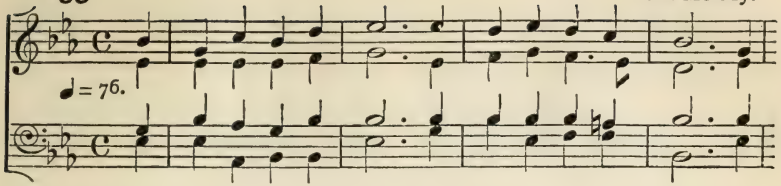
*mf* And every tear is wiped away  
By your dear FATHER'S hands for aye;  
Death hath no power to hurt you more,  
Whose own is life's eternal store.  
Who sow their seed, and, sowing, weep,  
In everlasting joy shall reap;  
What time they shine in heavenly day,  
And every tear is wiped away. Amen.



CHRISTMAS.

155

Old Melody.



*Suffer the little children to come unto Me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven.*

*f* ALL praise to Thee, O LORD,  
Who from this world of sin,  
By Herod's fierce and ruthless sword,  
Those precious ones didst win.

All praise to Thee, O LORD,  
For now, all grief unknown,  
They wait in patience their reward,  
The martyrs' heavenly crown.

*mf* Baptized in their own blood,  
Earth's untried perils o'er,  
They passed unconsciously the flood,  
And safely gained the shore.

*f* All praise to Thee for all  
The ransomed infant band,  
Who since that hour have heard Thy call,  
And reached the quiet land.

*mf* Oh, that our hearts within,  
Like theirs, were pure and bright !  
Oh, that, as free from wilful sin,  
We shrank not from Thy sight !

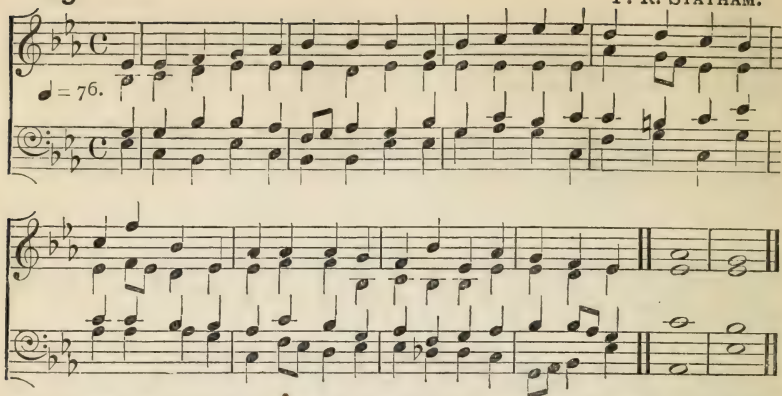
*p* LORD, help us every hour  
Thy cleansing grace to claim;  
In life, to glorify Thy power,  
In death, to praise Thy Name.

*f* To JESUS, Virgin-born,  
Praise with the FATHER be,  
And with the HOLY PARACLETE,  
Through all eternity. Amen.

# NEW YEAR'S EVE.

156

F. R. STATHAM.



*How excellent is Thy mercy, O Lord: and the children of men shall put their trust under the shadow of Thy wings.*

*mf* THE year is gone; another dawns:  
So life with silent wing flits on:  
Thou, LORD, dost order all the course  
Of time aright, and Thou alone.

To Thee our thanks Thy people bring,  
For mercies heaped upon our path;  
Our prayer for grace to keep entire  
Thy choicest gift, the Holy Faith.

Of Thee we ask our daily bread;  
From out our coasts drive fell disease;  
In mercy send us peace, that we  
May reap with joy the earth's increase.

O grant us pardon; vice restrain:  
Let Thy Right Hand our shelter be:  
Though dread the foe, and fierce the  
Thy grace shall win us victory. [strife,

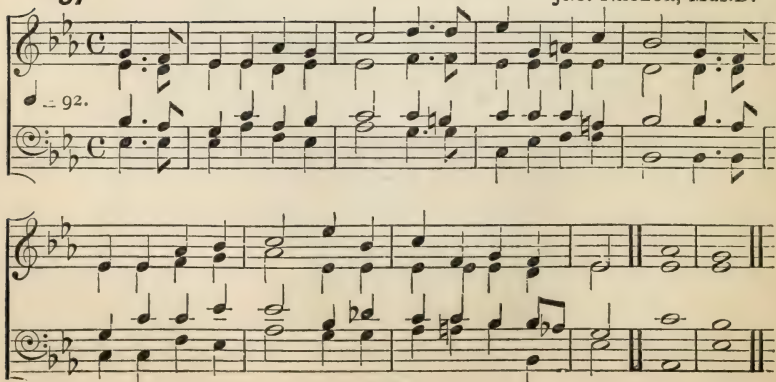
To Thee, our GOD, our hearts we yield;  
O fill us with Thy holy fear,  
To hate the sin that stains the past:  
And with Thy goodness crown the  
year.

*p* LORD, make Thy Face to shine on us,  
As years and ages onward move;  
That all the earth in duteous praise  
May sing to Thee, Thou GOD of love:

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God, Whom heaven and earth adore,  
Be glory, as it was was of old,  
Is now, and shall be evermore. Amen.

157

JNO. NAYLOR, MUS.D.



# CHRISTMAS.

*So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.*

*f* FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,  
Faithful through another year,  
Hear our song of thankfulness;  
JESU, our Redeemer, hear.

*mp* In our weakness and distress,  
Rock of strength, be Thou our stay;  
In the pathless wilderness  
Be our true and living way.

*p* Who of us death's awful road  
In the coming year shall tread  
With Thy rod and staff, O God,  
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Keep us faithful, keep us pure,  
Keep us evermore Thine own;  
Help, O help us, to endure,  
Fit us for the promised crown.

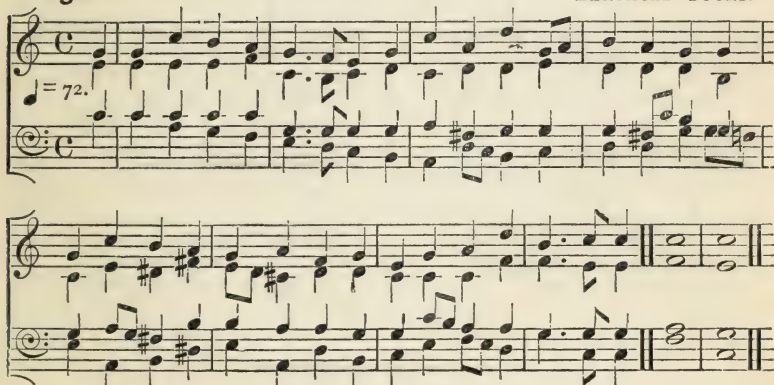
*f* So within Thy palace gate  
We shall praise, on golden strings,  
Thee, the only Potentate,  
LORD of lords and KING of kings. Amen.

## THE CIRCUMCISION OF CHRIST.

MORNING.

158

BERTHOLD TOURS.



*Made under the law, to redeem them that were under the law.*

*f* O HAPPY day, when first was poured  
The Blood of our redeeming LORD;  
O happy morn, whereon began  
His travail in redeeming man.

*mf* Scarce born to this our world of woe  
His infant Blood begins to flow;  
The foretaste of a deadly strife,  
The prelude of a loving life.

From heaven descending to fulfil  
The bidding of His FATHER's will,  
Thus early He the victim lies,  
The LAMB marked out for sacrifice.

Himself the criminal He makes;  
The guiltless suffers for our sakes;  
For captive slaves the ransom pays;  
For lawless man the Law obeys.

E'en as on Him the stroke descends,  
The Law with all its terror ends;  
A holier law shall now prevail,  
The law of love which cannot fail.

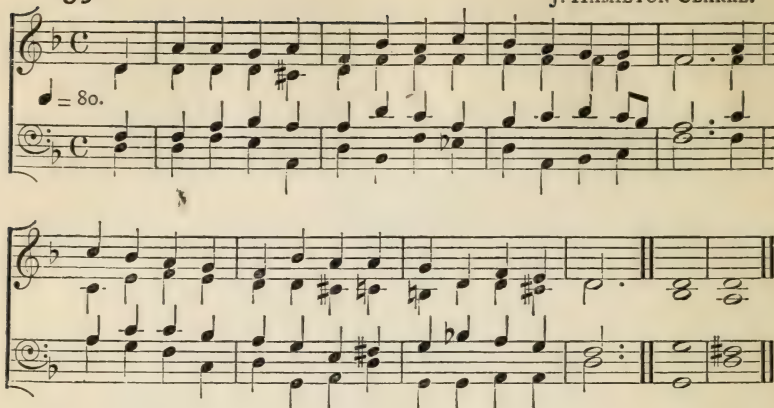
*p* LORD, circumcise our hearts, we pray;  
And take what is not Thine away;  
And write Thy Name upon our hearts,  
That law within our inward parts.

*f* O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee,  
Eternal praise and glory be;  
Whom, with the FATHER, we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

159

J. HAMILTON CLARKE.



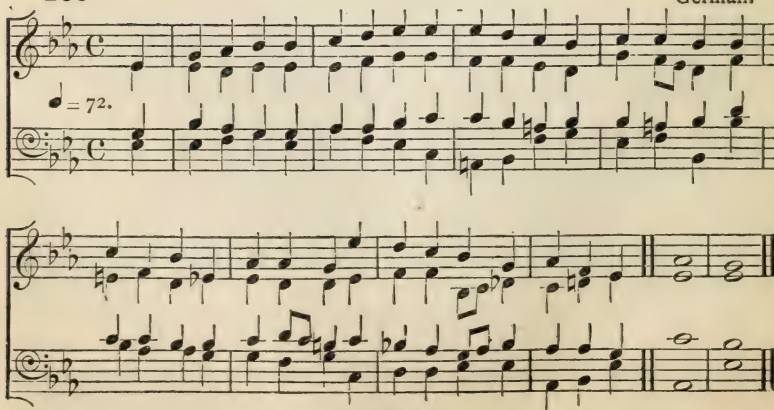
*In Whom also ye are circumcised with the circumcision made without hands, in putting off the body of the sins of the flesh by the circumcision of Christ.*

<p><i>mf</i> THY Blood, O CHRIST, hath made our Not only that, whereby [peace; The ground of Calvary was stained, When Thou wert hung on high; Nor only that, which in Thine hour Of fear and agony Distilled upon Thy trembling frame, In dark Gethsemane: But that shed from Thee, when at first In Childhood Thou didst deign For sinful man thus to endure The legal rite of pain.</p>	<p>And as with suffering and with Thee Our yearly course begins; So teach us to renounce the flesh, And put away our sins; That in the Israel of Thy Church We may not lose our part; In spirit and in body pure, And circumcised in heart. <i>f</i> To Thee, O JESU, Virgin-born, Praise with the FATHER be, And Thee, O HOLY PARACLETE, Through all eternity. Amen.</p>
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## AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

160

German.





# CHRISTMAS.

*God hath in these last days spoken unto us by His Son.*

*f* O COME, and let us tell with praise  
The glories of this day of days,  
The day on which the LIGHT of LIGHT  
Dawns forth upon our raptured sight.

Yea, past is now the gathering cloud,  
And past our dark transgressions' shroud;  
Forth from the blessed Virgin's womb  
Has sprung a light athwart the gloom.

O Birth beyond our brightest dream,  
With power to rescue and redeem!  
O marvel wrought in wondrous mode,  
The Manhood taken into God!

New glory thus the Manhood gains,  
The GODHEAD all unmarred remains;  
Was tale e'er told to sons of earth  
So strange as this mysterious Birth?

As Shepherd true He comes to seek  
The sheep that wandered lost and weak;  
As Warrior brave we see Him go  
With spear and shield to meet His foe.

By his own weapons foiled, behold  
That foe so terrible of old,  
His trusted armour borne away,  
And spoiled of all he made his prey.

So in that conflict fierce with sin  
Did CHRIST our great salvation win;  
So, having gained the victory,  
He leads us to His home on high.

*f* Here, in Thy triumph triumphing,  
May we eternal praises sing;  
With saints and angels Thee adore,  
O WORD made Flesh, for evermore.  
Amen.

## EVENING.

161

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

*Walk worthy of God, Who hath called you unto His Kingdom and glory.*

*mf* THE WORD, Who dwelt above the skies  
With God before the world began,  
Now on the Virgin's bosom lies,  
A helpless new-born Child of man.

Already on His sinless Head  
The streams of wrath begin to flow;  
Already, on His infant bed, [know.  
The taste of grief the LORD must

The lowliest poverty He bears,  
That we may be with wealth supplied;  
He weeps, and by His precious tears  
A guilty world is purified.

A simple dress, a mean abode,  
A life obscure, His glory hide;  
He, Who was in the form of God,  
Is humbled to destroy our pride.

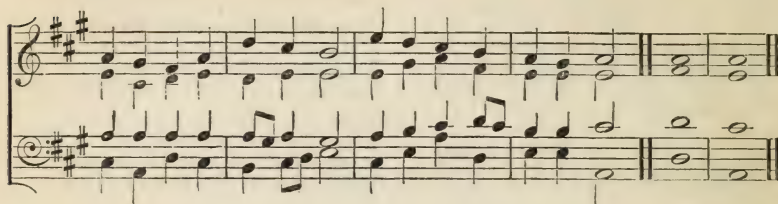
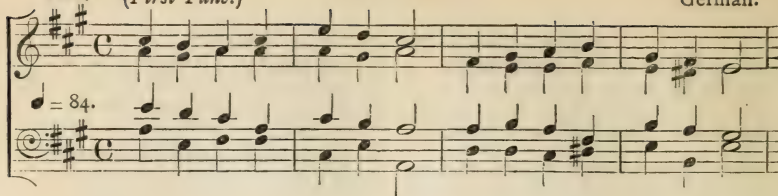
*f* O Thou, Who camest from on high,  
The LAMB, to be for sinners slain,  
Leave not Thy wandering flock to die,  
Nor let Thy toil be spent in vain.

*f* JESU, the Virgin-born, to Thee,  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
Eternal praise and glory be,  
And HOLY GHOST, for evermore.

Amen.

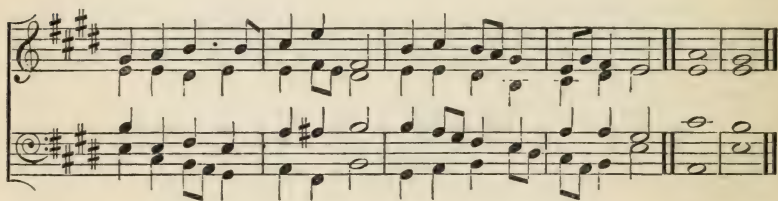
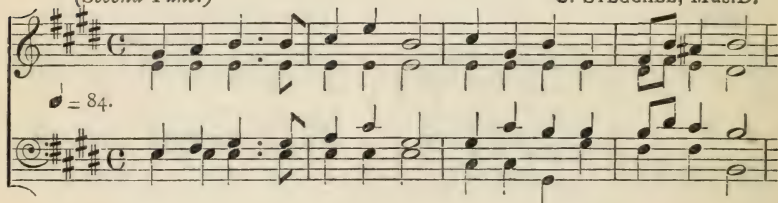
## 162 (First Tune.)

German.



## (Second Tune.)

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*Thou shalt call His Name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sins.*

*f* WARRIOR Kings their titles gain  
From the nations they enchain;  
JESU, Thou by worthier deed  
From the thousands Thou hast  
freed;—

*mf* JESUS;—only Name that's given  
Under all the mighty heaven,  
Which can dying souls restore,  
And give life for evermore.

Let not sins insane and base  
From our rebel hearts efface [fraught,  
This blest Name with blessings  
By Thy Blood so dearly bought.

*f* Grant us gladly for that Name  
To endure the pain and shame;  
Joyfully for Thee to die  
Is not death, but victory.

*p* Thou, Whom we may dare to call  
JESUS, Saviour of us all,  
Hear us, as to Thee we pray,  
Glorying in Thy Name to-day.

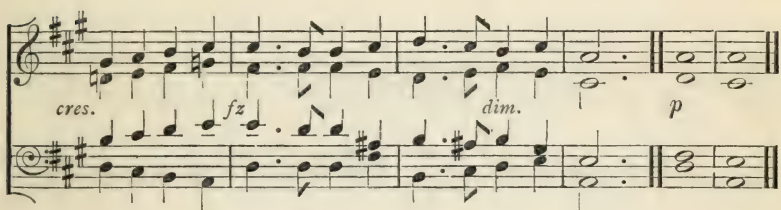
*f* Glory to the FATHER be;  
Glory, VIRGIN-BORN, to Thee;  
Glory to the HOLY GHOST,  
From the saints and angel-host.

Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

163

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.



*What the law could not do, in that it was weak through the flesh, God, sending His own Son in the likeness of sinful flesh, and for sin, condemned sin in the flesh; that the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the spirit.*

THE Law's weak elements  
And all its terrors cease ;  
And JESUS seals the covenant  
Of endless love and peace.

He, Who is LIGHT of LIGHT,  
Made Man, the Law obeys ;  
The sinless Child, now stained with Blood,  
The guilt of sin displays.

To cleanse our crime and shame  
The pains of sin He feels :  
The precious drop which now hath flowed  
For death the Victim seals.

This day He won the Name,  
At which we bow the knee ;  
This day He hath in Name and deed  
JESUS begun to be.

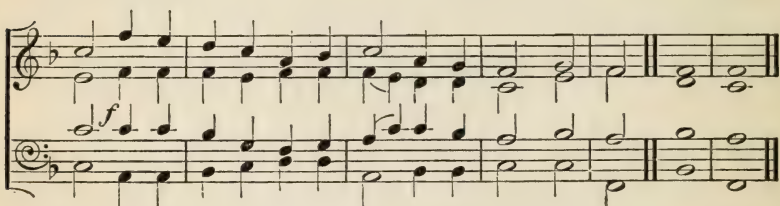
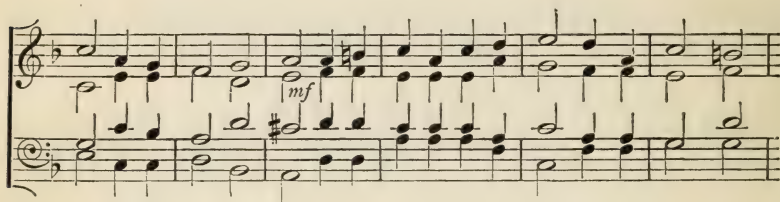
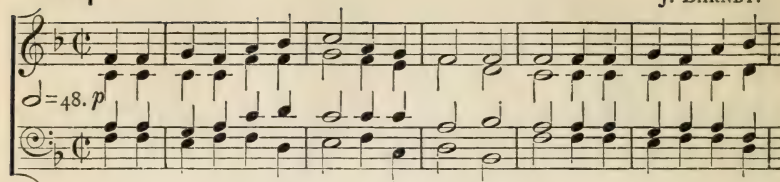
O JESU, Virgin-born,  
We praise Thee and adore ;  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

# CHRISTMAS.

ANY HOUR.

164

J. BARNEY.



*Father, glorify Thy Name.*

FATHER, here we dedicate  
This new year to Thee,  
In whatever worldly state  
Thou wilt have us be.  
Not from sorrow, pain, or care,  
Freedom dare we claim :  
This alone shall be our prayer,  
Glorify Thy Name.

Can a child presume to choose  
Where or how to live ?  
Can a FATHER'S love refuse  
All the best to give ?  
More Thou givest every day  
Than the best can claim ;  
Nor withholdest ought that may  
Glorify Thy Name.

If in mercy Thou wilt spare  
Joys we yet partake ;  
If on life, serene and fair,  
Brighter rays may break ;  
Thee our hearts, while glad they sing,  
Shall in all proclaim ;  
And, whate'er the year shall bring,  
Glorify Thy Name.

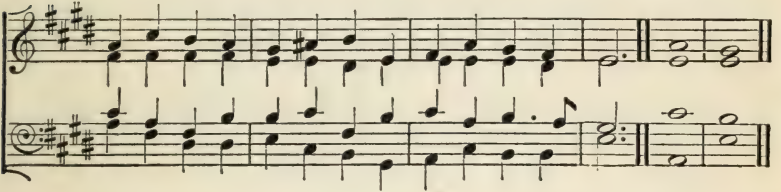
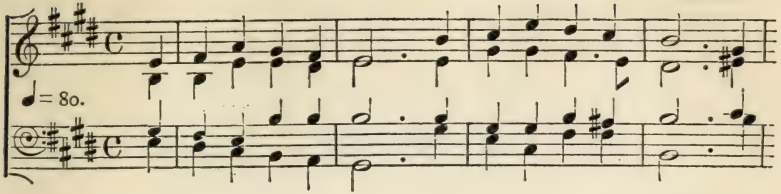
If Thou callest to the Cross,  
And its shadow come,  
Turning all our gain to loss,  
Shrouding heart and home ;  
Teach us, LORD, how Thy dear SON  
To His glory came ;  
In our woe we'll still pray on,  
Glorify Thy Name. Amen.



CHRISTMAS.

165

German.



*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*

*mf* THE year begins with Thee;  
And Thou beginn'st with woe,  
To let the world of sinners see  
That blood for sin must flow.

Thine infant cries, O LORD,  
Thy tears upon the breast  
Are not enough; the legal sword  
Must do its stern behest.

Like sacrificial wine  
Poured on a victim's head,  
Are those few precious drops of Thine,  
Now first to offering led.

O are we born to tears,  
Cradled in care and woe?  
And seems it hard our vernal years  
Few vernal joys can show?

Look here and hold thy peace:  
The Giver of all good  
Even from the womb takes no release  
From suffering, tears, and blood.

*p* If thou wouldst reap in love,  
First sow in holy fear:  
*cres.* So life a winter's morn may prove  
To a bright endless year.

*f* To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT ever-blessed,  
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,  
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY;

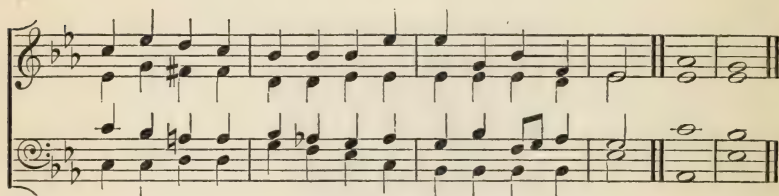
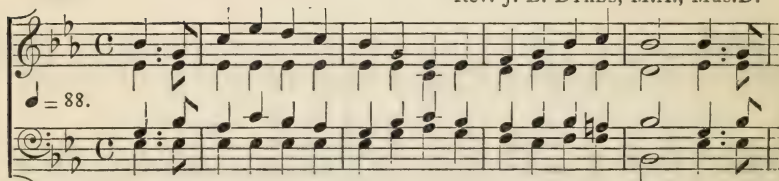
OR,

## THE MANIFESTATION OF CHRIST TO THE GENTILES.

MORNING

166

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.



*And thou, Bethlehem, in the land of Juda, art not the least among the princes of Juda.*

*f* BETHL'HEM, not the least of cities,  
None can e'er with thee compare;  
Thou alone the LORD from heaven  
Didst for us incarnate bear.

*mf* Fairer than the sun at morning  
Shone the star that told His birth,  
To the lands their GOD announcing,  
Veiled beneath a form of earth.

By its lambent beauty guided  
Eastern kings their wealth unfold:  
Bending low their gifts they offer,—  
Gifts of incense, myrrh, and gold.

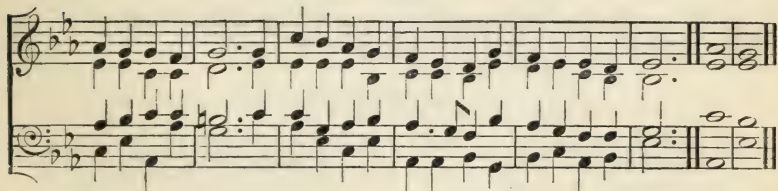
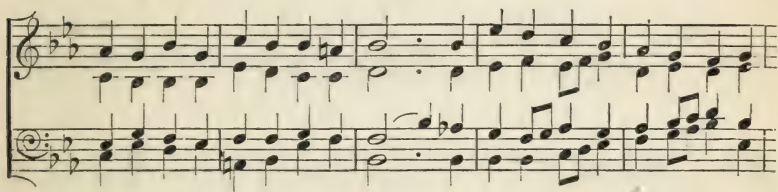
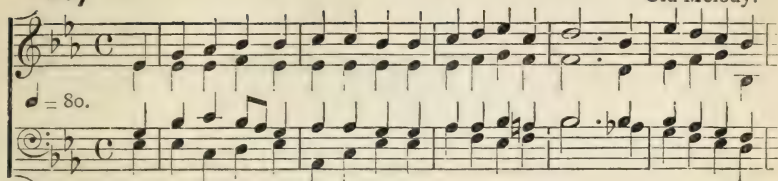
Offerings of mystic meaning:  
Incense doth the GOD disclose;  
Gold the KING of kings proclaimeth;  
Myrrh the future tomb foreshows.

*f* Holy JESU, in Thy brightness  
To the Gentile world displayed;  
With the FATHER, and the SPIRIT,  
Endless praise to Thee be paid. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

167

Old Melody.



*It came to pass, that Jesus also being baptized, and praying, the heaven was opened, and the Holy Ghost descended in a bodily shape, like a dove, upon Him: and a Voice came from heaven, which said, Thou art My Beloved Son: in Thee I am well pleased.*

*mf* THE LORD comes forth from Jordan's  
And lifts His prayer on high; [stream,  
And, lo, the HOLY GHOST descends  
From out the opening sky.  
There hovering, like a beauteous dove,  
It rests on Him alone;  
A voice from heaven proclaims, "Thou  
"My well-belovèd SON." [art

*p* On them the HOLY GHOST descends,  
And in their hearts abides;  
Suggests and helps each holy thought,  
And each good action guides:  
And gives the unstained purity  
And meekness of the dove;  
And sheds abroad the precious gift  
Of peace, and joy, and love.

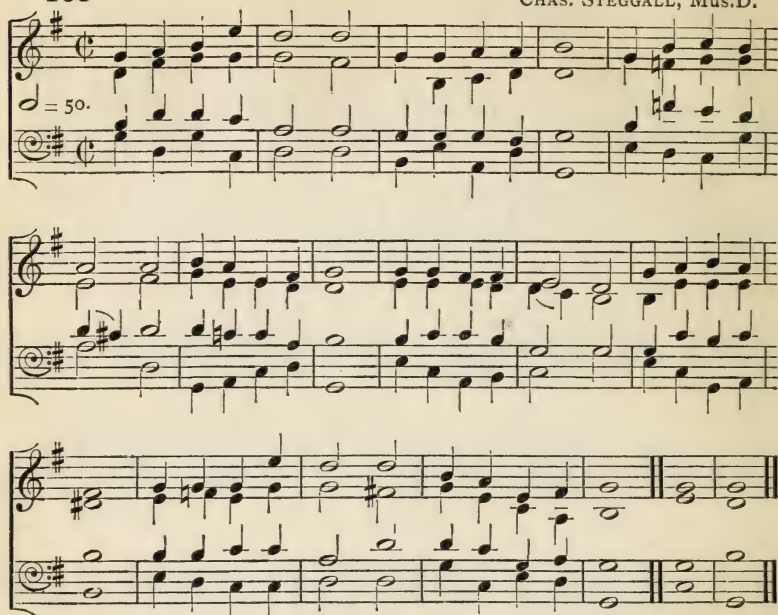
So water, once by JESUS touched,  
With power is now endued;  
And in the Font the sin-stained soul  
Is by His grace renewed;  
In Him to God is raised a seed,  
New-born, His fellow-heirs;  
They, too, are made the sons of God;  
Heaven opens to their prayers:

O CHRIST, Who hast removed our stain  
In that most holy flood,  
Protect from every foe Thy flock,  
Cleansed by Thy precious Blood.  
*f* To Thee be praise, through Whom alone  
Our souls from guilt are free;  
Like praise be to the FATHER given,  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

168

CHAS. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*Gentiles shall come to Thy light ; and kings to the brightness of Thy rising.*

*f* Lo, the pilgrim Magi  
Leave their royal halls,  
And with eager footsteps  
Speed to Bethlehem's walls ;  
As they onward journey,  
Faith, which firmly rests  
Upon Hope unswerving,  
Triumphs in their breasts.

*mf* Oh, what joys ecstatic  
Thrilled each heart, from far,  
When, to guide their footsteps  
Gleamed that Beacon Star ;  
O'er that home so holy,  
Pouring down its ray,  
Where the cradled Infant  
With His Mother lay.

Costly pomp and pageant  
Earthly kings array ;  
He, a mightier Monarch,  
Hath a nobler sway ;  
Straw may be His pallet,  
Mean His garb may be,  
Yet with power transcendent  
He all hearts can free.

At His crib they worship,  
Prostrate on the floor ;  
And their GOD, there present,  
In that Babe adore :  
Let us to that Infant,  
As their offspring true,  
Hearts with faith o'erflowing  
Give, our tribute due ;—

Holiest Love presenting,  
As gold to our KING ;  
To the MAN pure bodies,  
Myrrh-like, chastely bring ;  
Unto Him, as incense,  
Vow and prayer address ;  
So, with meetest off'rings  
Him our GOD confess.

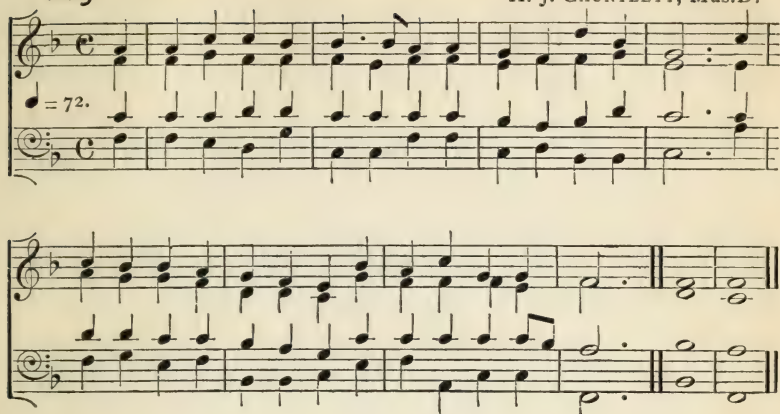
*f* Glory to the FATHER,  
Fount of Light alone ;  
Who unto the Gentiles,  
Made His glory known.  
Equal praise and glory,  
Blessèd SON, to Thee,  
And to Thee, Sweet SPIRIT,  
Evermore shall be. Amen.



# THE EPIPHANY.

169

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*And He went down with them, and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.*

*mf* IN stature grows the Heavenly Child,  
With death before His eyes;  
A LAMB unblemished, meek and mild,  
Prepared for sacrifice.

The SON of GOD His glory hides  
With parents mean and poor,  
And He Who made the heavens abides  
In dwelling-place obscure.

Those mighty Hands that rule the sky  
No earthly toil refuse;  
The Maker of the stars on high  
An humble trade pursues.

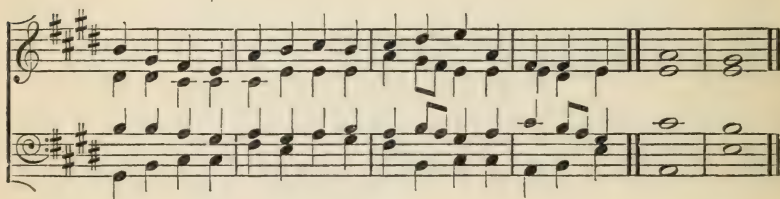
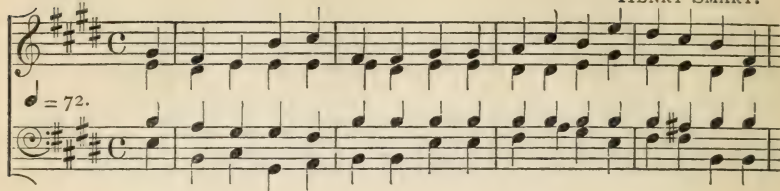
He Whom the hosts of angels praise,  
At Whose command they fly,  
His earthly parents now obeys,  
And lays His glory by.

For this Thy lowliness revealed,  
We, JESU, Thee adore,  
And praise to GOD the FATHER yield  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

170

HENRY SMART.



*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth: therefore do the virgins love Thee.*

*mf* JESU!—The very thought is sweet;  
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;  
But sweeter than sweet honey far  
The glimpses of His Presence are.

No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write, its blessedness:  
Alone who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows, love of JESUS, what Thou art.

No word is sung more sweet than this:  
No name is heard more full of bliss:  
No thought brings sweeter comfort nigh,  
Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

O JESU, King of wondrous might;  
O Victor, glorious from the fight;  
Sweetness that may not be expressed  
And altogether loveliest;

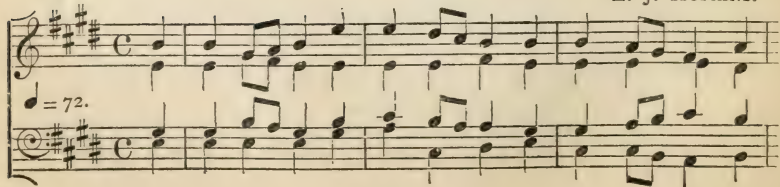
JESU, the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!  
But what art Thou to them that find?

*p* Remain with us, O LORD, to-day;  
In every heart Thy grace display;  
That now the shades of night are fled  
On Thee our spirits may be fed.

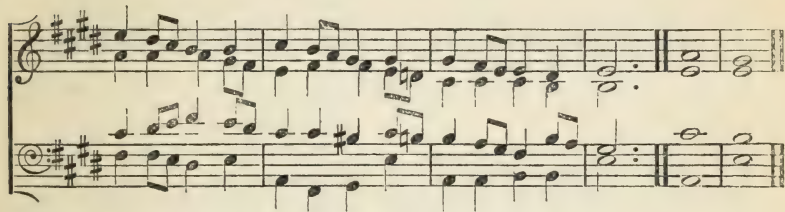
*f* All honour, laud, and glory be,  
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee!  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

171

E. J. HOPKINS.



# THE EPIPHANY.



*All they from Sheba shall come: they shall bring gold and incense; and they shall shew forth the praises of the Lord.*

*f* O, COME and praise, with chant and  
CHRIST's great Epiphany; [song,  
To GOD's own SON the Magi came,  
With true hearts drawing nigh.  
His boundless power through ages past  
Chaldæan sages owned,  
And all the prophets told of Him,  
The SAVIOUR high enthroned.

*mf* And now His Majesty divine  
To us doth condescend,  
And takes a servant's form, that He  
Our shame and woe may end.  
He Who before all worlds was GOD,  
Ere time its course began,  
Hath from the Virgin's womb His birth,  
And walks on earth as man.

The King of whom the prophets told,  
His glory seen afar,—  
"From Jacob there shall one day come  
"A bright and glorious star; [smite  
"And He in His great strength shall  
"All Moab's regions old":—  
To Him the Magi bring their gifts,  
Myrrh, frankincense, and gold.

They, with their incense, own Him GOD;  
With gold proclaim Him King;  
The myrrh wherein men shroud the  
They, as to Mortal, bring. [dead,  
The Angel warns them in their dreams  
To turn another way,  
Nor rouse the tyrant's cruel wrath,  
Alarmed for tottering sway.

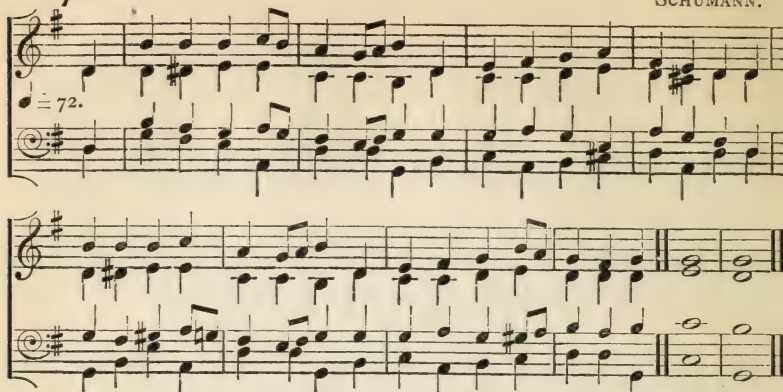
The Star once more their friend and  
guide,  
They wend their homeward way,  
And leave fierce Herod to His rage,  
To threaten and to slay:  
With wailing cry the stern command  
Is heard through Bethlehem's coast,  
And mothers yield their infant sons  
To join the martyrs' host.

*f* And now let all the joyous band  
In one great chorus sing,  
And unto CHRIST, the LORD of lords,  
Their mystic offerings bring.  
So may His hand earth's kingdoms rule  
Through ages yet to come;  
And lead us on, Himself our guide,  
To our eternal Home. Amen.

SECOND SUNDAY AFTER THE EPIPHANY.

172

SCHUMANN.



*There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved.*

*mf* JESU!—The very thought is sweet;  
In that dear Name all heart-joys meet;  
But sweeter than sweet honey far  
The glimpses of His Presence are.

No word is sung more sweet than this:  
No name is heard more full of bliss:  
No thought brings sweeter comfort  
nigh,

Than JESUS, SON of GOD most high.

JESU, the hope of souls forlorn,  
How good to them for sin that mourn!  
To them that seek Thee, oh, how kind!  
But what art Thou to them that find?

JESU, Thou sweetness, pure and blest,  
Truth's Fountain, Light of souls dis-  
tressed,

Surpassing all that heart requires,  
Exceeding all that soul desires!

No tongue of mortal can express,  
No letters write, its blessedness:  
Alone who hath Thee in his heart  
Knows, love of JESUS, what Thou art.

*p* I seek for JESUS in repose, [close:  
When round my heart its chambers  
Abroad, and when I shut the door,  
I long for JESUS evermore.

With Mary in the morning gloom,  
I seek for JESUS at the tomb;  
For Him, with love's most earnest cry,  
I seek with heart and not with eye.

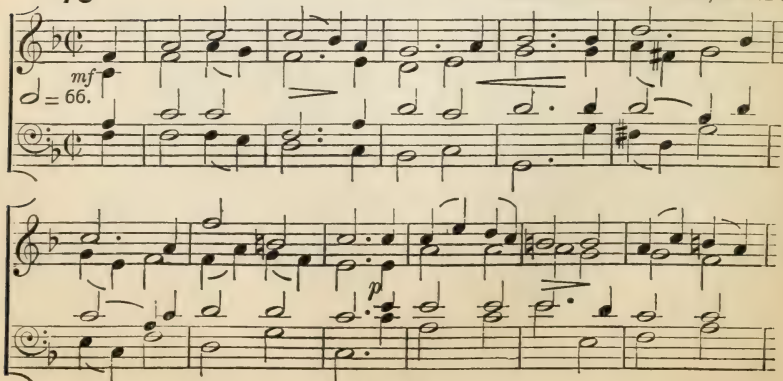
*mf* JESUS, to GOD the FATHER gone,  
Is seated on the heavenly throne:  
My heart hath also passed from me,  
That where He is, there it may be.

*f* We follow JESUS now, and raise  
The voice of prayer, the hymn of praise,  
That He at last may make us meet  
With Him to gain the heavenly seat. Amen.

173

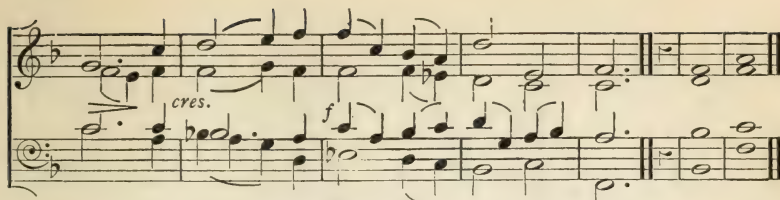
EVENING.

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, MUS.D.





# THE EPIPHANY.



*There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre shall rise out of Israel.*

*mf* WHAT star is this so strangely bright,  
A stranger 'mid the orbs of light?  
Its lambent beauty points the road,  
And marks the birthplace of our GOD.

Behold the long predicted sign,  
The Star of Jacob's ancient line:  
The Eastern sages hail its rays,  
And raptured stand in anxious gaze.

Without, the Star informs their sight;  
Within, there shines faith's brighter  
light,

Which gently summons them to rise,  
And trust the guidance of the skies.

When GOD commands, the wise obey;  
Love sees no danger in the way:  
House, neighbours, friends, their steps,  
recall;

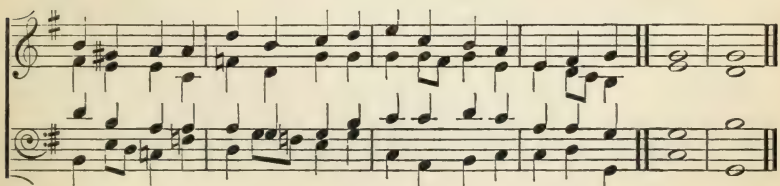
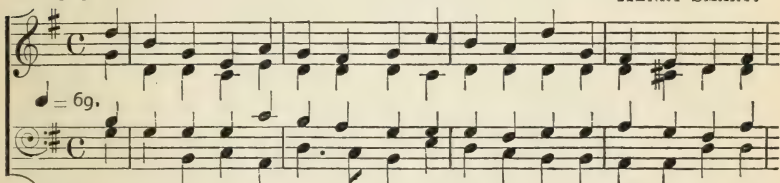
The voice of GOD outweighs them all.

*p* O while the star of heavenly grace  
Invites us, LORD, to seek Thy face,  
Let not our hearts from sloth refuse  
The guidance of that light to use.

*f* All glory, JESU, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany:  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

174

HENRY SMART.



*The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light.*

*mf* THE Star proclaims the KING is here;  
But, Herod, why this senseless fear?  
He takes no realms of earth away  
Who gives the realms of heavenly day.

The wiser Magi see from far,  
And follow on His guiding star;  
And led by light to Light they press,  
And by their gifts their God confess.

Within the Jordan's crystal flood  
In meekness stands the LAMB of GOD:  
And sinless sanctifies the wave,  
Mankind from sin to cleanse and save.

At Cana first His power is shown;  
His might the blushing waters own;  
And changing, as He speaks the word,  
Flow wine, obedient to their LORD.

*f* All glory, JESU, be to Thee  
For this Thy glad Epiphany:  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

I75

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*Then cometh Jesus from Galilee to Jordan, unto John, to be baptized of him.*

*f* THE Baptist's cry with thrilling sounds  
From Jewry's rocks and wastes re-  
bounds;  
And crowds repentant, burdened long  
With guilt, the banks of Jordan throng.

*mf* With sinners who for pardon sigh,  
JESUS, the LAMB of GOD, draws nigh,—  
The Spotless LAMB, Whose Blood alone  
Can for the sins of earth atone.

The waters cleanse not Thee, O LORD!  
To them Thou virtue dost afford,  
And by Thy hallowing touch endue  
With power, corruption to subdue.

Behold the promised fount is here  
Which hearts can from pollution clear;  
The flesh from filthiness is laved,  
The soul is from destruction saved.

Emerging from that cleansing tide,  
In robes with royal purple dyed,  
The soul is clad and brightly glows,  
Pure as the untrodden virgin snows.

*f* All glory, JESU CHRIST, be Thine,  
From guilt our Ransomer Divine;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore.

Amen.

I76

German.

## THE EPIPHANY.

*Healing every sickness and every disease among the people.*

*mf* THROUGH Jewry's darkness JESUS  
The word of life to teach: [walks  
His own He seeks; His own refuse  
To listen to His speech.

The wondrous miracles He works  
The SON of GOD proclaim;  
The lame can walk; the blind can see;  
The dumb pronounce His Name.

Perverse they turn their backs away,  
His holy precepts slight;  
Enamoured of their night of sin,  
They shun the rays of light.

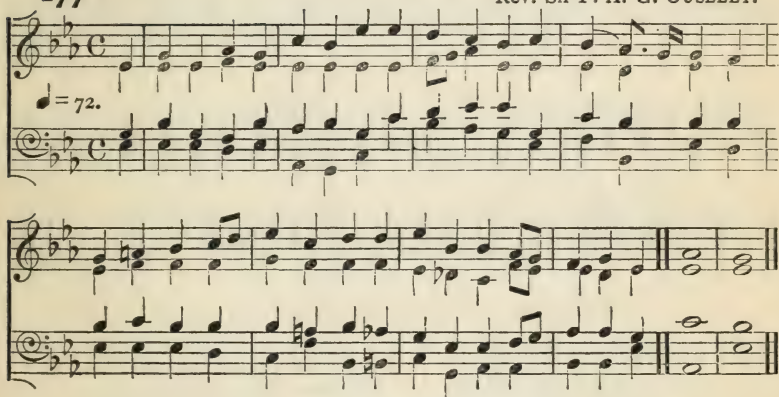
*p* We seek Thy beams, O Sun Divine,  
That shine so bright and fair:  
O guard our hearts that there may be  
No love of darkness there.

*f* Praise to the SON, through Whom alone  
Our stain of guilt is lost;  
Like praise be to the FATHER given,  
And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

ANY HOUR.

177

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



*The love of Christ which passeth knowledge.*

*mf* O LOVE, how deep, how broad, how  
high,  
How passing thought and phantasy,  
That GOD, the SON of GOD, should take  
Our mortal form for mortals' sake!

He sent no angel to our race,  
Of higher or of lower place,  
But He Himself to this world came,  
And wore the robe of human frame:

Nor willed He only to appear;  
His pleasure was to tarry here;  
And GOD and Man with man would be  
The space of thirty years and three.

For us baptized, for us He bore  
His holy fast, and hungered sore,  
For us temptations sharp He knew,  
For us the Tempter overthrew.

For us He preaches and He prays,  
Would do all things, would try all ways;  
By words, and signs, and actions, thus  
Still seeking not Himself, but us.

For us to wicked men betrayed,  
Scourged, mocked, in crown of thorns  
arrayed;

For us He bore the Cross's death,  
For us at length gave up His breath.

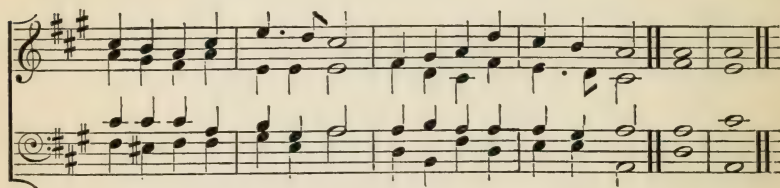
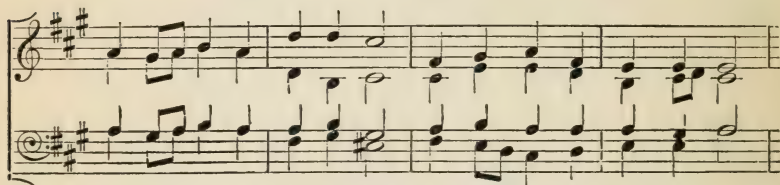
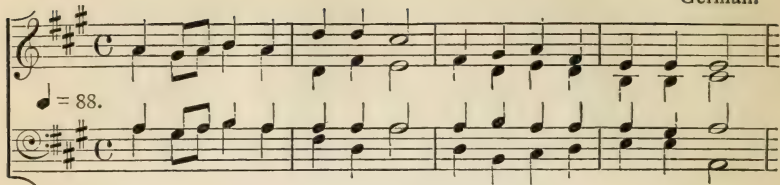
For us He rose from death again,  
For us He went on high to reign,  
For us He sent His SPIRIT here  
To guide, to strengthen, and to cheer.

*f* All honour, laud, and glory be,  
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore  
And HOLY GHOST forevermore. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

178

German.



*When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.*

*f* As with gladness men of old  
Did the guiding star behold;  
As with joy they hailed its light,  
Leading onward, beaming bright;  
So, most gracious LORD, may we  
Evermore be led to Thee.

As they offered gifts most rare  
At that manger rude and bare;  
So may we with holy joy,  
Pure and free from sin's alloy,  
All our costliest treasures bring,  
CHRIST, to Thee our Heavenly KING.

*mf* As with joyful steps they sped  
To that lowly manger-bed;  
There to bend the knee before  
Him Whom heaven and earth adore;  
So may we with willing feet  
Ever seek Thy Mercy-seat.

*p* Holy JESU, every day  
Keep us in the narrow way;  
And when earthly things are past,  
Bring our ransomed souls at last,  
Where they need no star to guide,  
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

*f* In the heavenly country bright  
Need they no created light;  
Thou, its Light, its Joy, its Crown,  
Thou its Sun which goes not down;  
There for ever may we sing  
Alleluias to our KING. Amen.



# THE EPIPHANY.

179

German.

*Yea, all kings shall fall down before Him; all nations shall serve Him.*

*f* HAIL to the LORD'S Anointed  
Great David's greater SON!  
See in the time appointed  
His reign on earth begun!  
He comes to break oppression,  
To set the captive free,  
To take away transgression,  
To rule in equity.

*mf* He shall come down like showers  
Upon the fruitful earth,  
And joy and hope, like flowers,  
Spring in His path to birth;  
Before Him on the mountains  
Shall peace, the herald, go;  
And from a thousand fountains  
Shall grace unceasing flow.

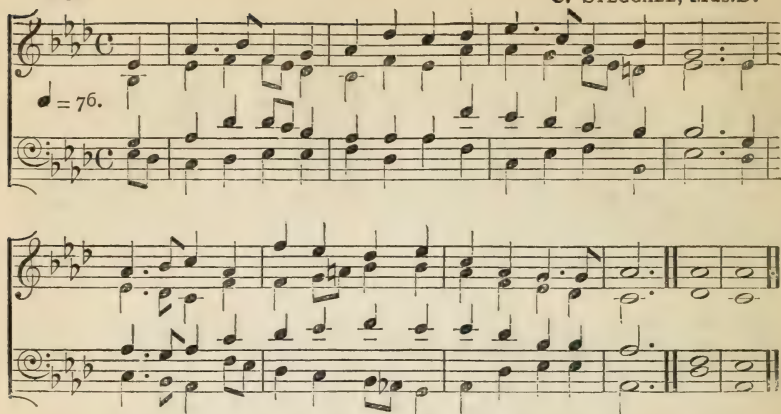
Kings shall fall down before Him,  
And gold and incense bring;  
All nations shall adore Him,  
His praise all people sing;  
To Him shall prayer unceasing  
And daily vows ascend;  
His kingdom still increasing,  
A kingdom without end.

*f* O'er every foe victorious,  
He on His throne shall rest;  
From age to age more glorious,  
All blessing and all blest;  
The tide of time shall never  
His covenant remove;  
His Name shall stand for ever,  
JESUS, sweet Name of love. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

180

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*The people which sat in darkness saw great light.*

*f* The people that in darkness sat  
A glorious Light have seen; [long  
The Light has shined on them who  
In shades of death have been.

To hail Thee, Sun of Righteousness,  
The gathering nations come;  
They joy as when the reapers bear  
Their harvest treasures home.

*mf* For Thou their burden dost remove  
And break the tyrant's rod,  
As in the day when Midian fell  
Before the sword of God.

*f* For unto us a CHILD is born,  
To us a SON is given,  
And on His shoulder ever rests  
All power in earth and heaven.

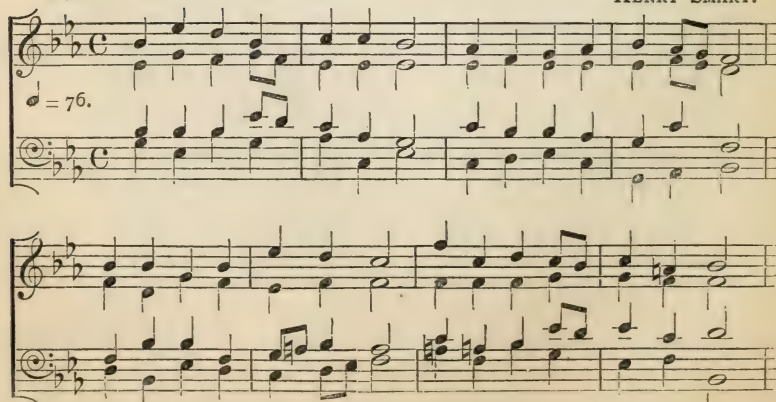
His Name shall be the Prince of Peace,  
The Everlasting LORD,  
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,  
The God by all adored.

His righteous government and power  
Shall over all extend;  
On judgment and on justice based,  
His reign shall have no end.

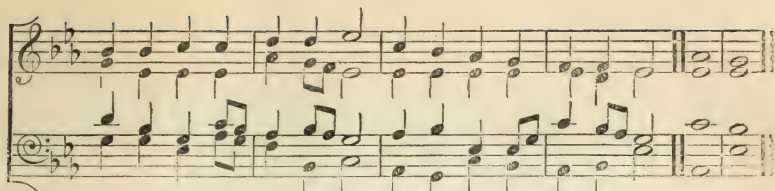
*p* LORD JESUS, reign in us, we pray,  
And make us Thine alone;  
Who with the FATHER ever art  
And HOLY SPIRIT One. Amen.

181

HENRY SMART.



# THE EPIPHANY.



*God be merciful unto us and bless us; and shew us the light of His countenance.*

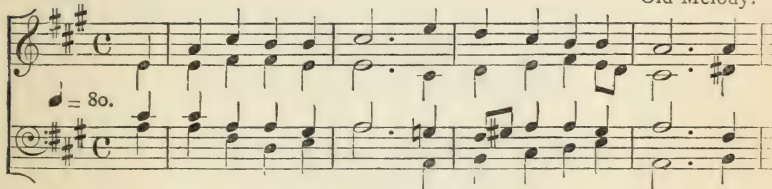
*mf* God of mercy, God of grace,  
Show the brightness of Thy Face;  
Shine upon us, SAVIOUR, shine,  
Fill Thy Church with light divine;  
And Thy saving health extend  
Unto earth's remotest end.

*f* Let the people praise Thee, LORD:  
Be by all that live adored;  
Let the nations shout and sing  
Glory to the SAVIOUR KING;  
*mf* At Thy feet their tribute pay,  
And Thy holy will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, LORD:  
Earth shall then her fruits afford;  
God to man His blessing give,  
Man to God devoted live;  
*f* All below, and all above,  
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

182

Old Melody.



*They found Him in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions.*

*mf* WITHIN the FATHER's house  
The SON hath found His home;  
And to His temple suddenly  
The LORD of Life hath come.  
The doctors of the law  
Gaze on the wondrous Child,  
And marvel at His gracious words  
Of wisdom unfiled.  
Yet not to them is given  
The mighty truth to know,  
To lift the fleshly veil which hides  
Incarnate God below.

The secret of the LORD  
Escapes each human eye,  
And faithful pondering hearts await  
The full Epiphany.

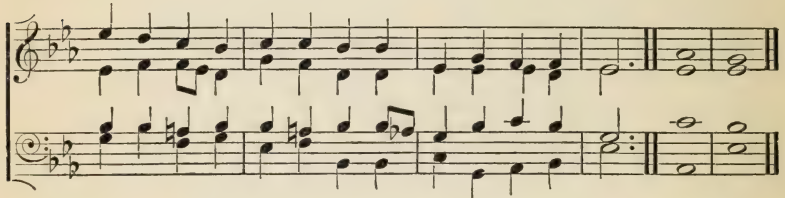
*p* LORD, visit Thou our souls,  
And teach us by Thy grace  
Each dim revealing of Thyself  
With loving awe to trace;  
*cres.* Till from our darkened sight  
The cloud shall pass away,  
*f* And on the cleansed soul shall burst  
The everlasting day;

Till we behold Thy Face,  
And know, as we are known,  
Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Co-equal THREE in ONE. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

183

German.



*And manifested forth His glory ; and His disciples believed on Him.*

*f* ALL praise to Thee, O LORD,  
Who by Thy mighty power  
Didst manifest Thy glory forth  
In Cana's marriage hour.

*mf* Thou speakest : it is done :  
Obedient to Thy word,  
The water reddening into wine  
Proclaims the present LORD.

Blest were the eyes which saw  
That wondrous mystery,  
The great beginning of Thy works,  
That kindled faith in Thee.

And blessèd they who know  
Thine unseen Presence true,  
When in the kingdom of Thy grace  
Thou makest all things new.

For by Thy loving hand  
Thy people still are fed ;  
Thou art the Cup of blessing, LORD,  
And Thou the Heavenly Bread.

*p* Oh, may that grace be ours,  
In Thee for aye to live,  
And drink of those refreshing streams  
Which Thou alone canst give.

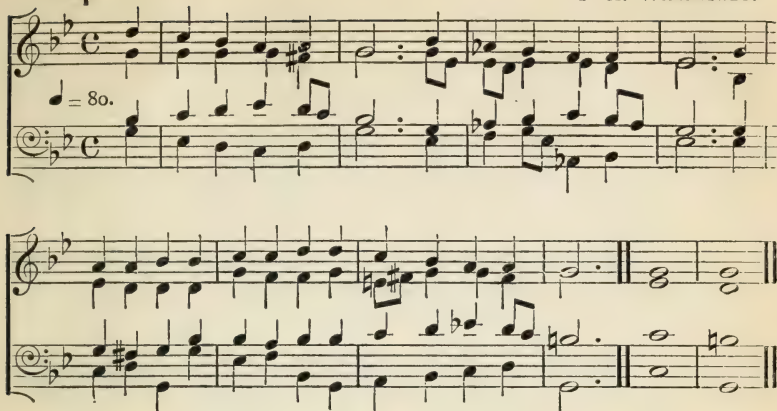
*mf* So, led from strength to strength,  
Grant us, O LORD, to see  
The marriage supper of the LAMB,  
Thy great Epiphany. Amen.



# THE EPIPHANY.

184

T. A. WALMSLEY.



*And He arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still.*

*f* FIERCE raged the storm of wind,  
The surging waves ran high,  
*mf* Failed Thy disciples' hearts with fear,  
Though Thou, their LORD, wast nigh.

*f* But at the stern rebuke  
Of Thy Almighty word,  
*p* The wind was hushed, the billows ceased,  
And owned Thee GOD and LORD.

*mf* So, now, when depths of sin  
Our souls with terror fill,  
Arise, and be our helper, LORD,  
And speak Thy "Peace, be still."

*p* When death's dark sea we cross,  
Be with us in Thy power,  
Nor let the water-floods prevail  
In that dread trial-hour.

*mf* And, when amid the signs,  
Which speak Thine Advent near,  
The roaring of the sea and waves  
Fills faithless hearts with fear;

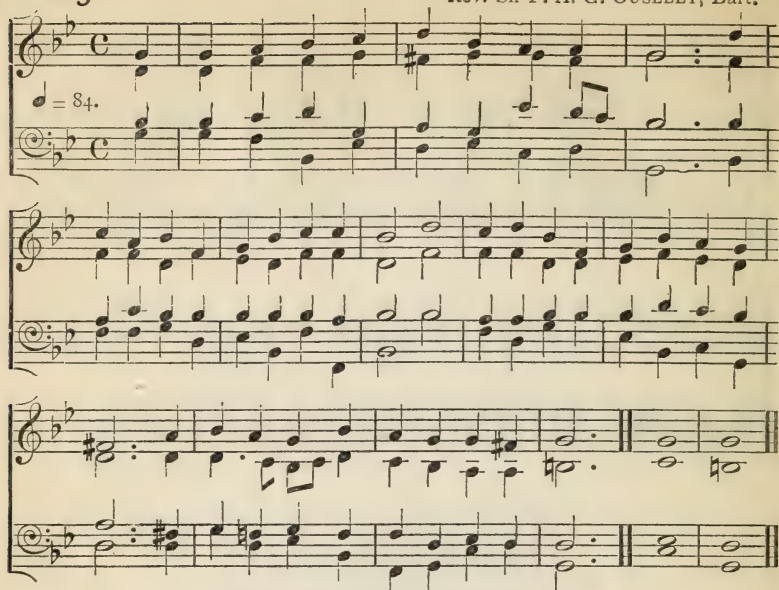
May we all undismayed  
The raging tempest see,  
Lift up our heads and hail with joy  
Thy great Epiphany.

*f* All praise to Thee, of old  
By sign and wonder known;  
All praise to Thee, to be revealed  
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

# THE EPIPHANY.

185

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.



*Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.*

*mf* O LORD of health and life, what tongue can tell  
How at Thy word were loosed the bands of hell;  
How Thy pure touch removed the leprous stain,  
And the polluted flesh grew clean again?

O, wash our hearts, restore the contrite soul,  
Stretch forth Thy healing hand, and make us whole;  
O, bend our stubborn knees to kneel to Thee;  
Speak but the word, and we once more are free.

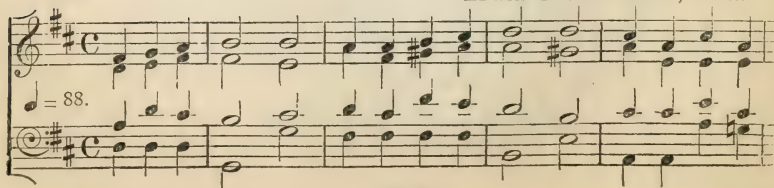
Yea, LORD, we claim the promise of Thy love,—  
Thy love, which can all guilt, all pain remove;  
Nigh to our souls Thy great salvation bring,  
Then sickness hath no pang, and death no sting.

We hail this pledge in all Thy deeds of grace:  
As once disease and sorrow fled Thy Face;  
So, when that Face again unveiled we see,  
Sickness and tears and death no more shall be.

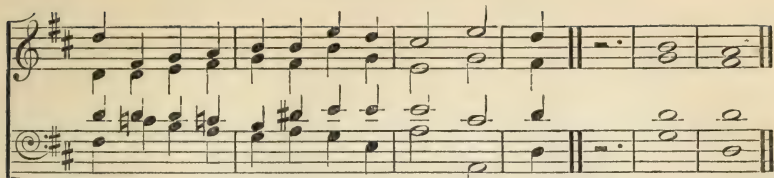
Then grant us strength to pray "Thy kingdom come,"  
When we shall know Thee in Thy FATHER's home,  
And at Thy great Epiphany adore  
The Co-eternal GODHEAD evermore. Amen.

186

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, Mus.D.



# THE EPIPHANY.



*The kingdom of heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field.*

*f* Nor by Thy mighty Hand,  
Thy wondrous works alone,  
But by the marvels of Thy Word,  
Thy glory, LORD, is known.

Forth from the eternal gates,  
Thine everlasting home,  
To sow the seed of truth below,  
Thou didst vouchsafe to come.

*mf* And still from age to age  
Thou, gracious LORD, hast been  
The Bearer forth of goodly seed,  
The Sower still unseen.

And Thou wilt come again,  
And heaven beneath Thee bow,  
To reap the harvest Thou hast sown,  
Sower and Reaper Thou.

*p* Watch, LORD, Thy harvest-field  
With Thine unsleeping eye;  
The children of the kingdom keep  
To Thy Epiphany;

That, when in Thy great day  
The tares shall severed be,  
We may be gathered in Thy barn  
With all Thy saints to Thee.

*f* All praise to Thee, O LORD,  
Now by Thy word made known,  
All praise to Thee, to be revealed  
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

187

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, Mus.D.



*So shall also the coming of the Son of Man be.*

THE SON of Man shall come  
With angel-hosts around,  
'Mid darkening sun and falling stars,  
And trumpet's startling sound.

Awake, ye slumbering souls,  
It is no time for rest;  
He comes, as comes the lightning flash,  
Shining from east to west.

Thy servants, LORD, prepare  
For that tremendous day;  
Fill every heart with watchful care,  
And stir us up to pray.

Help us to wait the hour,  
In toil and holy fear,  
When manifested with Thy saints  
Thou shalt again appear.

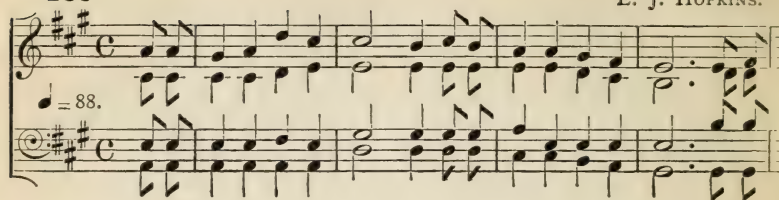
Then, when the wailing earth  
Thy sign in heaven shall see,  
Thou shalt send forth Thy angel-band  
To gather us to Thee.

All praise to Thee, of old  
By signs and wonders known,  
All praise to Thee, to be revealed  
Upon the judgment throne. Amen.

# THE WEEK BEFORE SEPTUAGESIMA.

188

E. J. HOPKINS.



*I heard a great voice of much people in heaven, saying, Alleluia.*

*f* ALLELUIA, song of sweetness,  
Voice of joy, eternal lay;  
ALLELUIA is the anthem  
Of the choirs in heavenly day;  
Which the angels sing, abiding  
In the house of God alway,

ALLELUIA thou resoundest,  
Salem, Mother of the blest;  
ALLELUIAS without ending  
Fit yon place of gladsome rest;  
*mf* Exiles we by Babel's waters  
Sit in bondage, sore distressed.

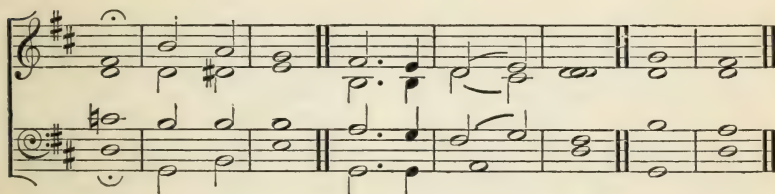
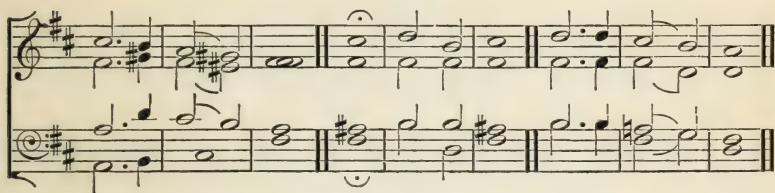
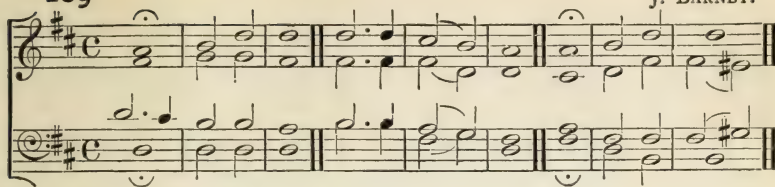
ALLELUIA we deserve not  
Here to chant for evermore;  
ALLELUIA our transgressions  
Make us for awhile give o'er;  
For the holy time is coming,  
Bidding us our sins deplore.

*p* TRINITY of endless glory,  
Hear Thy people as they cry;  
Grant us all to keep Thine Easter  
In our Home beyond the sky;  
There to Thee our ALLELUIA  
Singing everlastingly. Amen.



189

J. BARNBY.

*Alleluia; for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth.*

*f* IN sweet consent let all the|anthen  
sing, Alleluia;  
Come, all earth's peoples, praise the  
E|ternal KING : Alleluia.  
*ff* Shout, choirs of angels, shout through-|  
out the sky, Alleluia;  
*mf* And, ye blest souls in Para|dise, reply,  
*ff* Alleluia.

Join, ye bright planets, as ye|shine, a  
loud Alleluia;  
Join too ye thunder, lightning, |wind,  
and cloud, Alleluia.  
*mf* Sing, groves and forests, flood, wave, |  
storm and snow, Alleluia;  
Answer bright days, hoar frost, and |  
summer glow, Alleluia.

Raise to your MAKER, birds with |plu-  
mage gay, Alleluia;  
Ye beasts of earth, with varying |voices,  
say, Alleluia.  
*ff* Here let the mountains thunder |forth  
amain, Alleluia;  
*mf* There let the valleys sing in |gentler  
strain, Alleluia.

*f* Thou jubilant abyss of|ocean, cry  
Alleluia;  
Ye tracts of earth and conti|nents,  
reply, Alleluia.  
Let the whole race of man the|strain  
upraise, Alleluia;  
And hymn their MAKER in loud|bursts  
of praise : Alleluia.

*mf* This is the strain the LORD of|all things  
loves, Alleluia;  
The heavenly song that CHRIST Him-|  
self approves : Alleluia.  
Wherefore in song let heart and |tongue  
awake, Alleluia;  
And children's voices echoing|answer  
make, Alleluia.

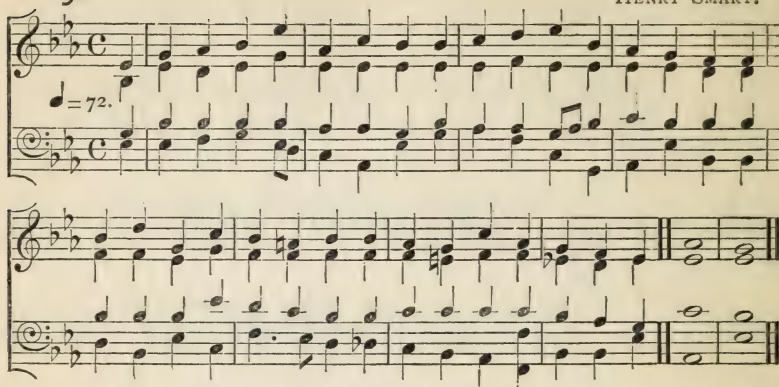
*ff* With one glad shout from all be|now  
out-poured Alleluia,  
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, |GOD,  
and LORD, Alleluia.  
All glory, praise, and worship |be to  
Thee, Alleluia,  
LORD GOD Omnipotent, Blest |  
TRINITY, Alleluia. Amen.

# SEPTUAGESIMA.

MORNING.

190

HENRY SMART.



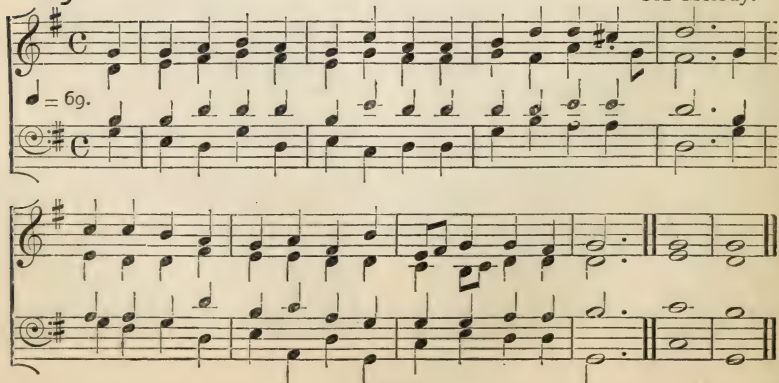
*Behold, I create new heavens and a new earth.*

<p><i>f</i> O LORD, Who art enthroned on high, Complete in bliss and majesty, All heaven with Thy perfection glows; No want Thine awful fulness knows. Yet, from Thy secret throne of light Thou camest forth with word of might; And, Thy great glory to display, Didst earth above the waters lay. The elements, before unmade, Are now in beauteous order laid; And all to Thee, their Maker, raise In sweet consent their song of praise.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> But e'en while thus the world came In all the freshness of its birth, [forth Another and a nobler world Its beauties to Thine eye unfurled. The WORD Himself shall forth proceed And scatter wide the living seed; And make, of every tongue and race, A new creation by His grace. And this His Church, for which He died, Washed in His Blood and sanctified, Shall stand in heaven, a blest abode Meet dwelling-place for Thee, O God.</p>
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*p* O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Preserve, and guide Thy Church in love,  
And fit it for its home above. Amen.

191

Old Melody.



# SEPTUAGESIMA.

*So run, that ye may obtain.*

*mf* CREATOR of the world, do Thou  
In all our works be near;  
That our pure lives may worthier prove  
The Name of CHRIST to bear.

Thou, only mighty, only good,  
Art to Thyself the way;  
Thou only, Who hast given the law,  
Canst help us to obey.

*p* Through all the perils of the road,  
Thy wearied saints defend;  
That we, with surer steps, may press  
Right onward to the end.  
O home of bliss, where true repose  
And peace for ever dwell;  
Where Thou to Thine dost give to drink  
From life's unfailing well.

*pp* For Thee, Good LORD, the heart doth pant,  
For Thee the spirit sighs;  
Grant unto all Thy grace hath saved  
To win the eternal prize. Amen.

192 HENRY SMART.

*O Lord, be gracious unto us: we have waited for Thee: be Thou their arm every morning, our salvation also in the time of trouble.*

*p* LORD, while Thy chastening arrows fall  
On every side,  
To whom for shelter shall we call?  
Where but in Thee for safety hide?

*mf* The busy world with all her skill  
No succour brings;  
Her remedies foment the ill,  
And aggravate the secret stings.  
Thy chastening scourges, which we  
Make hope arise; [fear,  
The ills our FATHER bids us bear  
Are of our wounds the remedies.

Curb Thou the lusts that in us swell,  
And fiercely rage;  
Those storms of sin that with us dwell,  
O CHRIST, Thou only canst assuage.

Why tarriest Thou? without—within—  
Sin makes fierce war,  
To slay the souls Thy Blood did win;  
Shall our great foe Thy conquest mar?

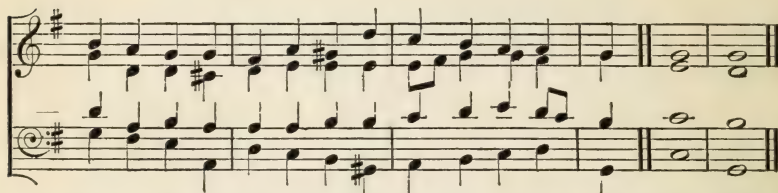
Thou hearest prayer from hearts that  
Hope waxes strong; [grieve  
Thy Death, O JESU, can relieve  
The fears that on our deathbeds throng.

*f* All praise to GOD above the sky,  
Who all doth prove,  
And those most dear with chastening try,  
But in His wrath remembers love. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

193

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*The creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.*

*f* O FATHER, Who this earth hast  
given

To us, our dwelling-place to be ;  
Bind all within its one wide bound  
In one true bond of charity.

*mf* We wander in sad exile here ;  
But Thou to Thy blest home above  
Wilt gather those who, worthy Thee  
Their FATHER, live in holy love.

Thou drivest far from Thee, from joy,  
From Thy bright palace-hall of light,  
Unloving ones, who brethren hurt  
With deeds of ill, or words of spite.

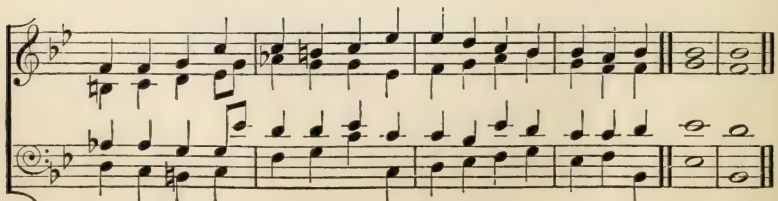
E'en earth itself in agony  
These wicked on her breast sustains ;  
And groans in anguish to be freed  
From man's foul work, corruption's  
chains.

Yea, we too groan within ourselves ;  
Thy sons their full adoption wait,  
For which the HOLY SPIRIT'S seal  
Did us, as sons, predestinate.

*f* All praise to Thee, Blest TRINITY,  
On earth below, in heaven above ;  
By Whom is poured on lowly hearts  
A ruling power, fraternal love. Amen.

194

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.





# SEPTUAGESIMA.

*The kingdom of Heaven is not meat and drink ; but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.*

**f** O PRAISE the LORD, the KING of kings,  
From Whom eternal mercy springs ;  
Thank Him Whose heavenly Name  
is love, [move,

Who feeds all tribes that live and  
**mf** Thank Him, Whose love to men has  
given [heaven ;  
Food for their souls,—a food from  
On every word of God they live,  
And vigour from the Faith receive.

From JESUS' Blood that Faith had  
birth, [earth ;  
And then went forth through all the  
And with a force divine hath won  
The nations to obey the SON.

In holy hearts its gladsome ray  
To highest heaven reveals the way ;  
And stirs the soul to make its own,  
By worthy deeds, the deathless crown.

By this, the saints have lions quelled,  
And tyrant's angry threats repelled ;  
By this, the blazing funeral pile  
Have martyrs welcomed with a smile.

**p** Grant, LORD, that we the path may  
tread, [shed,  
On which the Faith its light hath  
And fruits of love may gather here,  
Our heavenward pilgrimage to cheer.

**f** All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore,  
One GOD and LORD, for evermore. Amen.

## EVENING.

I95

German,



*How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land ?*

**f** CREATOR of the earth, to Thee  
Alone eternal rest belongs ;  
And angel-choirs alone are free  
To sing eternal festal songs.

**mf** But we, the fall'n and sinful, here  
Are doomed to sorrow, toil, and pain :  
How then can we in exile drear [strain ?  
Sing songs of home, the heavenly

**p** FATHER, Whose promise binds Thee still  
To set Thy captive children free,  
Grant us to mourn the deeds of ill  
That banish us so far from Thee.

Yet grant us faith and hope to rest  
Upon Thy tender love and care,  
Till Thou restore us, with the blest,  
Thy rest, those joyous songs, to share.

**f** To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

196

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

*But now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*

*mf* How blest were they who walked in  
love  
With CHRIST, while yet He dwelt above,  
First children of almighty grace,  
Forefathers of the faithful race.

O who can tell as should be told  
The Faith that filled those saints of old?  
Or reckon all the longing sighs  
Of Hope they wafted to the skies?

As exiles, strangers upon earth,  
They deemed its pomp of little worth;  
On heaven's pure joy they fixed their  
Love,  
And sought the promised bliss above.

*p* The heart, O God, that loves Thee well,  
Still longs with Thee in heaven to dwell;  
O grant that we, with all their love,  
May seek our own true home above.

*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee;  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

197

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

# SEPTUAGESIMA.

*And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three : but the greatest of these is charity.*

*mf* LORD of the hearts of men,  
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,  
From age to age, Thy chosen saints  
With fruits of holiness.

Here Faith and Hope and Love  
Reign in sweet bond allied;  
There, when this little day is o'er,  
Shall Love alone abide.

*p* O Love, O Truth, O Light!  
Light never to decay!  
O rest from thousand labours past!  
O endless Sabbath-day!

*mf* Here, bearing the good seed,  
'Mid cares and tears we come;  
There, with rejoicing hearts, we bear  
Our harvest-burdens home.

*p* O give us, mighty LORD,  
The fruits Thyself dost love;  
Soon shalt Thou from Thy judgment-  
Crown Thine own gifts above. [seat

*f* From all the heavenly host,  
And all on earth below,  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Let endless praises flow. Amen.

198

Old Melody.



*God hath given us everlasting consolation and good hope through grace.*

*mf* WHEN earth's fierce tempest o'er us  
Our hope is in the skies; [rolls,  
To Thee, O GOD, we lift our souls,  
And heave our frequent sighs.

Thou dost a FATHER's aid afford,  
Before the prayer is made;  
In all our weakness, gracious LORD,  
Thy strength is full displayed.

The sufferings that our souls oppress,  
Thy mightier Hand shall cure;  
And Thine avenging Arm redress  
The wrongs we now endure.

Oh, then, what full success shall smile  
On all our labours past!  
Who would not gladly weep awhile  
To reap such joys at last?

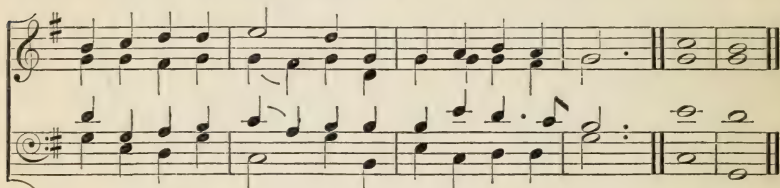
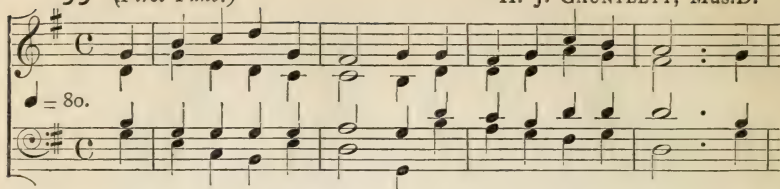
*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The Majesty of Heaven,  
All glory by the angel-host,  
And saints on earth be given. Amen.

## SEPTUAGESIMA.

ANY HOUR.

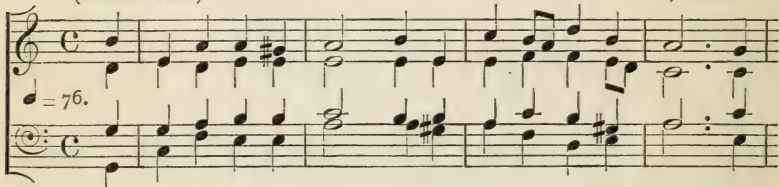
199 (First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



(Second Tune)

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.

*Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come.*

*mf* BRIEF life is here our portion,  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution!  
Short toil, eternal rest;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest!

That we should look, poor exiles,  
To have our home on high!  
And sinners seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky!

And yet with faith we venture  
And hope upon our way;  
For that eternal mansion  
We labour night and day.

And now we fight the battle:  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown:

And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Sion, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope:

But He Whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known;  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

Yes, God, our King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.

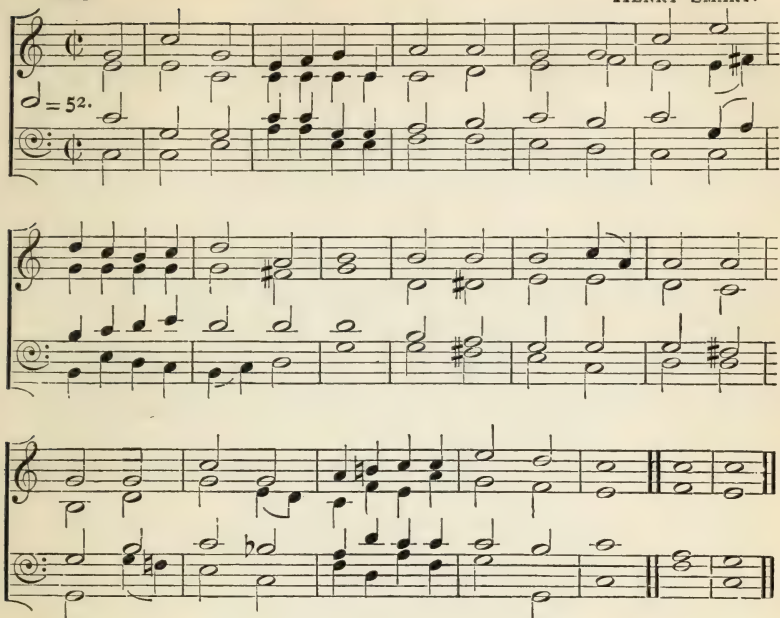
*p* O sweet and blessed country,  
The home of God's elect!  
O sweet and blessed country,  
That eager hearts expect!

*pp* JESU, in mercy bring us  
To that dear land of rest;  
Who art with GOD the FATHER  
And SPIRIT ever blest. Amen.



200

HENRY SMART.

*Who remembered us when we were in trouble.*

*mf* THE bygone days in Time's dark ocean sleep;  
 We live again the hallowed days we keep:  
     Make this solemn time thine own,  
 And seek, with chastened heart and voice, God's throne.

*p* The strain of deep confession, sad and low,  
 Our Judge will hear with pity for our woe!  
     Can He turn away His face  
 From those He wills to seek His pardoning grace?

*mf* No! let us fly this land of exile drear,  
 With freemen fly, to dwell with CHRIST more near!  
     Does not this their price enhance  
 That bondsmen share their LORD'S inheritance?

And Pharaoh's iron bondage we have felt,  
 And long by Babel's streams in exile dwelt:  
     Freemen now, for home we yearn,  
 And, freely ransomed, freely heavenwards turn.

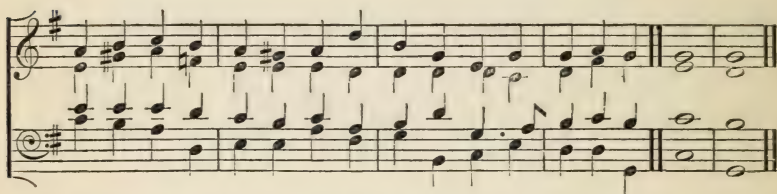
*p* Thou, CHRIST, our guide through life's wild desert be;  
 Forget not, of Thy hand the sheep are we:  
     Shepherd Thou for us wert made,  
 And for our forfeit lives Thine own hast paid.

*f* The FATHER praise, for this great work begun;  
 Like praise to Him, the Finisher, the SON;  
     Praise to Thee, O HOLY GHOST!  
 All praise to GOD from earth and heaven's high host. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

201

J. BARNEY.



*The God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope, through the power of the Holy Ghost.*

*f* ALL praise to Him Who built the hills;  
All praise to Him the streams Who fills;  
All praise to Him Who lights each star  
That sparkles in the blue afar.

All praise to Him Who makes the morn,  
And bids it glow with beams new-born;  
Who draws the shadows of the night,  
Like curtains, o'er our wearied sight.

*mf* All praise to Him Whose love hath given,  
In CHRIST His SON, the Life of heaven;  
Who gives us for our darkness light,  
And turns to day our deepest night.

All praise to Him in love Who came,  
To bear our woe, and sin, and shame;  
Who lived to die, Who died to rise,  
The all-prevailing Sacrifice.

*f* All praise to Him the chain Who broke,  
The prison opened, burst the yoke,  
Led forth its captives, glad and free,  
The heirs of endless liberty.

*p* All praise to Him Who sheds abroad  
Within our hearts the love of GOD;  
The SPIRIT of all truth and peace,  
The Fount of joy and holiness.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT now  
Our hands we lift, our knees we bow:  
To Thee, Blest TRINITY, we raise,  
E'en here, in exile, songs of praise. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

202

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.

*Watch and pray.*

*mf* CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose,  
Cast thy dreams of ease away;  
Thou art in the midst of foes:  
Watch and pray.

Principalities and powers,  
Mustering their unseen array,  
Wait for thine unguarded hours  
Watch and pray.

Gird thy heavenly armour on,  
Wear it ever night and day;  
Ambushed lies the evil one:  
Watch and pray.

Hear the victors who o'ercame;  
Still they mark each warrior's way;  
All with warning voice exclaim,—  
Watch and pray.

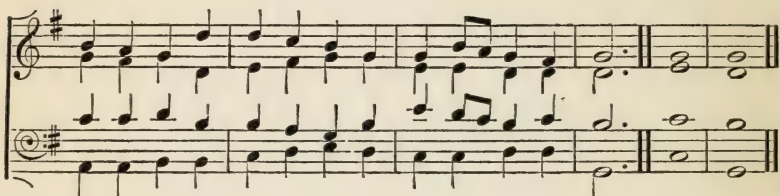
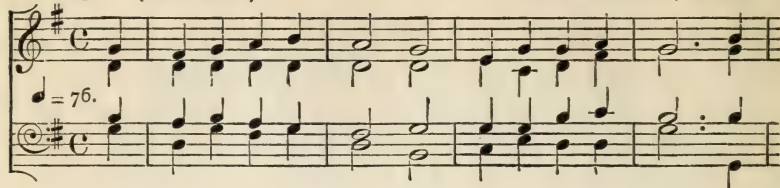
*f* Hear, above all, hear thy Lord;  
Him thou lovest to obey;  
Hide within thy heart His word,—  
Watch and pray.

Watch, as if on that alone  
Hung the issue of the day;  
Pray that help may be sent down:  
Watch and pray.  
Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

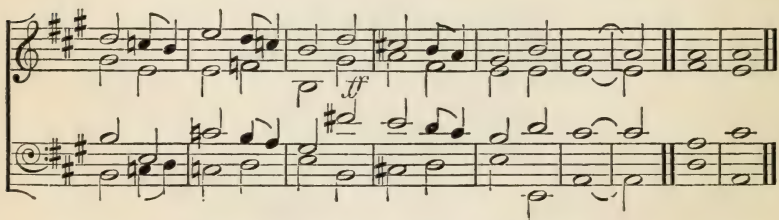
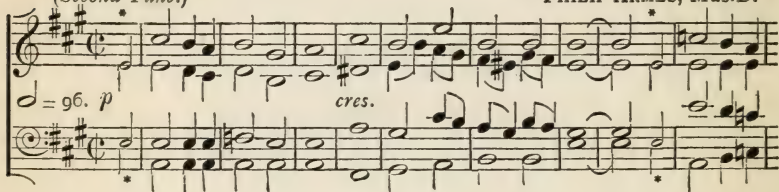
203 (First Tune.)

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.



*When shall I come to appear before the Presence of God?*

FAR from our heavenly home,  
Far from our FATHER'S breast,  
Fainting we cry, Blest SPIRIT, come,  
And speed us to our rest.

- \* Our spirits homeward turn,  
And fain would thither flee;
- \* Our hearts, O Sion, droop and yearn,  
When we remember Thee.

\* To Thee, to Thee we press;  
A dark and toilsome road;  
When shall we pass this wilderness,  
And reach the saints' abode?

- God of our life, be near;  
On Thee our hope we cast:
- \* O guide us through the desert here,  
And bring us home at last.

\* To GOD the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, glory be:

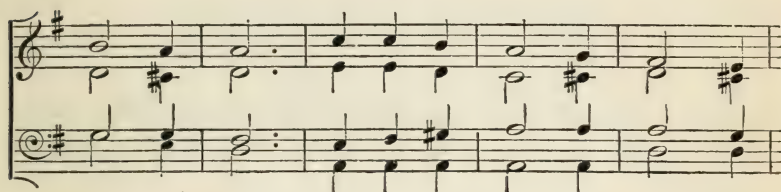
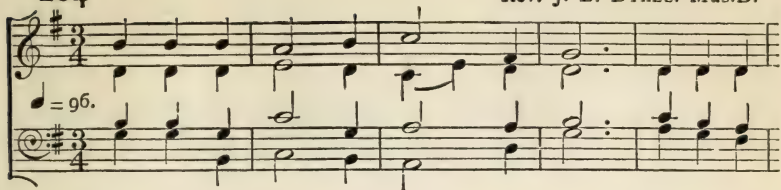
\* As 'twas, and is, and shall be so  
To all eternity. Amen.

• To be sung *only* to the lines marked \*



204

Rev. J. B. DYKES. Mus.D.



*He knoweth the way that I take.*

*p* FATHER of love, our Guide and Friend,  
O lead us gently on,  
Until life's trial-time shall end,  
And heavenly peace be won.

*mf* We know not what the path may be,  
As yet by us untrod;  
But we can trust our all to Thee,  
Our FATHER and our GOD.

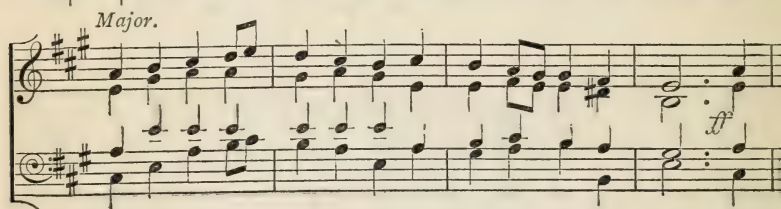
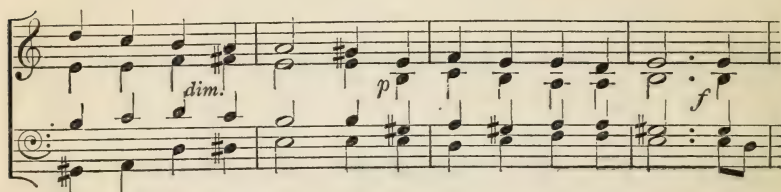
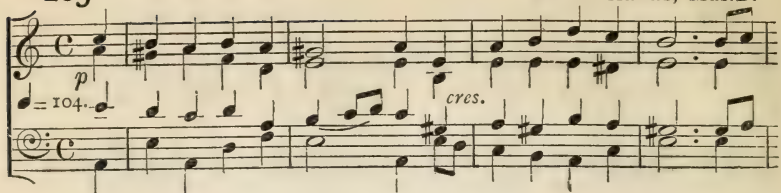
But if some darker lot be good,  
O teach us to endure  
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,  
That makes the spirit pure.

CHRIST by no flowery pathway came,  
And we, His servants here,  
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name,  
In hope, and love, and fear.

And till in heaven we sinless bow,  
And faultless anthems raise,  
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, now  
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

205

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.



*O send out Thy light and Thy truth, that they may lead me: and bring me to Thy holy hill, and to Thy dwelling.*

In exile here we wander,  
In heaven is our abode,—  
The city of the angels,  
The city of our God.

And here we toil, and strive, and fight,  
With sin and woe oppress;  
There God will give the sons of light  
Eternal joy and rest.

Through many sore temptations,  
By many sorrows torn,  
We strive to win the glory;  
Our many falls we mourn.  
But faith holds out the vision bright  
Of our eternal home;  
And hope assures that realm of light,  
When we have overcome.

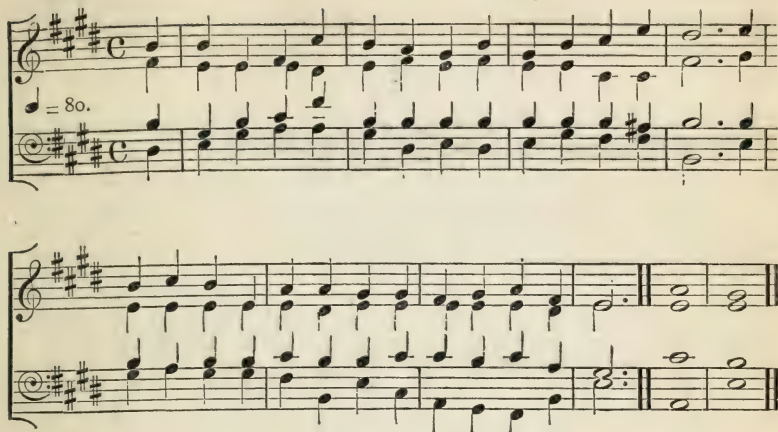
JESU, our Joy and Gladness,  
To Thee for aid we flee;  
Give tears of true contrition;  
Our souls from guilt set free:—  
And we shall see that gladsome day,  
Where, bathed in joy divine,  
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,  
We shall for ever shine.

There we, as children dwelling,  
Who here as exiles groan,  
God's praises shall be telling  
Before His glorious throne;  
There in our endless home shall rest  
From strife and sorrow free,  
And join the anthem of the blest  
For ever, LORD, to Thee. Amen.

SEPTUAGESIMA.

206

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound.*

*f* O JESU, our Belovèd KING,  
To Thee our thanks we raise,  
Who by Thy Cross hast merited  
For us celestial grace.

*mf* In Adam, in God's Image made,  
With God at one to dwell;  
In Adam, fallen into sin,  
The heirs of death and hell;

That grace to which our native strength  
Could never have attained,  
That grace, O our Incarnate God,  
In Thee we have regained.

O gift of love, O gift immense,  
Surpassing nature's Law !  
What strength to will and to perform  
From this pure fount we draw.

By this, how many acts which else  
Had worthless been and vain,  
Accepted in Thy merits, LORD,  
A prize eternal gain !

By this, to us is opened wide,  
Through death's inviting door,  
A nobler realm, a brighter crown,  
Than Adam lost of yore.

O JESU, on Whose grace alone  
We by Thy grace depend;  
Grant us the grace to persevere  
In grace unto the end. Amen.

207

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.

*We groan within ourselves, waiting for the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body.*

*mf* THE Church has waited long  
Her absent LORD to see;  
And still in loneliness she waits;—  
A friendless stranger she.  
Age after age has gone,  
Sun after sun has set,  
And still in weeds of widowhood  
She weeps a mourner yet.  
Come, then, LORD JESUS, come!  
Saint after saint on earth  
Has lived, and loved, and died;  
And as they left us one by one,  
We laid them side by side;  
We laid them down to sleep,  
But not in hope forlorn;  
We laid them but to ripen there,  
Until the glorious morn.  
Come, then, LORD JESUS, come!

We long to hear Thy Voice,  
To see Thee face to face,  
To share Thy crown and glory then,  
As now we share Thy grace.  
Should not the loving Bride  
The absent Bridegroom mourn?  
Should she not wear the weeds of grief  
Until her LORD return?  
Come, then, LORD JESUS, come!  
The whole creation groans,  
And waits to hear that Voice,  
That shall restore her comeliness,  
And make her wastes rejoice.  
Come, LORD, and wipe away  
The curse, the sin, the stain;  
And make this blighted world of ours  
Thine own fair world again.  
Come then, LORD JESUS, come  
Amen.

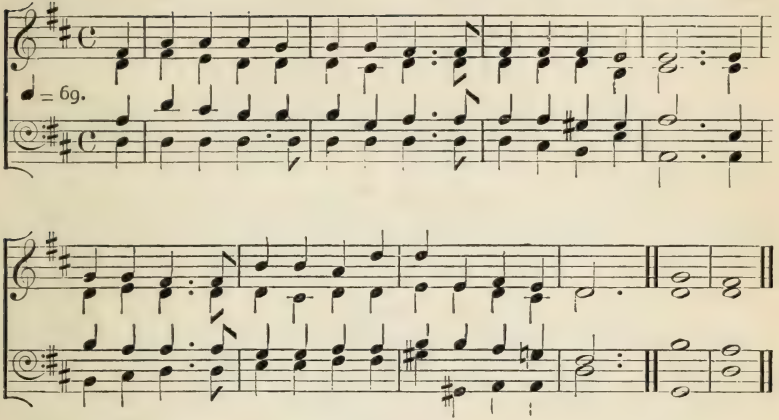


# LENT.

## MORNING.

208

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Render your heart and not your garments, and turn unto the Lord your God.*

*p* THE solemn season calls us now  
A holy fast to keep;  
To crowd within the temple walls,  
Lament, and pray, and weep.

*mf* And yet, O GOD, no plaintive sobs  
From Thee can pardon win,  
Unless the heart be moved with grief,  
And penitent for sin.

With Thee avail not smitten breast,  
Sad face, and garments rent,  
Unless the contrite soul be sad,  
And all its guilt lament.

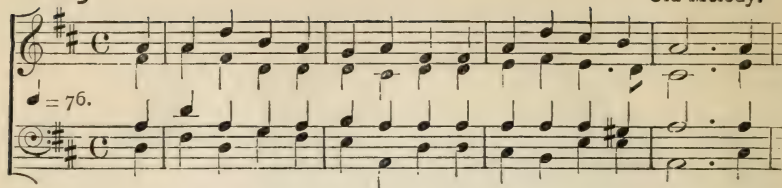
*p* With tears that speak a mourning heart,  
We Thee entreat, O GOD,  
From us Thine anger turn away,  
And stay the avenging rod.

Thou art a righteous Judge; O deign  
To spare the bruised reed:  
We pray for time to turn again,  
For grace to turn indeed.

*mf* Blest TRINITY in UNITY,  
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,  
To gather from these fasts below  
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

209

Old Melody.



*Turn Thou me, and I shall be turned.*

*f* THE darkness flies, and joyful earth  
Welcomes the new-born day:

*mf* JESU, true Sun of human souls,  
Shed in our souls Thy ray.

Thou, Who dost give the accepted time,  
Give tears from streaming eyes;  
Give flames of love to burn our hearts  
To Thee in sacrifice.

That fountain, whence our sins have  
Shall soon in tears distil, [flowed,  
If but Thy penitential grace  
Subdue the stubborn will.

*f* Lo, day returns, Thine own blest day,  
All things to joy awake:  
Oh, may we, to Thy love restored,  
In nature's joy partake.

*p* Eternal TRINITY, to Thee

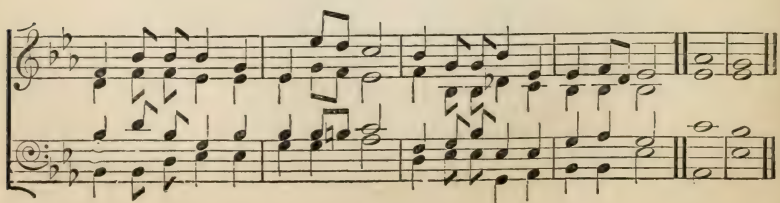
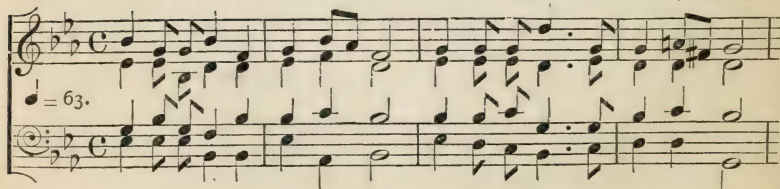
Let all in homage bend;

*f* While evermore from souls renewed

New hymns of praise ascend. Amen.

210

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



# LENT.

*Turn ye even to Me with all your heart, and with fasting, and with weeping, and with mourning.*

*mf* JESU, with fast for sinful man  
Thy holy course on earth began ;  
Thou, souls to save, that else had died,  
For us this fast hast sanctified :

That so to Paradise once more  
Might holy discipline restore  
Thy creatures, who had lost its light  
Through crafty wiles of appetite.

*p* Be present now, be present here,  
To mark Thy Church's falling tear ;  
Accept the grief that fills her eyes,  
In mourning her iniquities.

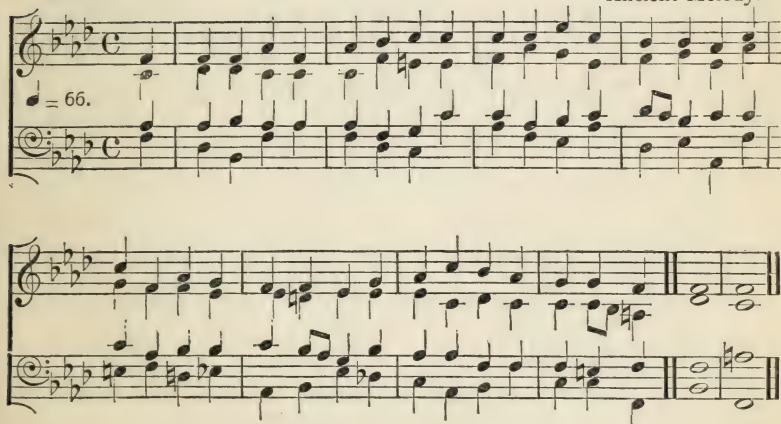
O grant the pardon Thou hast won  
For all the sins that we have done ;  
And let Thy mercy guard us still  
From crimes that threaten future ill :

*mf* That by the fast we offer here,  
Our annual sacrifice sincere,  
We may with reverent love prepare  
Thy Paschal joys at last to share.

O FATHER, that we ask be done [SON :  
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

211

Ancient Melody.



*We then, as workers together with Him, beseech you also that ye receive not the grace of God in vain. For He saith, I have heard thee in a time accepted, and in the day of salvation have I succoured thee.*

*p* O LOVING Maker of mankind,  
Before Thy throne we pray and weep ;  
Enable us with grace divine  
This sacred Lent aright to keep.

Kind Searcher of the heart, Who dost  
Discern our ills, our weakness know :  
Again to Thee with tears we turn ;  
Again to us Thy mercy show.

Our sin is great ; we own our shame ;  
But spare us who our faults deplore :  
And, for the glory of Thy Name,  
Our fainting souls to health restore :

And grant us, while by fasts we strive,  
This mortal body to control,  
To fast from all the food of sin,  
And so to purify the soul.

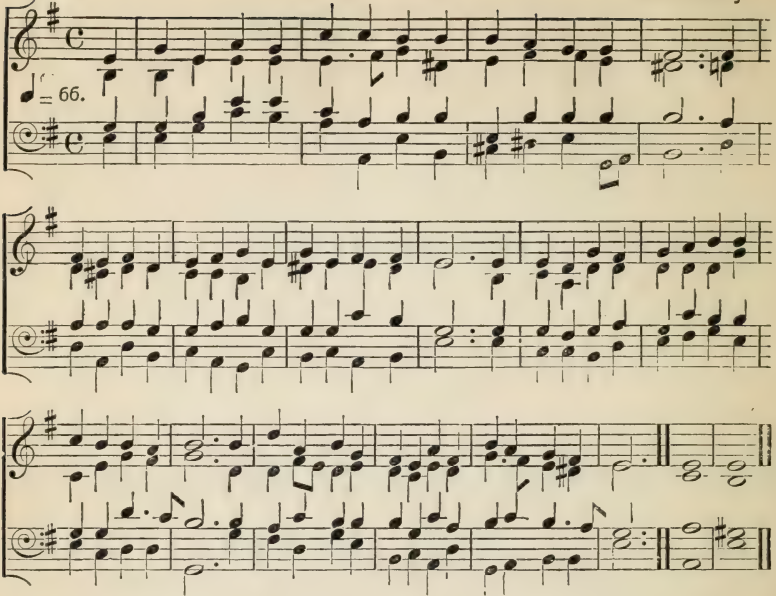
Hear us, O TRINITY thrice Blest ;  
Sole UNITY, to Thee we cry ;  
Vouchsafe us from these fasts below  
To reap immortal fruit on high. Amen.

LENT.

212

EVENING.

Old Melody.



*They fasted on that day, and said there, We have sinned against the Lord.*

*mf* BY precepts taught in ages past,  
Again the fast we greet;  
Which in its solemn circle moves  
Of forty days complete;  
That fast, by Law and Seers foretold,  
By JESUS sanctified,—  
JESUS, of seasons and of times  
The Maker, Lord, and Guide.

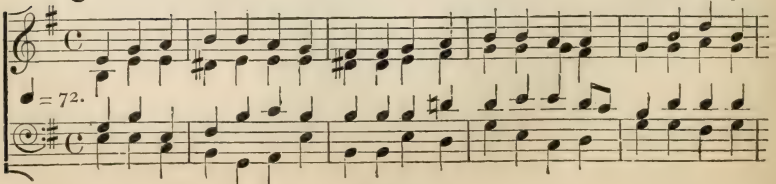
Henceforth more sparing let us be  
Of food, of words, of sleep;  
Henceforth beneath a stricter guard  
The roving senses keep.  
On bended knee, before the Judge,  
For mercy let us pray;  
And cry, in tears, with contrite voice,  
“Oh, turn Thy wrath away.”

O LORD, our sins are manifold,  
We sin each day we live;  
Yet pour Thy pity from on high;  
O pardoning Love, forgive.  
Remember that we still are Thine,  
Though of a fallen frame;  
And take not from us in Thy wrath  
The glory of Thy Name.

*mf* Our sins undo; and grant to us  
More grace to do aright;  
That we may now and ever find  
Acceptance in Thy sight.  
Blest TRINITY in UNITY,  
Vouchsafe us, in Thy love,  
To gather from our fasts below  
Immortal fruit above. Amen.

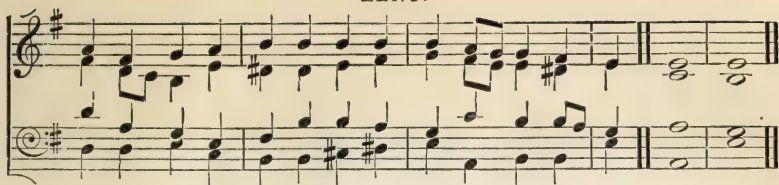
213

Old Melody.





LENT.



*Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation.*

*mf* Lo, now is our accepted day,  
The balm to purge our sins away,  
Whate'er in thought, in deed, in word,  
We have transgressed against the LORD.  
He, of His boundless love and grace,  
For penitence accords us space;  
Nor scans us with too searching eyes,  
Nor lets His full displeasure rise.

*p* Then let us now with earnest care,  
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,  
And works of mercy and of love,  
Entreat for pardon from above;  
That, cleansed from every sinful stair,  
And stablished in His strength again,  
We may with angels see His Face  
For ever in His Holy Place.

*mf* O FATHER, that we ask be done,  
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine Only SON;  
Who, with the HOLY GHOST and Thee,  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

214

German.



*I am the Light of the world.*

*f* O CHRIST, Thou art the Light and Day,  
Thy brightness drives night's shades  
away;  
Thee Very LIGHT of LIGHT we own,  
Who o'er the world blest light hast  
thrown.

And when our eyes sweet sleep shall  
take,  
Keep Thou our souls to Thee awake;  
Let Thy Right Hand be held above  
Thy servants resting in Thy love.

*mf* All-holy LORD, be Thou our might,  
And guard us through the coming night,  
With quiet blest, from perils free,  
And safely laid to rest in Thee.

*mf* Be Thou our Shield; behold from high;  
Bid all the powers of darkness fly;  
Thy servants guard and guide in good,  
The purchase of Thy precious Blood.

*p* O let not death invade our rest:  
Nor wily foe our souls molest;  
Nor yielding flesh consent within,  
And make us in Thy Presence sin.

Be mindful of us, LORD, we pray,  
Whilst in this mortal flesh we stay;  
Thou only canst the soul defend,  
Be present with us to the end.

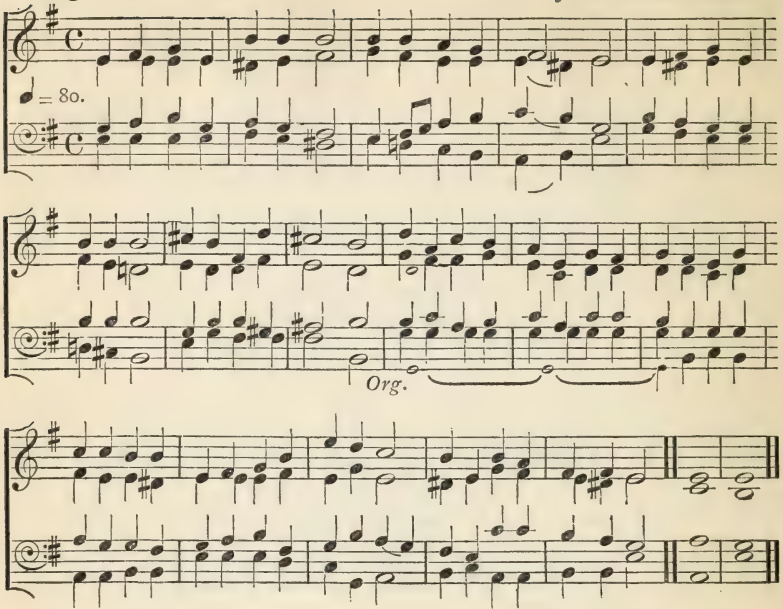
Blest TRINITY in UNITY,  
Almighty GOD, we pray to Thee,  
That this our fast of forty days  
May work our profit and Thy praise. Amen.

# LENT.

ANY HOUR.

215

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN



*In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, even the forgiveness of sins.*

*mf* JESU, Name all names above,  
 JESU, best and dearest,  
 JESU, Fount of perfect love,  
 Holiest, tenderest, nearest;  
 JESU, Source of grace completest,  
 JESU purest, JESU sweetest,  
 JESU, Well of power divine,  
 Make me, keep me, seal me Thine.

JESU, open me the gate  
 Which the sinner entered,  
 Who, in his last dying state,  
 Wholly on Thee ventured; [ing,  
 Thou, Whose Wounds are ever plead-  
 And Thy Passion interceding,  
 From my misery let me rise  
 To a home in Paradise.

Thou didst call the Prodigal:  
 Thou didst pardon Mary:  
 Thou, Whose words can never fall,  
 Love can never vary;  
 LORD, to heal my lost condition [tion;  
 Give,—for Thou canst give,—contri-  
 Thou canst pardon all my ill  
 If Thou wilt: O say "I will!"

Woe, that I have turned aside  
 After fleshly pleasure!  
 Woe that I have faintly tried  
 For the heavenly treasure!  
 Treasure, safe in home supernal,  
 Incorruptible, eternal:  
 Treasure no less price hath won  
 Than the Passion of the SON.

*p* JESU, crowned with thorns for me,  
 Scourged for my transgression,  
 Witnessing, in agony,  
 That Thy good confession;  
 JESU, clad in purple raiment,  
 For my evil making payment,  
 Let not all Thy woe and pain,  
 Let not Calvary, be in vain.

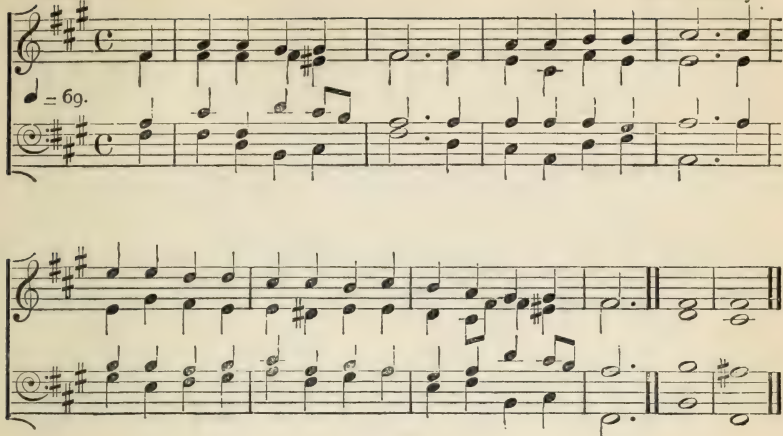
When I cross Death's bitter sea,  
 And its waves roll higher,  
 Help the more forsaking me  
 As the storm draws nigher.

*cres.* JESU, leave me not to languish,  
 Helpless, hopeless, full of anguish;  
*f* Tell me, "Verily, I say,  
 "Thou shalt be with Me to-day."  
 Amen.

LENT.

216

Old Melody.



*Who is a God like unto Thee, that pardoneth iniquity.*

*mf* AND wilt Thou hear, O LORD,  
Thy suppliant people's cry ?  
And pardon, though Thy book record  
Our crimes of crimson dye ?

So deep are they engraved,—  
So terrible their fear :  
*mf* The righteous scarcely shall be saved  
And where shall we appear ?

Let us make all things known  
To Him, Who all things sees :  
That so His Blood may yet atone  
For our iniquities.

*p* O Thou, Physician blest,  
Make clean the guilty soul ;  
And us, by many a sin oppressed,  
Restore, and keep us whole !

*mf* We know not how to praise  
Thy mercy and Thy love :  
But deign Thy servants to upraise,  
And we shall learn above. Amen.

LENT.

217

JNO. NAYLOR, Mus.D.

*God be merciful to me a sinner.*

THE deep of many a former sin  
Encloses us, and bars us in ;  
Like billows our transgression rolls :  
Be Thou the Pilot of our souls,  
And to salvation's harbour bring  
Our sinking souls, our GOD and KING.  
Our FATHER'S heritage abused,  
Wasted by lust, by sin misused ;  
To shame, and want, and misery  
brought,  
The slaves to many a wicked thought,  
We cry to Thee, Who lovest men,  
O pity and receive again.

In hunger now, no more possessed  
Of that our portion bright and blest,  
The exiles and the aliens see  
Who yet would fain return to Thee ;  
And save us, LORD, Who seek to raise  
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise.  
With that blest thief our prayer we  
make,  
Remember for Thy mercy's sake ;  
With that poor publican we cry,  
*Be merciful*, O God most High ;  
With that lost prodigal we fain  
Back to our home would turn again.

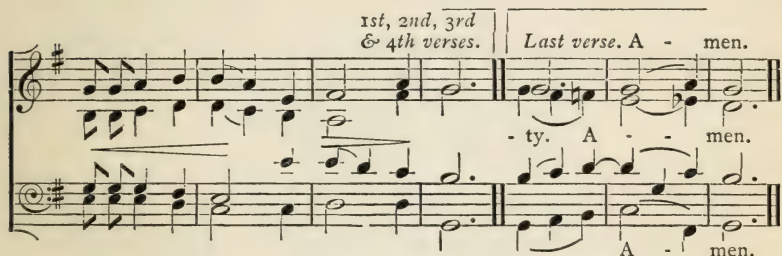
O CHRIST, with tears and earnest care,  
We raise to Thee the contrite prayer ;  
O Thou, Who freely wast made poor,  
Our sorrows and our sins to cure,  
Us, poor of all good works embrace,  
Enriching with Thy boundless grace. Amen.

218

E. H. THORNE.



LENT.



*I said I will confess my sins unto the Lord; and so Thou forgavest the wickedness of my sin.*

*mf* WHENCE shall our tears begin?  
What first-fruits shall we bear  
Of earnest sorrow for our sin?  
Or how our woes declare?

*p* O Thou, the Merciful and Gracious  
One, [done]  
Forgive the foul transgressions we have

*mf* If Adam's righteous doom,—  
Because he dared transgress  
Thy one command,—lost Eden's  
bloom

And Eden's loveliness;  
*p* What recompense, O LORD, must we  
expect, [neglect?]  
Who all our life Thy quickening laws

*mf* Our guilt for vengeance cries;  
But yet Thou pardonest all,  
And whom Thou lovest dost  
chastise,

And mourn'st o'er them that fall:  
Thou, as a FATHER, mark'st our tears  
of pain,  
And welcomest the Prodigal again.

*p* We lie before Thy door,  
O turn us not away;  
Nor in our old age give us o'er  
To Satan for a prey;  
But ere the end of life and term of  
grace,  
Thou, Merciful, our many sins efface.

Thou spotless LAMB of GOD,  
Who takest sins away,  
Remove, remove the heavy load  
Our sins upon us lay:

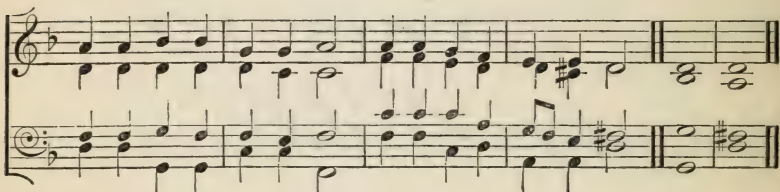
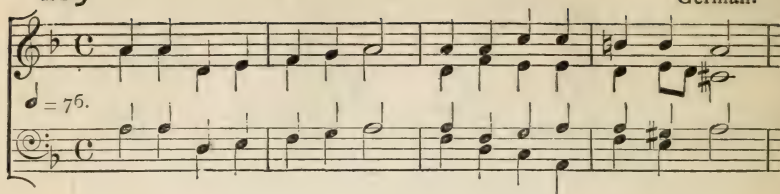
*pp* And, of Thy tender mercy, grant that we  
May find remission of iniquity. Amen.

• The slurs in this, and dots in the following bar, apply to the third and last verses.

LENT.

219

German.



*In that He Himself hath suffered being tempted, He is able to succour them that are tempted.*

*mf* FORTY days and forty nights  
Thou wast fasting in the wild;  
Forty days and forty nights  
Tempted, and yet undefiled.

Sunbeams scorching all the day;  
Chilly dewdrops nightly shed;  
Prowling beasts about Thy way;  
Stones Thy pillow; earth Thy bed.

Shall not we Thy sorrow share,  
And from earthly joys abstain,  
With Thee watching unto prayer,  
With Thee strong to suffer pain?

Then, if Satan shall assail,  
Flesh or spirit vexing sore,  
May we in Thy strength prevail,  
Who didst vanquish him before.

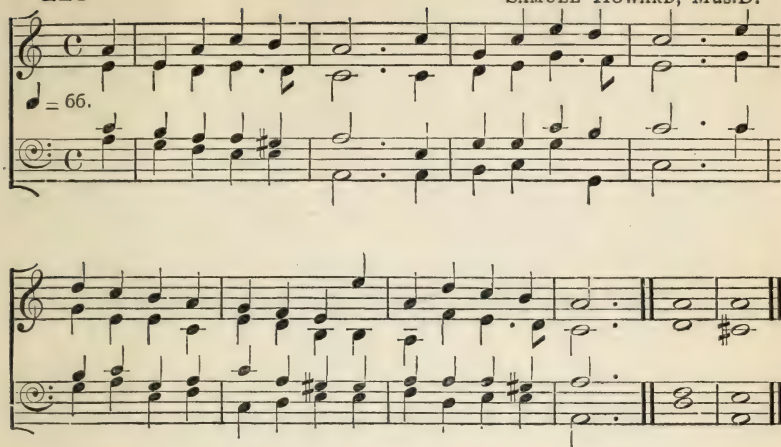
*p* So shall we have peace divine,  
Chastened gladness ours shall be;  
Round us too shall angels shine,  
Such as ministered to Thee

Keep, O keep us, SAVIOUR dear,  
Ever constant by Thy Side;  
*cres.* That with Thee we may appear  
At the eternal Easter-tide. Amen

LENT.

220

SAMUEL HOWARD, Mus.D.



*Have mercy upon me, O God, after Thy great goodness; according to the multitude of Thy mercies do away mine offences.*

*p* HAVE mercy, LORD, on me,  
As Thou wert ever kind;  
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,  
Thy wonted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,  
And cleanse me from my sin;  
For I confess my crime, and see  
How great my guilt has been.

*mf* Make me to hear with joy  
Thy kind forgiving voice;  
That so my broken contrite heart  
May with fresh strength rejoice.

Withdraw not Thou Thy help,  
Nor cast me from Thy sight;  
Nor let Thy HOLY SPIRIT take  
Its everlasting flight.

The joy Thy favour gives  
Let me again obtain;  
And Thy free SPIRIT's firm support  
My fainting soul sustain.

*f* To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, glory be;  
As was, and is, and shall be so,  
To all eternity. Amen.

LENT.

221

(First Tune.)

J. BARNEY.

$\text{♩} = 69.$

(Second Tune.)

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

$\text{♩} = 56.$   
*Voices in Unison.*

*In Harmony.*



# LENT.

## A time to weep.

*p* LORD, in these days of humblest prayer,  
Our consciences to Thee we bare :  
In mercy us Thy children spare ;  
O hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us in Thy fear ;  
Yet, FATHER, in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear.

*mf* O happy time of cleansing tears,  
Of surer hopes, of chastening fears,  
Undoing all our evil years !

*p* O hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us in Thy fear ;  
Yet, FATHER, in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear.

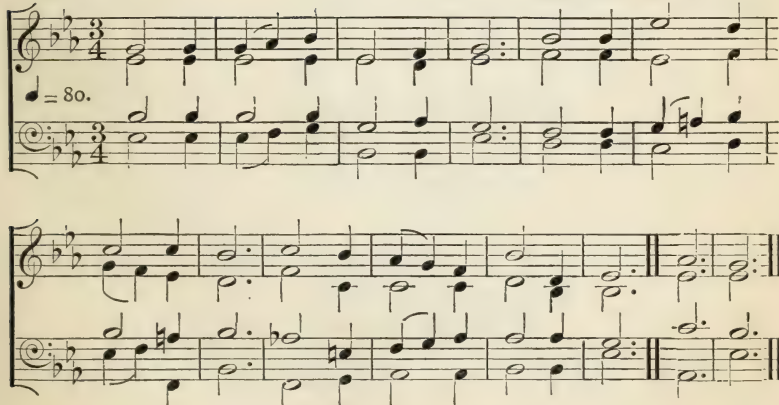
Grant us, who love the world, to learn  
Upon that world our backs to turn,  
And with the love of Thee to burn.  
O hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us in Thy fear ;  
Yet, FATHER, in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear.

Full long in sin's dark ways we went ;  
Yet now our steps are heavenward bent :  
Let grace abound this time of Lent ;  
O hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us in Thy fear ;  
Yet, FATHER, in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear.

All glory to redeeming grace,  
Disdaining not our evil case,  
But showing us our SAVIOUR'S Face.  
O hearken when we cry,  
Chastise us in Thy fear ;  
Yet, FATHER, in the multitude  
Of Thy compassions, hear. Amen.

222

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



God be merciful to me a sinner.

*p* LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,  
Ere from us it pass away,  
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy JESU, grant us tears,  
Fill us with heart-searching fears,  
Ere that day of doom appears.

LORD, on us Thy SPIRIT pour,  
Kneeling lowly at the door,  
Ere it close for evermore.

*pp* By Thy night of agony,  
By Thy supplicating cry,  
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe  
For Jerusalem below,  
Let us not Thy love forego.

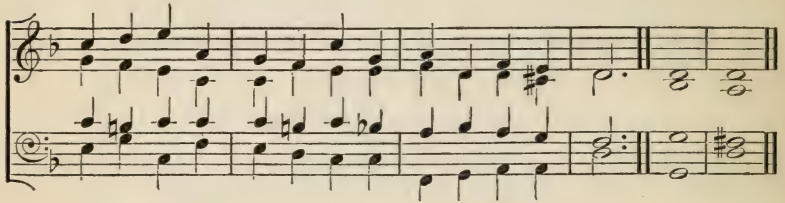
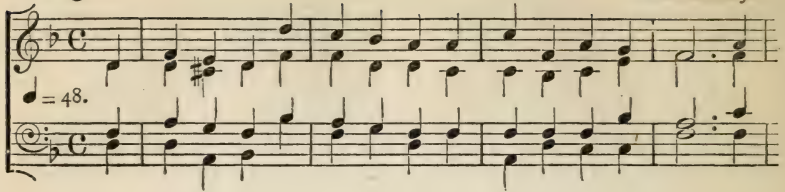
*p* Judge and SAVIOUR of our race,  
Grant us, when we see Thy face,  
With Thy ransomed ones a place.

Amen

LENT.

223

Old Melody.



*A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise.*

*p* LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,  
And our confessions pour,  
Teach us to feel the sins we own,  
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirit pitying see;  
True penitence impart;  
Then let a kindling glance from Thee  
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer  
May we our wills resign;  
And not a thought our bosoms share,  
Which is not wholly Thine.

*mf* May faith each weak petition fill  
And waft it to the skies,  
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still  
That grants it or denies.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

224

J. STAINER, Mus.D.

*I drew them with cords of a man, with bands of love. . . . And My people are bent to backsliding from Me.*

**p** O JESU CHRIST, if sin there be,  
 In all our former years,  
 That wrings the soul with agony,  
 And chokes the heart with tears;  
 It is the deep ingratitude,  
 Which we to Thee have shown,  
 Who didst for us in tears and blood  
 Upon the Cross atone.

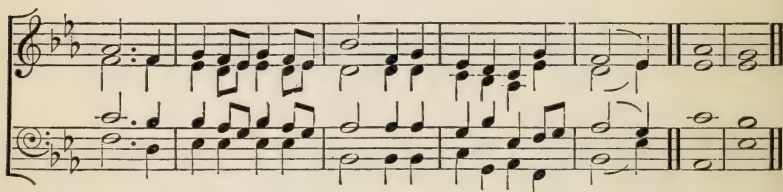
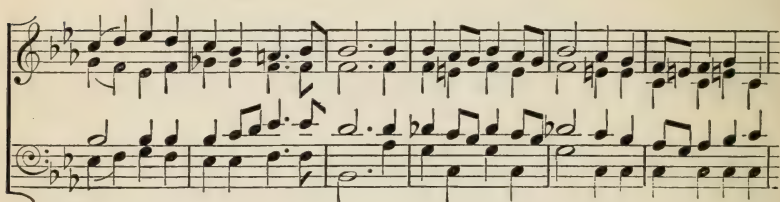
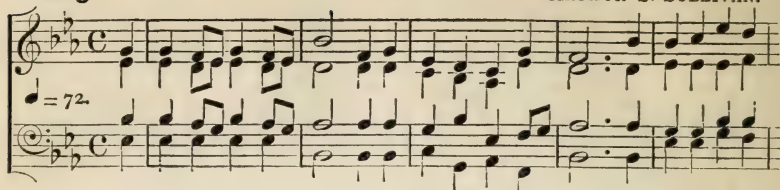
Alas, how with our actions all  
 Has this defect entwined;  
 And poisoned with its bitter gall,  
 The spirit, heart, and mind!  
 Alas, through this, how many gems  
 Have we not cast away,  
 That might have formed our diadems  
 In everlasting day!

Yet though the time be past and gone;  
 Though little more remains;  
 Though nought is all that can be done,  
 E'en with our utmost pains:  
 Still, JESU, in Thy grace we try  
 To do what in us lies;  
 For never did Thy loving Eye  
 The contrite heart despise. Amen.

LENT.

225

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*He was manifested to take away our sins.*

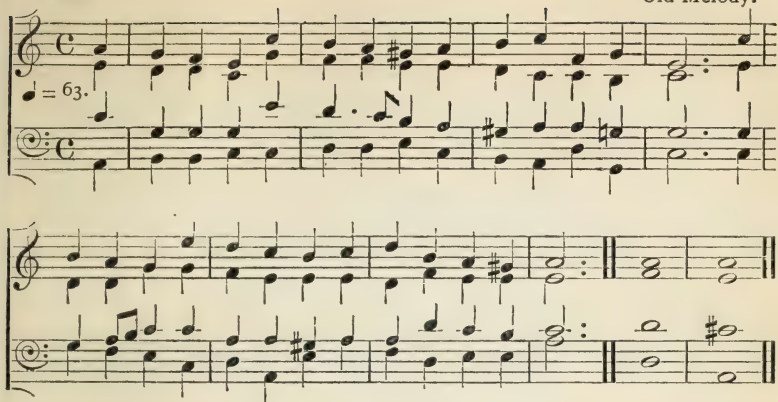
♩ O JESU, our Salvation,  
Low at Thy Cross we lie ;  
LORD, in Thy great compassion,  
Hear our bewailing cry.  
We come to Thee with mourning,  
We come to Thee in woe ;  
With contrite hearts returning,  
And tears that overflow.

O gracious Intercessor,  
O Priest within the Veil.  
Plead, for each lost transgressor,  
The Blood that cannot fail.  
We spread our sins before Thee,  
We tell them one by one ;  
O for Thy Name's great glory,  
Forgive all we have done.

O by Thy Cross and Passion,  
Thy Tears and Agony,  
And Crown of cruel fashion,  
And Death on Calvary ;  
By all that untold Suffering  
Endured by Thee alone ;  
O Priest, O Spotless Offering,  
Plead for us, and atone.

And in these hearts now broken  
Re-enter Thou and reign :  
And say, by that dear token,  
We are absolved again.  
And build us up, and guide us,  
And guard us day by day ;  
And in Thy presence hide us,  
And take our sins away. Amen.





*But though He cause grief, yet will He have compassion according to the multitude of His mercies.*

*p* O LORD, turn not Thy face from me,  
Who lie in woeful state,  
Lamenting sore my sinful life  
Before Thy mercy gate ;

*mf* A gate that opens wide to those  
Who own and mourn their sin ;  
Shut not that gate against me, LORD,  
But let me enter in.

And call me not to strict account,  
How I have sojourned here ;  
For then my guilty conscience knows  
How vile I shall appear.

The circumstances of my crimes,  
Their number and their kind,  
Thou know'st them all ; and more, much more,  
Than I can call to mind :

*p* Therefore with tears I come to beg  
Of my offended God  
His pardon, like a child that dreads  
His angry parent's rod.

So come I to Thy mercy-gate  
Where pardon doth abound.  
Imploring pardon for my sin,  
To heal the deadly wound.

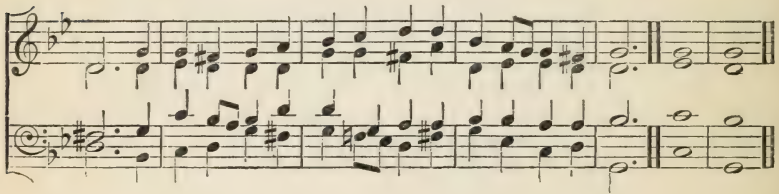
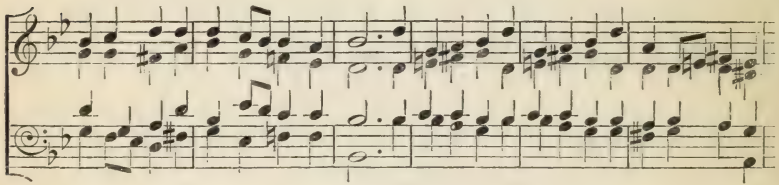
*pp* Mercy, good LORD, mercy I ask,  
This is the total sum ;  
For mercy now is all my prayer,  
O let Thy mercy come !

*mf* Grant this, O FATHER, through the SON,  
And by the HOLY GHOST,  
Adored by all, Thou THREE in ONE,  
By men and angel-host. Amen.

LENT.

227

CH. GOUNOD.



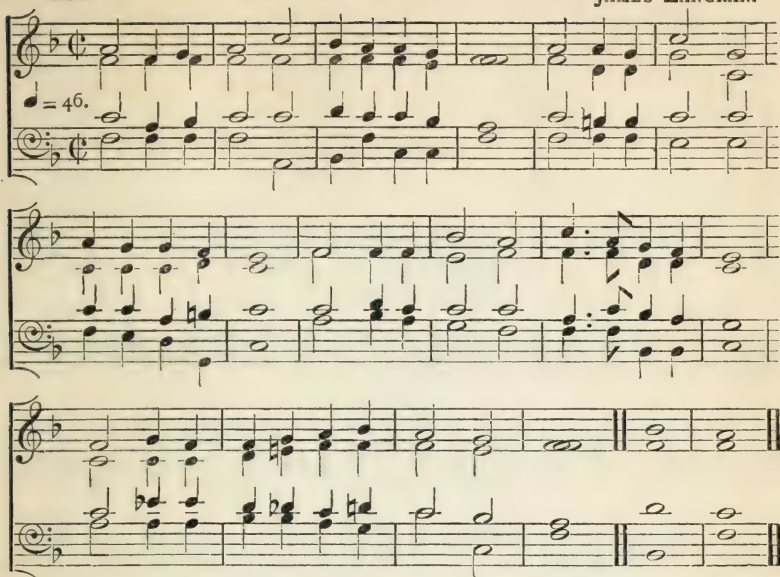
*Withhold not Thou Thy tender mercies from me, O Lord: let thy loving-kindness and Thy truth continually preserve me.*

♯ THEE, JESU, suffering, crucified,  
Thee dead, and in the grave,  
Thee risen, ascended, glorified,  
With power all flesh to save;  
O GOD Incarnate, Thee we pray,  
By Thine own Life divine;  
Wash Thou our many sins away  
In that dear Blood of Thine.

For we with tears in vain for them  
May struggle to atone;  
And nothing can their guilt redeem  
But that true Blood alone.  
Blest SAVIOUR, from all fleshly taint  
Our spirits purge within,  
Nor suffer our sad hearts to faint,  
With unforgiven sin.

O by Thy Tears so meekly poured  
For sorrows not Thine own,  
Forth from our breasts, Eternal LORD,  
Pluck the chill heart of stone.  
Our love from this world more and more  
By Thy sweet grace withdraw,  
To love Thee, praise Thee and adore,  
And muse upon Thy law:

To seek Thine Altar day by day  
And live Thy life divine;  
And in Thy sacred courts to pray,  
With that small flock of Thine,  
So may we to Thy Holy Hill  
In Thy blest time ascend;  
Do Thou control our wayward will,  
And guide us to the end. Amen.



*In Whom we have redemption through His Blood, the forgiveness of sins.*

*p* WEARY of earth and laden with my sin,  
I look at heaven and long to enter in:  
But there no evil thing may find a home;  
And yet I hear a voice that bids me "Come."

*mf* So vile I am, how dare I hope to stand  
In the pure glory of that holy land?  
Before the whiteness of that Throne appear?  
Yet there are Hands stretched out to draw me near;  
The while I fain would tread the Heavenly Way,  
Seems evil ever with me day by day;  
Yet on mine ears the gracious tidings fall,  
"Repent, confess, thou shalt be loosed from all."

It is the Voice of JESUS that I hear;  
His are the Hands stretched out to draw me near,  
And His the Blood that can for all atone,  
And set me faultless there before the Throne.

'Twas He Who found me on the deathly wild,  
And made me heir of heaven, the FATHER'S child,  
And day by day, whereby my soul may live,  
Gives me His grace of pardon, and will give.

*p* O great Absolver, grant my soul may wear  
The lowliest garb of penitence and prayer,  
*cres.* That in Thy FATHER'S courts my glorious dress  
May be the garment of Thy righteousness.

*mf* Yea, Thou wilt answer for me, Righteous LORD;  
Thine all the merits, mine the great reward;  
Thine the sharp thorns, and mine the golden crown;  
Mine the life won, and Thine the life laid down,

*p* Nought can I bring, dear LORD, for all I owe,  
Yet let my full heart what it can bestow;  
Like Mary's gift let my devotion prove,  
Forgiven greatly, how I greatly love. Amen.

# PASSION-TIDE.

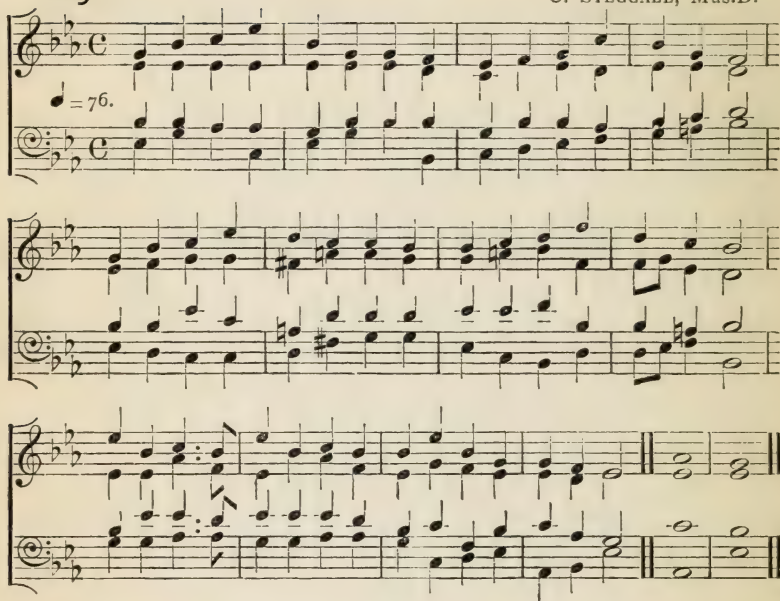
## THE FIFTH SUNDAY IN LENT,

COMMONLY CALLED PASSION SUNDAY.

MORNING.

229

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*And the Lord God said unto the serpent, I will put enmity between thee and the woman; and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel.*

SING, my tongue, the SAVIOUR'S glory,  
Tell His triumph far and wide;  
Tell aloud the famous story  
Of His Body crucified;  
How upon the Cross a Victim,  
Vanquishing in death, He died.

Eating of the Tree forbidden,  
Man had sunk in Satan's snare,  
When our pitying Creator  
Did this second Tree prepare,  
Destined, many ages later,  
That first evil to repair.

Such the order GOD appointed  
When for sin He would atone;  
To the Serpent thus opposing  
Schemes yet deeper than his own;  
Thence the remedy procuring  
Whence the dread disease had grown.

Wherefore, when the sacred fulness  
Of the appointed time drew nigh,  
GOD the SON, the world's Creator,  
Left HIS FATHER'S Throne on high,  
From the Virgin's womb appearing  
Clothed in our humanity.

Cradled in a lowly manger,  
Lo, a tender Babe He lies!  
See His gentle Virgin Mother  
Lulls to sleep His infant cries!  
While the limbs of GOD incarnate  
Round with swathing bands she ties.

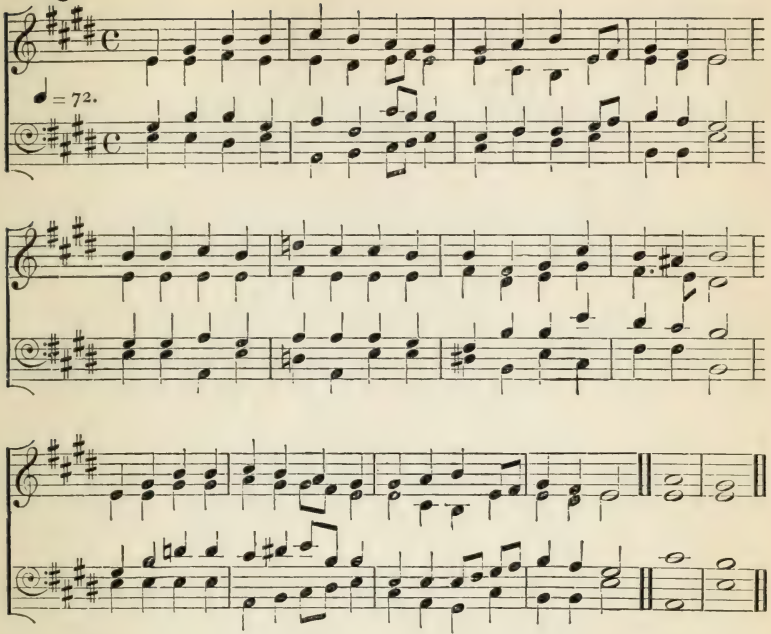
Blessing, honour everlasting,  
To the eternal TRINITY;  
To the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
Equal praises ever be:  
Glory through the earth and heav'n,  
To the TRINAL UNITY. Amen.



LENT.

230

German.



*He became obedient unto death, even the death of the Cross. Wherefore God also hath highly exalted Him.*

*mf* Now the thirty years accomplished  
Which on earth CHRIST willed to see,  
Born for this He meets His Passion,  
Gives Himself an offering free :  
On the Cross the LAMB is lifted,  
There the Sacrifice to be.

Lo, with gall His thirst He quenches ;  
See the thorns upon His Brow ;  
Nails His tender Flesh are rending ;  
See, His Side is piercèd now ;  
Whence, to cleanse the whole creation,  
Streams of Blood and Water flow.

Faithful Cross, above all other  
One and only noble tree !  
None in foliage, none in blossom,  
None in fruit thy peers can be !  
Dear thy wood, and dear thy iron !  
Dearest weight is hung on thee

Lofty Tree, bend down thy branches,  
To embrace that sacred load ;  
O relax each stiffened fibre  
Of that all too rigid wood ;  
*pp* Gently, gently bear the Body  
Of thy dying KING and God.

*mf* Thou alone wast counted worthy  
This world's ransom to sustain ;  
Harbour from the raging tempest,  
Ark that saved the world again ;  
With the sacred Blood anointed  
Of the LAMB for sinners slain.

*f* Blessing, honour, laud and glory  
To the Blessed TRINITY :  
To the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
Equal praises ever be ;  
Praise to Thee, through earth and  
TRINITY in UNITY. Amen. [heaven,

# LENT.

## EVENING.

231 German.

*Therefore will I divide Him a portion with the great, and He shall divide the spoil with the strong ;  
because He hath poured out His soul unto death.*

*f* THE Royal banners forward go ;  
The Cross shines forth in mystic glow ;  
Where He in Flesh, our flesh Who made,  
Our sentence bore, our ransom paid.

O Tree of beauty, Tree of light !  
O Tree with royal purple dight !  
What glory can with thine compare,  
Elect such Holy Limbs to bear !

*mf* Behold His Hands, transfixed and torn,  
His bleeding Brow and Crown of  
Thorn !  
The willing Sacrifice is slain,  
Redemption for mankind to gain.

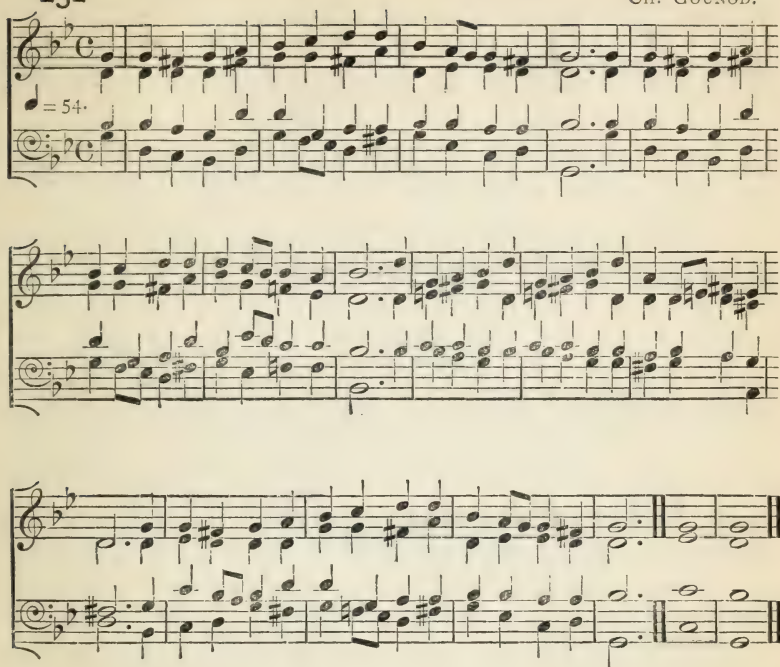
Blest Tree, the balance where was  
weighed  
The Ransom for us sinners paid,  
To take the guilt of man away,  
And spoil the spoiler of his prey.

There as He hangs, His Sacred Side  
By cruel spear is opened wide,  
And sheds forth Water mixed with  
A cleansing and a saving flood. [Blood,

*p* O LORD, on this Thy Passion Day  
Thy Cross we hail, our only stay :  
In holy hearts fresh grace implant,  
And pardon to the sinner grant.

Fulfilled is now what David told  
In true prophetic song of old :  
" Among the nations God," saith he,  
" Is King " :—He reigneth from the  
Tree.

*f* Salvation's spring, Blest TRINITY,  
Be praise to Thee through earth and sky,  
Who through the Cross hast victory  
given ;  
Grant us its prize,—a place in Heaven.  
Amen.



*They knew not that I healed them.*

*mf* THE blessed Cross now shines to us,  
Where once the SAVIOUR bled;  
Love made Him Victim there for us,  
And there His Blood was shed:  
And with His Wounds our wounds He  
And washed our sins away, [healed,  
And rescued from the raging wolf  
The lost and helpless prey.

O rich and fruitful branches! O  
Most sweet and noble Tree!  
JESUS, the new and precious Fruit,  
Hangs for the world on thee:  
Whose fragrance breathes the breath  
Through all the silent dead, [of life  
Gives life to those from whom long since  
Earth's pleasant light had fled.

*p* There with transfixed Hands He hung,  
And saved the world from loss;  
And closed the bitter way of death,  
By dying on the Cross:  
Those Hands were pierced with cruel  
Fixed till His dying breath; [nails,  
The Hands that deeds of mercy  
wrought,  
And rescued men from death.

*mf* Yea, round its arms entwining, is  
The true and living Vine;  
And from that blood-stained stem dis-  
The new and heavenly wine! [tils  
*f* JESU, Blest Victim, hail once more!  
Thy Passion be adored!  
Since thus the Life Himself death  
bore,  
And life to us restored. Amen.

LENT.  
DAILY.

MORNING.

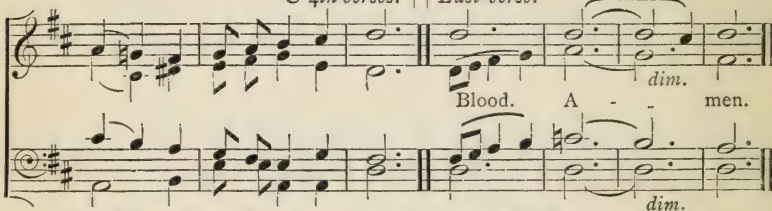
E. H. THORNE.

233



1st, 2nd, 3rd  
& 4th verses.

Last verse.



*He went forth over the brook Cedron, where was a garden, into the which He entered.*

DAUGHTER of Sion! cease thy bitter tears,	Hither, of His own will, the LORD for all
And calm thy breast;	Comes to atone;
Foretold through ages past, lo! now ap-	And stays the thunderbolts about to fall
The Mediator blest. [pears	From the eternal throne.
That garden, where of old our guilt began,	So shall He break sin's bondage and the
Wrought death and pain;	Of hell's abyss; [chain
But this, where JESUS prays by night for	And opening heaven long closed, call us
Brings life and joy again. [man,	To His eternal bliss. [again

*f* Praise, honour, glory be through endless time

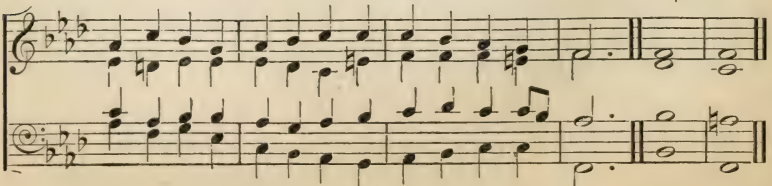
To Thee, O God:

Thou, Who didst cleanse our deadly stains of crime

In Thine own precious Blood. Amen.

234

German.





LENT.

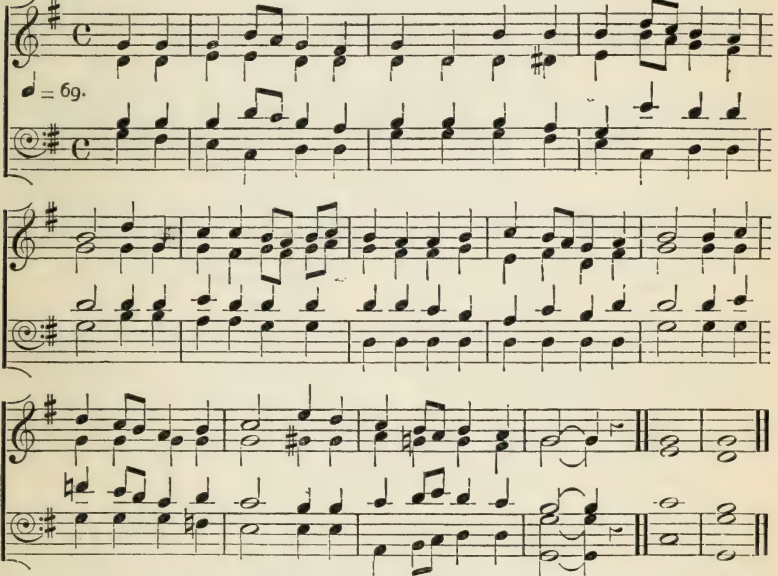
*And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts.*

*mf* THIS day the wondrous Mystery  
Is set before our eyes,  
Of JESUS stretched upon the Cross  
In dying agonies.  
O Deed of Love! the Prince becomes  
A victim for the slave;  
The sinner an acquittal finds,  
The innocent a grave.  
O, Blessed JESU, valiant chief,  
We hail the triumph won  
O'er sin, the world, and hell, and death,  
By Thee, the Incarnate SON.

Be Thine the banner under which  
From this time forth we fight,  
Against the depth of Satan's guile,  
And all the powers of night.  
So, dead to our old life, may we  
A better life begin; [length  
And through Thy Cross, O CHRIST, at  
A heavenly crown attain.  
O Heavenly FATHER, hear our cry,  
Through JESUS CHRIST Thy SON;  
Who with the HOLY GHOST and Thee  
Shall reign while ages run. Amen.

235

CH. GOUNOD.



*Thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by Thy Blood.*

*mf* HE, Who once in righteous vengeance  
Whelmed the world beneath the flood,  
Once again in mercy cleansed it  
With His own most precious Blood;  
Coming from His Throne on high,  
On the painful Cross to die.  
Blest with this all-saving shower,  
Earth her beauty straight resumed;  
In the place of thorn and brier,  
Myrtles sprang, and roses bloomed;  
Welcoming the gentle reign  
Of the LAMB for sinners slain.

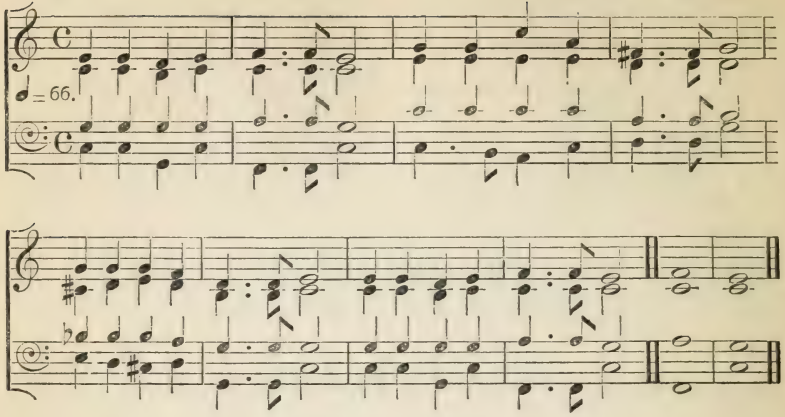
*p* O the wisdom of the Eternal!  
O the depth of love divine!  
O the sweetness of that mercy  
Which in JESUS CHRIST did shine!  
For the guilty, doomed to die,  
JESUS paid the penalty.  
When before the Judge we tremble,  
Conscious of His broken laws,  
May the Blood of His atonement  
Cry aloud, and plead our cause;  
Bid our guilty terrors cease;  
Be our pardon and our peace.

*f* Prince and Author of salvation,  
LORD of majesty supreme,  
JESU, praise to Thee be given,  
By the world Thou didst redeem;  
Glory to the FATHER be;  
Glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

LENT.

236

RICHARD REDHEAD.



*The love of Christ constraineth us.*

*p* IN the LORD's atoning grief  
Be our rest and sweet relief;  
Store we deep in heart's recess  
All the shame and bitterness.

Thorns, and cross, and nails, and lance,  
Wounds, our treasures that enhance,  
Vinegar, and gall, and reed,  
And the pang His Soul that freed:—

May these all our spirits sate,  
And with love inebriate;  
In our souls plant virtue's root:  
There mature its glorious fruit.

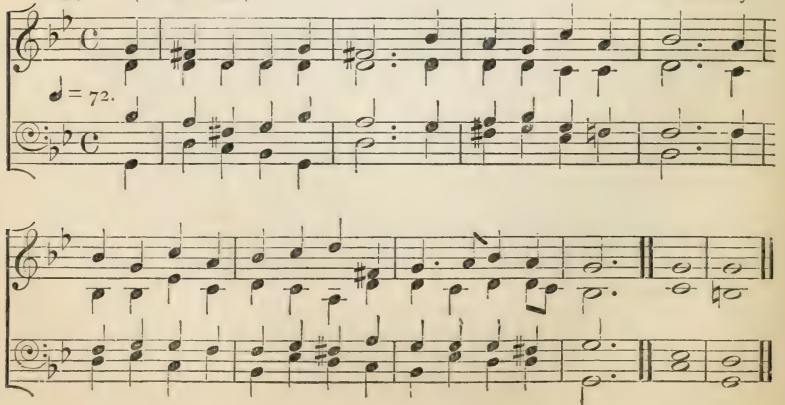
CRUCIFIED, we Thee adore;  
Thee with all our hearts implore:  
All Thy ransomed saints unite  
In the realms of heavenly light.

*mf* CHRIST, by coward hands betrayed,  
CHRIST, for us a captive made,  
CHRIST, upon the bitter tree,  
Slain for man, all praise to Thee. Amen.

237

(First Tune.)

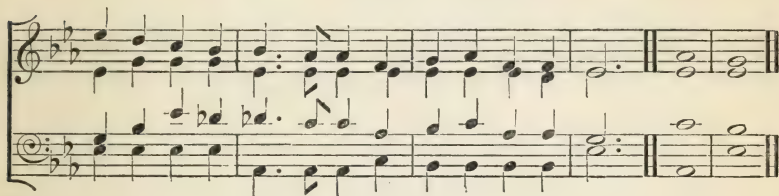
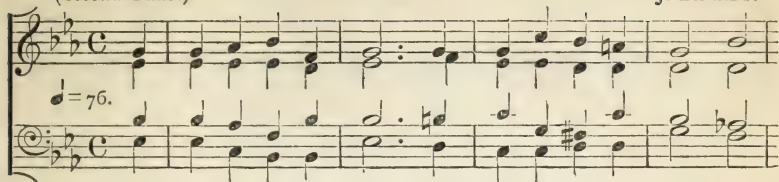
Old Melody.



# LENT.

(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.



*Looking unto Jesus.*

*p* O'ERWHELMED in depths of woe,  
Upon the tree of scorn  
Hangs the Redeemer of mankind,  
With racking anguish torn.

See how the nails those Hands  
And Feet so tender rend;  
See down His Face, and Neck, and Breast  
His sacred Blood descend.

Oh, hear that awful cry  
Which pierced His Mother's heart,  
As into GOD the FATHER'S Hands  
He bade His soul depart.

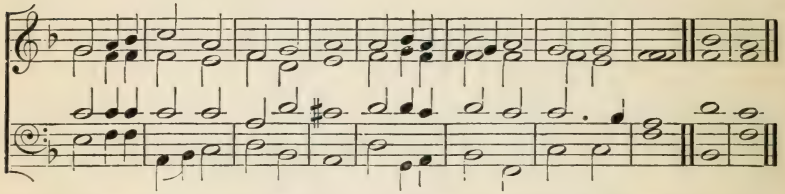
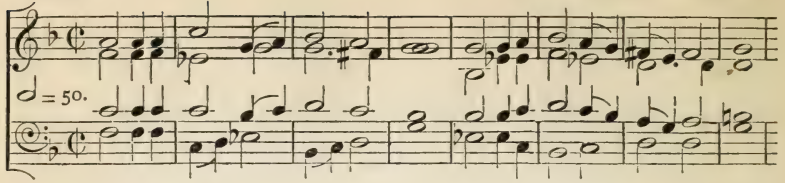
Earth hears, and trembling quakes  
Around that tree of pain:  
The rocks are rent; the graves are burst;  
The veil is rent in twain.

The sun withdraws his light;  
The mid-day heavens grow pale:  
The moon, the stars, the universe  
Their Maker's death bewail.

*mf* Shall man alone be mute?  
Have we no griefs, or fears? [kind,  
Come, old and young, come, all man-  
And bathe those Feet in tears!

*p* Come, fall before His Cross  
Who shed for us His Blood:  
Who died, the Atoning Sacrifice,  
To make us sons of GOD.

*f* JESU, all praise to Thee,  
Our joy and endless rest:  
Be Thou our guide, while pilgrims here,  
Our crown amid the blest. Amen.



*They had devised devices against Me, saying, Let us destroy the tree with the fruit thereof, and let us cut Him off from the land of the living, that His name may no more be remembered.*

O THOU, Who in the pains of death  
Art yielding up Thy parting breath,  
Teach us to fix our eyes on Thee  
Uplifted on the healing Tree.

To gaze on Thee in suffering  
Shall heal the serpent's deadly sting ;  
For Thou art GOD, nailed there to give  
This healing grace : we look and live.

There sons for glory Thou dost gain ;  
There martyrs for their triumph train ;  
There stablish Thy most Holy Faith  
By love's best evidence, Thy Death.

And from the earth uplifted high,  
A King, enthroned in Majesty,  
Thine Arms Thou spreadest on the Tree,  
And drawest all men unto Thee.

Draw us, dear LORD, to seek a place  
Before this throne of saving grace,  
And 'neath Thy bleeding Wounds to stay  
Till all our sins are washed away.

O CRUCIFIED, we cleave to Thee,  
And Thou shalt our salvation be ;  
Thy Cross, our only hope and pride,  
Shall ever in our hearts abide. Amen.



LENT.

239

EDWIN GEORGE MONK, Mus.D.

*They shall be in bitterness for Him, as one that is in bitterness for his firstborn.*

SEE, where in shame the GOD of glory hangs,  
All bathed in His own Blood :  
See, how the nails pierce with a thousand pangs  
Those Hands so good.

A felon's death the Holy JESUS dies  
Betwixt those robbers twain :  
The LAMB, ordained of old for sacrifice,  
By sinners slain.

Pale grows His Face, and fixed His languid Eye;  
His wearied Head He bends;  
And, Priest and Victim forth with one loud cry  
His spirit sends.

O heart more hard than iron, not to weep  
At this! Thy sin it was  
That wrought His Death; of all these torments deep  
Thou art the cause.

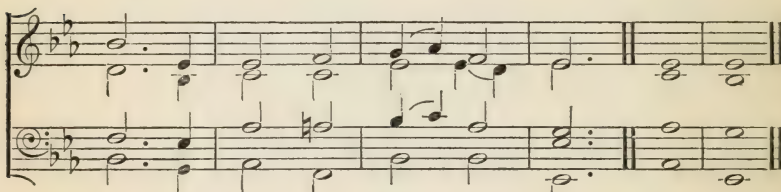
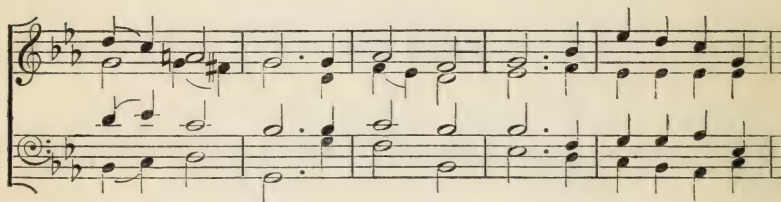
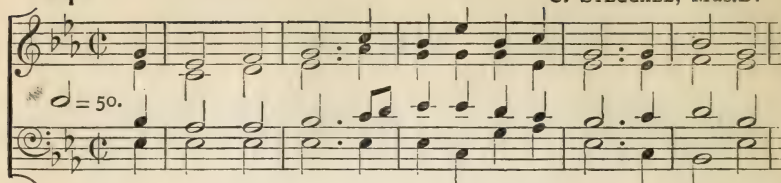
Praise, honour, glory be through endless time  
To Him, the SON of GOD ;  
Who wiped away our deadly stains of crime  
In His own Blood. Amen.

LENT.

EVENING.

240

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*Father, not My will, but Thine, be done.*

*mf* SEE from on high the Source of saving grace  
The Incarnate WORD descend,  
And burn to heal the wounds of Adam's race,  
And our long evils end !

He, pitying the woes which with the Fall  
In Paradise began,  
Prostrate upon the earth, the LORD of all,  
Entreats for ruined man.

Oh, bitter then was our REDEEMER's lot,  
O'erwhelmed in griefs unknown :  
"FATHER," He cries, "remove this cup; yet not  
"My will, but Thine be done;"

*p* Lo, a dread anguish presses down His heart;  
He faints upon the ground;  
And from each bursting pore the blood-drops start,  
And dew the earth around.

Praise to the FATHER; praise, O SON, to Thee,  
To Whom a Name is given  
Above all names; praise to the SPIRIT be,  
From all in earth and heaven. Amen.

LENT.

241

BERTHOLD TOURS.



*And they platted a crown of thorns, and put it about His Head; and they smote Him on the Head  
with a reed, and did spit upon Him; . . . and led Him out to crucify Him*

*p* COME let us sit and weep,  
And fill our hearts with woe  
And view the shame and torments deep,  
Which God from wicked men did undergo.

*mf* See how the multitude,  
With swords and staves, draw nigh;  
See how they smite, with buffets rude,  
The Head divine of awful Majesty:

How, bound with cruel cord,  
CHRIST to the scourge is given;  
And ruffians lift their hands, unawed,  
Against the KING of kings and LORD of Heaven.

O scene for tears! but now  
His murderers contrive  
A torment new; about His Brow  
The platted crown of jagged thorns they drive.

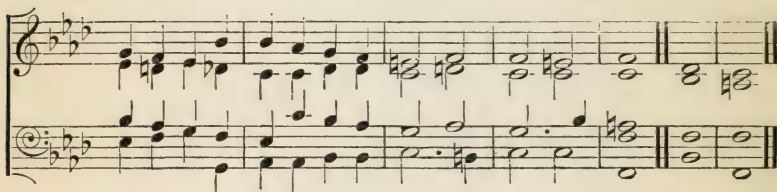
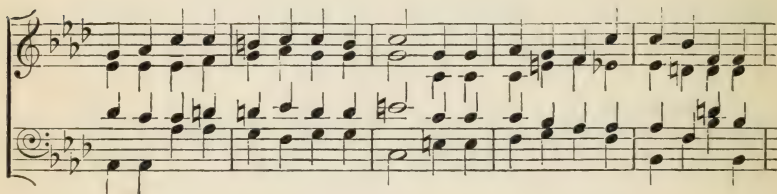
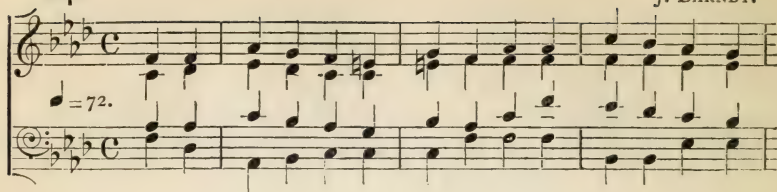
Then roughly dragged to death,  
Upon the Cross He's slain;  
And there gives back with parting breath  
Into His FATHER'S Hands His Soul again.

*p* O LORD, we sit and weep  
At this: our sin it was  
That wrought in Thee those torments deep:  
Of Thy most bitter Death we are the cause.

*f* To Him Who so much loved  
To gain for sinners grace,  
Be praise and glory evermore,  
From angels and the ransomed human race. Amen.

242

J. BARNBY.



*A sword shall pierce through thine own soul also, that the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed.*

♯ By the Cross sad vigil keeping,  
 Stood the mournful mother, weeping,  
 Where her dying Son was hung;  
 For her soul, of joy bereavèd,  
 Worn with sorrow, deeply grievèd,  
 Lo, the piercing sword hath wrung.

Oh, how sad and sore distressèd  
 Now was she, that mother blessèd  
 Of the Sole-begotten One!  
 Oh, how bitter her affliction,  
 There to see the crucifixion  
 Of her own most glorious Son.

Who, with CHRIST's fond mother gazing  
 On that anguish so amazing,  
 Born of woman, would not weep?  
 Who, on CHRIST's fond mother thinking,  
 Such a cup of sorrow drinking,  
 Would not share her sorrows deep?

For the offences of His nation,  
 She her Son in tribulation  
 Saw, with thorns, with scourges rent:  
 Saw Him next from judgment taken,  
 Then in death by all forsaken,  
 Till His spirit forth He sent.

JESU, LORD, may such devotion  
 Stir in me the same emotion,  
 Fount of Love, REDEEMER blest;  
 That my heart, fresh ardour proving,  
 Thee my GOD and SAVIOUR loving,  
 May on Thee for ever rest. Amen.



LENT.

243

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.

*Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto My sorrow.*

Now, my soul, thy voice upraising,  
Sing in sweet and mournful strain  
Of the grief and wounds and sorrow  
And the agonizing pain,  
Which CHRIST JESUS, sinless Victim,  
Freely bore, for sinners slain.

Scourged by man with ruthless fury,  
Ransom for our sins to pay,  
By each livid stripe He heals us,  
Raises those who wounded lay,  
Gently soothes our sores and bruises,  
And removes our pain away.

He to freedom hath restored us,  
By the very bonds He bare;  
And His sacred wounds afford us  
Each a stream of mercy rare;  
Pierced by the nails, He nails us  
To the Cross, and keeps us there.

See, the spear His Side is piercing,  
Though His foes have seen Him die;  
Blood and Water thence are flowing,  
In a stream of mystery;  
Water from our guilt to cleanse us,  
Blood to buy us crowns on high.

Draughts of life, O Blest REDEEMER,  
From those Springs to us afford,  
Thirst refreshing, health bestowing,  
And hereafter our reward;  
That with ceaseless rapture glowing  
Ransomed worlds may hail Thee LORD. Amen.

244

*mf*

E. H. THORNE.



*Remember that I stood before Thee to speak good for them, and to turn away Thy wrath from them.*

HAIL, Thou Head, so bruised and torn,  
Pierced with the crown of thorn,  
Smitten with the mocking reed,—  
Wounds that with Thy Life-blood bleed  
Trickling faint and slow.

Hail, from Whose once beaming Brow  
None can wipe the blood-drops now;  
All the flower of life has fled;  
Thou, before Whose Presence dread  
Angels trembling bow.

All the vigour of Thy Life  
Fading in Thy bitter strife,  
Death his stamp on Thee has set,  
Hollow and emaciate,  
Faint and drooping there.

Thou this agony and scorn  
Hast for me, a sinner, borne,—  
Me, unworthy; all for me;  
With those signs of love on Thee,  
Glorious Face, appear.

Yet, in this Thine agony,  
Faithful Shepherd, think of me;  
From Whose lips of love divine  
Sweetest draughts of life are mine,  
Purest honey flows.

All unworthy of Thy thought,  
Guilty, yet reject me not;  
Unto me Thy Head incline,  
Let that dying Head of Thine  
In mine arms repose.

Let me true communion know  
With Thee in Thy sacred woe:  
Counting all beside but dross,  
Dying with Thee on Thy Cross,—  
'Neath it will I lie!

Thanks to Thee with every breath  
JESU, for Thy bitter death;  
Grant Thy guilty one this prayer,  
When my dying hour is near,  
Gracious God, be nigh!

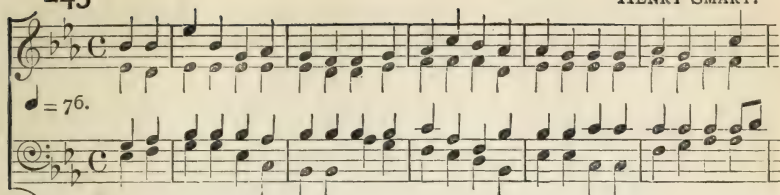
When my dying hour must be,  
Be not absent then from me;  
In that dreadful hour, I pray,  
JESU, come without delay;  
See and set me free.

When Thou biddest me depart,  
Whom I cleave to with my heart,  
Lover of my soul, be near,  
With Thy saving Cross appear,  
Show Thyself to me.  
Amen.

LENT.

245

HENRY SMART.



*In the secret of His tabernacle shall He hide me.*

*mf* JESU, good beyond comparing,  
Of Thyself alone unsparing!  
O those Limbs, how gaunt their lean-  
ness,  
Tortured, torn for our uncleanness,  
On those stiff branches weltering!

*p* O that Side, for saints adoring  
All Thy sweetest honey storing,  
All Thy Bosom's love outpouring  
To the cruel spear-head's goring,  
Rock, smitten for our sheltering!

Lo! I stand to see Thee clearly,—  
Pardon, JESU, if too nearly,—  
On that Burning Bush encroaching,  
Yet with timid step approaching,  
Thy Wounds to number stealthily.

Hail, all hail, Salvation's portal,  
Gushing out with life immortal;  
Open Door, which no man closes,  
Budding red as Eden's roses,  
Than Gilead's balms more healthily.

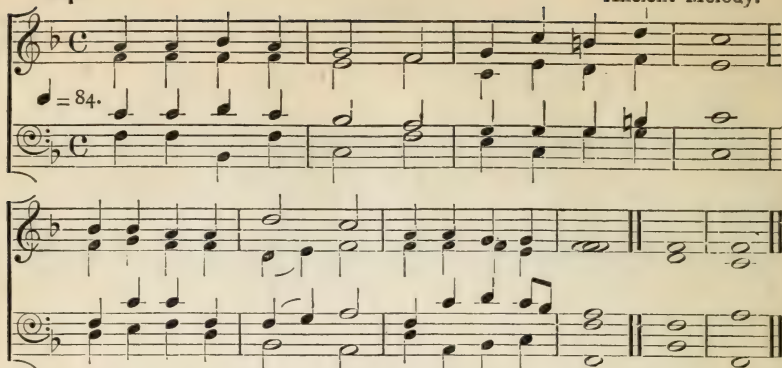
More than wine is Thy breath's smell-  
ing,  
Serpent's poisoned blast repelling;  
Full of life Thy waters—"Hither,  
Ho, all ye that thirst and wither,  
Come to that Fountain's unity!"

May that Side, with life-blood glowing,  
Touch my dead heart with its flowing,  
All its inmost life bestowing;  
To my knocking open, knowing  
Thy beadsman's importunity.

*pp* To that graveside swiftly hurried,  
Deeply there let me be buried;  
In Thy hiding-place enclose me;  
Let me there from strife repose me,  
In peace unbroken slumbering.

Take my breath in life's last ending,  
To that Secret Stair ascending;  
From the rampant billows gaping  
To the windowed Ark escaping,  
To wait Thy people's numbering.

Amen



*f* GLORY be to JESUS,  
Who, in bitter pains,  
Poured for me the life-blood  
From His sacred veins!

*mf* Grace and life eternal  
In that Blood I find;  
Blest be His compassion  
Infinitely kind.  
Blest through endless ages  
Be the precious stream,  
Which from endless torments  
Did the world redeem.

*The precious Blood of Christ.*

Abel's blood for vengeance  
Pleaded to the skies;  
But the Blood of JESUS  
For our pardon cries.

Oft as it is sprinkled  
On our guilty hearts,  
Satan in confusion  
Terror-struck departs;

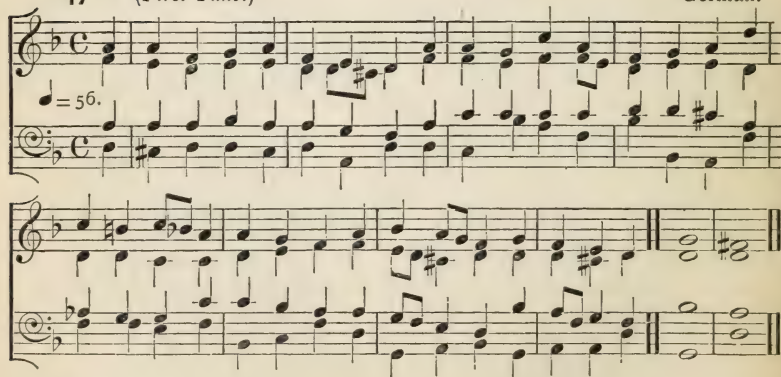
*f* Oft as earth exulting  
Wafts its praise on high,  
Angel-hosts rejoicing  
Make their glad reply.

*ff* Lift ye then your voices;  
Swell the mighty flood;  
And with saints and angels  
Praise the precious Blood. Amen.

## 247

(First Tune.)

German.



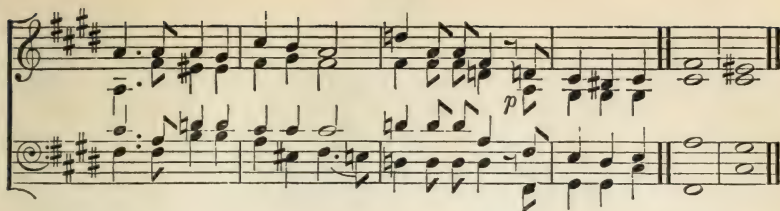
(Second Tune.)

Sir JOHN GOSS.



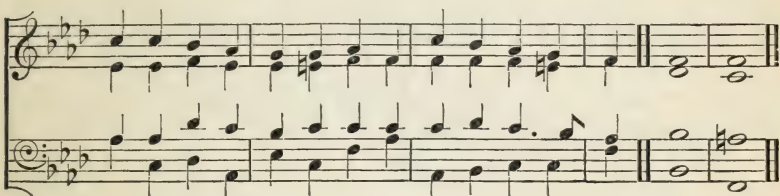
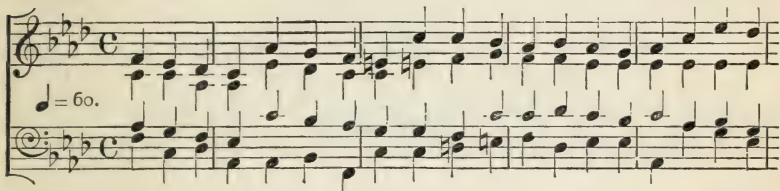


LENT.



(Third Tune.)

Old Melody.



*We preach Christ crucified.*

*p* O COME and mourn with me awhile,  
O come ye to the SAVIOUR'S side;  
O come, together let us mourn;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

Have we no tears to shed for Him,  
While soldiers scoff and Jews deride?  
Ah, look how patiently He hangs;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

How fast His Hands and Feet are nailed;  
His Throat with parching thirst is dried;  
His failing Eyes are dimmed with blood;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

Seven times He spoke, seven words of love;  
And all three hours His silence cried  
For mercy on the souls of men;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

Come, take thy stand beneath the Cross;  
And let the Blood from out His Side  
Fall gently on thee, drop by drop;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

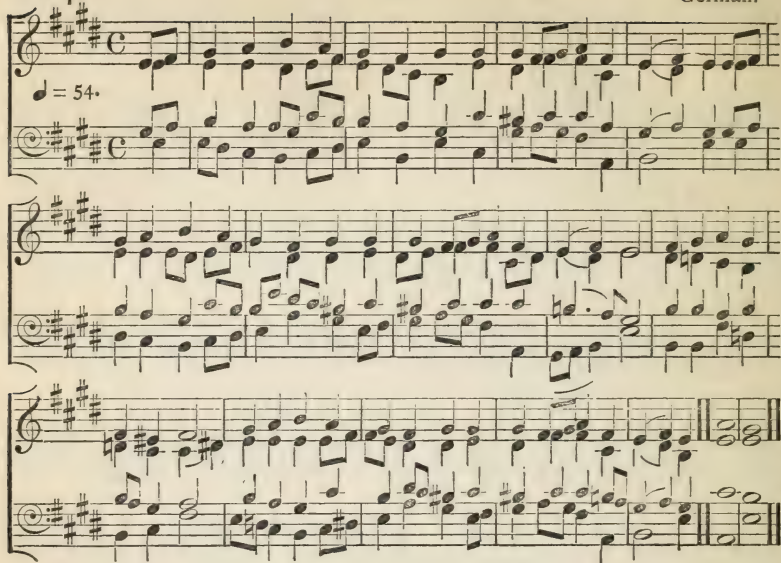
A broken heart, a fount of tears  
Ask, and they will not be denied;  
A broken heart love's cradle is;  
JESUS, our Love, is crucified.

*mf* O Love of GOD, O sin of man,  
In this dread act your strength is tried;  
And victory remains with Love;  
For He, our Love, is crucified. Amen.

LENT.

German.

248



*Behold the Man.*

*mf* RAISE, raise thine eyes a little way,  
O sinful man, discerning  
Thy sins, how great and foul are they,  
And to repentance turning :  
On the Crucified One look,—  
Thou shalt read as in a book  
What well is worth thy learning.

Look on the Head, with such a crown  
Of bitter thorns surrounded :

Look on the Blood that trickles down  
The Feet and Hands thus wounded :  
Let those woes thy tears engage,  
Marking how man's sinful rage  
And malice hath abounded.

But though upon Him many a smart  
Its bitterness is spending, [Heart  
Yet more,—oh how much more!—His  
Men's thankless hearts are rending !  
Fearful were the gibes and scorn  
By the gentle SAVIOUR borne,  
His life of sorrow ending.

None ever bare such grief, alas,  
None ever such affliction,  
As when we sinners brought to pass  
His bitter crucifixion.  
He, that we might dwell on high,  
Bare the pangs and deigned to die  
In oft-renewed affliction.

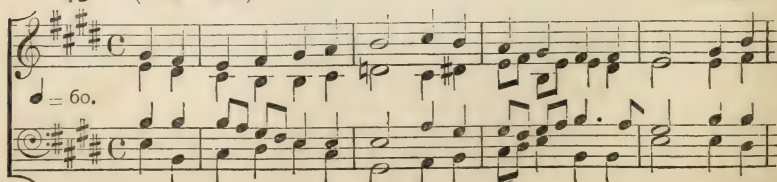
O therefore Satan's wiles repe!,  
And yield not to temptation !  
Think on the woes that CHRIST befell  
In working thy salvation !  
For if He had never died,  
What could thee and all betide  
But uttermost damnation ?

*mf* LORD, may we heed these terrors well,  
And heeding flee from sinning ;  
And ponder o'er the woes of hell  
Ne'er ending, still beginning :  
*cres.* And give thanks to CHRIST on high :  
Thus with Him beyond the sky  
*f* Eternal glory winning. Amen.

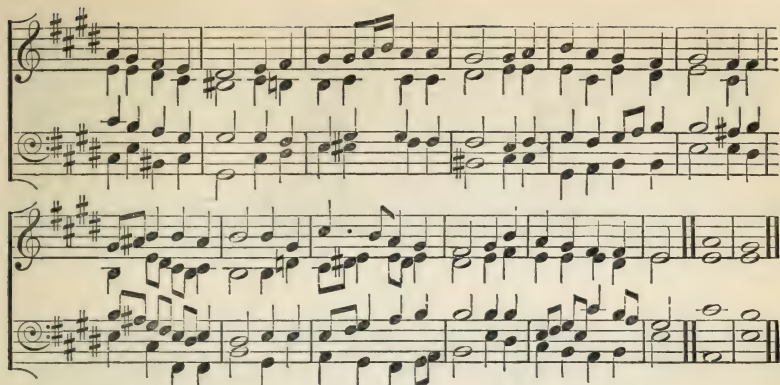
249

(First Tune.)

German.

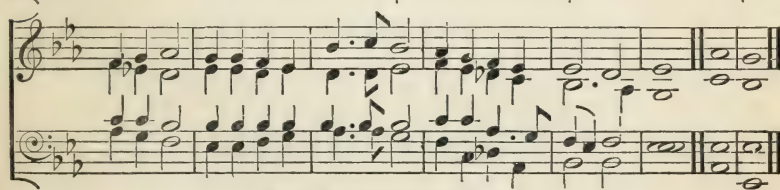
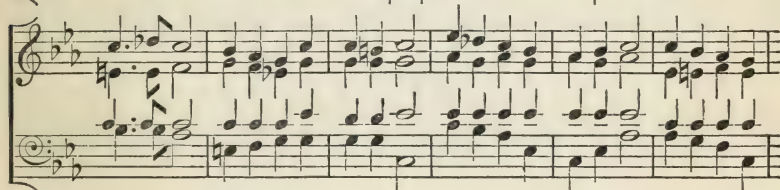
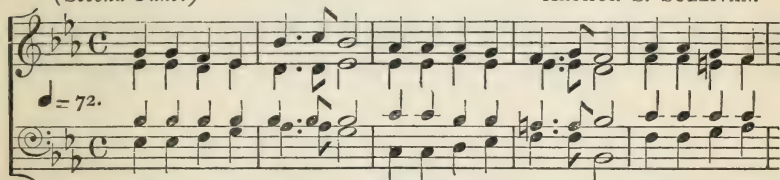


LENT.



(Second Tune.)

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us.*

*p* SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee  
Low we bow the adoring knee;  
When, repentant, to the skies  
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes;  
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe  
Suffered once for man below,  
Bending from Thy Throne on high,  
*pp* Hear our solemn litany.

*mf* By Thy helpless infant years,  
By Thy life of want and tears,  
By Thy days of sore distress  
In the savage wilderness;  
By the dread mysterious hour  
Of the subtle tempter's power;  
Turn, O, turn a favouring eye;  
*p* Hear our solemn litany.

*mf* By the sacred griefs that wept  
O'er the grave where Lazarus slept;  
By the boding tears that flowed  
Over Salem's loved abode;

By the anguished sigh that told  
Treachery lurked within Thy fold;  
From Thy seat above the sky,  
*p* Hear our solemn litany.

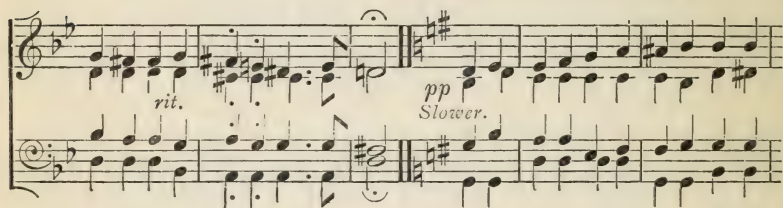
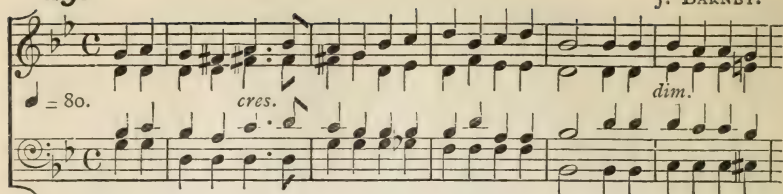
*p* By Thine hour of whelming fear;  
By Thine agony and prayer;  
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,  
Piercing spear, and gibe, and scorn  
By the gloom that veiled the skies  
O'er the dreadful Sacrifice;  
Listen to our humble cry;  
*pp* Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan;  
By the sealed sepulchral stone;  
*cres.* By Thy triumph o'er the grave;  
By Thy power from death to save;  
*f* Mighty God, ascended LORD,  
To Thy Throne in heaven restored  
*p* Listen, listen to the cry  
*pp* Of our solemn litany. Amen.

LENT.

250

J. BARNBY.



*And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto Me.*

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,  
Which before the Cross we spend;  
Life and health and peace possessing  
Through the sinner's dying Friend.  
Kneel we here, in wonder, viewing  
Mercy poured in streams of blood;  
Precious drops, our souls bedewing,  
Make and plead our peace with God.

Truly blessed is the station,  
Low before His Cross to lie,  
While we see divine compassion  
Beaming in His dying Eye.  
LORD, in ceaseless contemplation  
Fix our hearts and eyes on Thee,  
Till we taste Thy whole salvation,  
And Thine unveiled glories see.

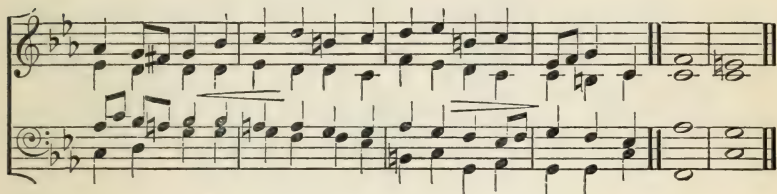
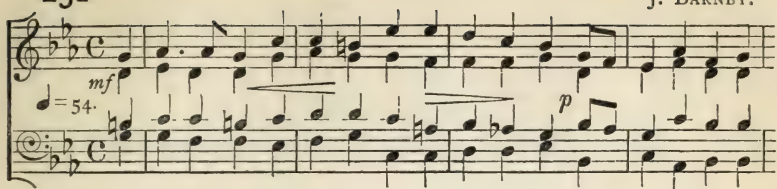
For Thy Sorrows we adore Thee,  
For the Griefs that wrought our peace;  
Gracious SAVIOUR, we implore Thee,  
In our hearts Thy love increase.  
Unto Thee, the world's Salvation,  
FATHER, SPIRIT, unto Thee  
Low we bow in adoration,  
Ever blessed ONE and THREE. Amen.



LENT.

251

J. BARNEY.



*What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross  
On which the Prince of glory died,  
My richest gain I count but loss,  
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast  
Save in the Cross of CHRIST my GOD:  
All the vain things that charm me most,  
I sacrifice them to His Blood.

See, from His Head, His Hands, His Feet,  
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;  
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,  
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,  
That were an offering far too small;  
Love so amazing, so divine,  
Demands my life, my soul, my all.

To Thee, Who cam'st for man to die,  
And by Thy dying bidd'st him live,  
Thy ransomed ones eternally  
Will honour, praise, and glory give. Amen.

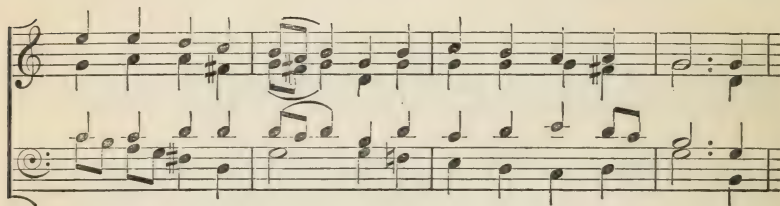
LENT.

# THE SUNDAY NEXT BEFORE EASTER,

COMMONLY CALLED PALM SUNDAY.

German.

252



*Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise.*

*f* ALL glory, laud, and honour,  
To Thee, REDEEMER, KING!  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet Hosannas ring.  
Thou art the King of Israel,  
Thou David's Royal Son,  
Who in the LORD's Name comest,  
The King and Blessed One.

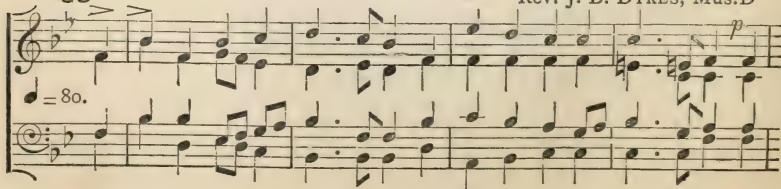
The companies of angels  
Are praising Thee on high;  
And mortal men, and all things  
Created, make reply.  
The children of the Hebrews  
With palms before Thee went:  
Our praise and prayer and anthems  
Before Thee we present.

To Thee, before Thy Passion,  
They raised their hymns of praise:  
To Thee, now throned in glory,  
Our melody we raise.  
Thou didst accept their praises:  
Accept the prayers we bring  
Who in all good delightest,  
Thou good and gracious King.

Receive, instead of palm-boughs,  
Our victory o'er the foe;  
That in the Conqueror's triumph  
This strain may ever flow:—  
*ff* All glory, laud, and honour,  
To Thee, REDEEMER, KING!  
To Whom the lips of children  
Made sweet hosannas ring. Amen.

253

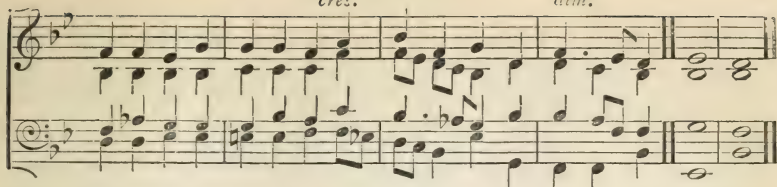
Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D



# LENT.

*cres.*

*dim.*



And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried saying, Hosanna to the Son of David.

*f* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry!  
Thine humble beast pursues his road,  
With palms and scattered garments  
strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die:  
O CHRIST, Thy triumphs now begin  
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

*mf* Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The angel armies of the sky  
Look down with sad and wondering  
eyes

To see the approaching sacrifice.  
Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:  
The FATHER on His sapphire Throne  
Awaits His own anointed SON.

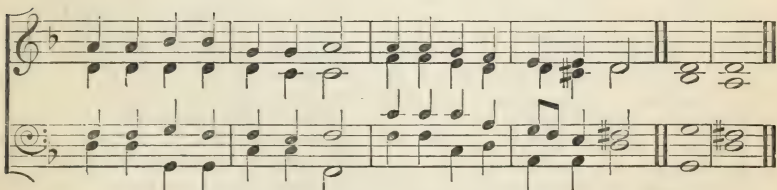
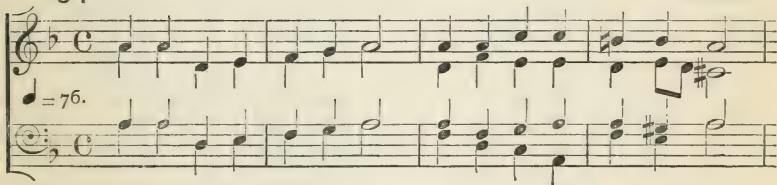
Ride on! ride on in majesty!  
In lowly pomp ride on to die;  
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain;  
Then take, O GOD, Thy power, and reign. Amen.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

MORNING.

254

German.



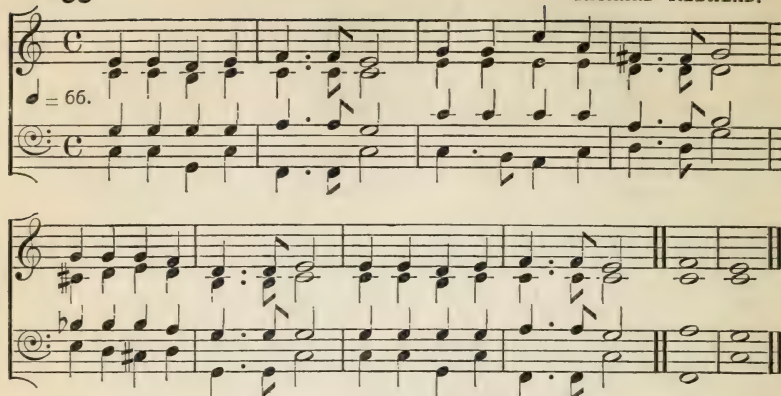
And it was the third hour; and they crucified Him.

*mf* SEE the destined day arise!  
See, a willing Sacrifice,  
JESUS, to redeem our loss,  
Hangs upon the shameful Cross.

*p* JESU, who but Thou had borne,  
Lifted on that tree of scorn,  
Every pang and bitter throe;  
Finishing Thy life of woe?

Who but Thou had dared to drain,  
Steeped in gall, the cup of pain;  
And with tender body bear  
Thorns, and nails, and piercing spear?  
Thence the cleansing Water flowed,  
Mingled from Thy Side with Blood;  
Sign to all attesting eyes  
Of the finished Sacrifice.

*pp* Holy JESU, grant us grace  
In that Sacrifice to place  
All our trust for life renewed,  
Pardoned sin and promised good. Amen.



*O My people, what have I done unto thee? Or wherein have I wearied thee? Testify against Me.*

*p* O My people, O Mine own,  
What have I thy SAVIOUR done?  
Wherein have I wearied thee?  
Answer truly, faithfully!

*mf* From the strange Egyptian land  
Brought I thee with mighty hand;  
For thy SAVIOUR's welcome now  
Cross and grave preparest thou!  
God of holiness and might!  
God, Immortal, Infinite!  
Holy and Immortal KING,  
Hear in mercy as we sing!

Forty years through desert led,  
Forty years with manna fed,  
For thy SAVIOUR's welcome now  
Cross and grave preparest thou!

God of holiness and might!  
God, Immortal, Infinite!  
Holy and Immortal KING,  
Hear in mercy as we sing!

Choicest vine I planted thee:  
Bitter fruit thou yieldest Me;  
Vinegar to Me dost bear,  
Piercing Me with cruel spear.

*p* O My people, O Mine own,  
What have I Thy SAVIOUR done?  
Wherein have I wearied thee?  
Answer truly, faithfully!\*

*mf* Egypt's firstborn smitten fell  
When I rescued Israel;  
When his sympathy I seek,  
I am smitten on the cheek.

Out of Egypt led I thee;  
Pharaoh drowned I in the sea:  
Thou hast given thy SAVIOUR o'er  
Unto them that hate Him sore.

Egypt's sea in twain I clave,  
For thy pathway through the wave;  
Depths before thy feet I dried:  
Thou has cleft My riven Side.

In the cloudy veil of flame  
Leader to thy hosts I came:  
Thou hast led My weary feet  
Unto Pilate's judgment-seat.

In the desert for thy food  
Manna round thy camp I strewed;  
Angels' bread I gave to thee:  
Thou hast given the scourge to Me.

At the rock-sprung well of strife  
Gave I thee the stream of life:  
Thou hast given to My distress  
Vinegar and bitterness.

For thy sake the Canaanite  
In Mine anger did I smite:  
Thou in this My hour of need  
My Head smitest with the reed.  
Sceptre of high sovereignty  
In My love I gave to thee:  
Thou hast crowned Me in thy scorn  
With the diadem of thorn.

I have raised thee in thine hour  
To the highest throne of power:  
Thou hast lifted Me on high  
To the Cross of Calvary.

*p* O My people, O Mine own,  
What have I thy SAVIOUR done?  
Wherein have I wearied thee?  
Answer truly, faithfully. Amen.

\* This refrain may be sung after each verse, or at longer intervals.

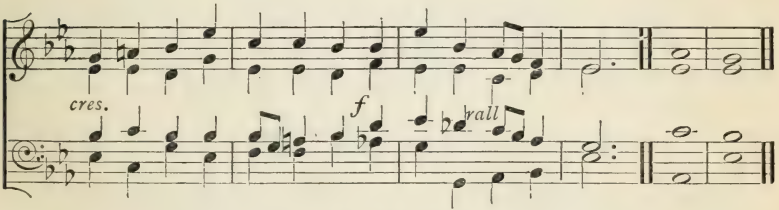
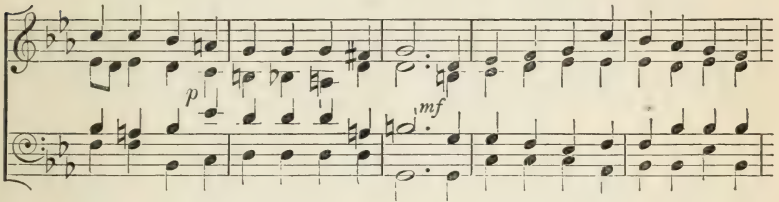
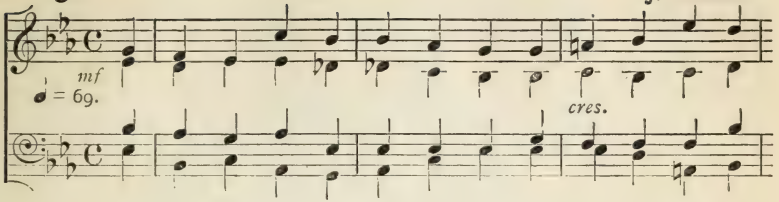


LENT.

EVENING.

256

J. BARNBY.



*Put to death in the flesh.*

JESU, all hail, Who for our sin  
Didst die, and by Thy death didst win  
Eternal life for us :  
Send us, good LORD, Thy grace, that we  
May die unto the world with Thee,  
And glory in Thy Cross.

JESU, from out Thine opened Side  
Thou hast the thirsty world supplied  
With endless streams of love :  
O ye, who would your sickness quell,  
Draw freely from that sacred Well ;  
Its heavenly virtues prove.

JESU, Thy Passion's bitter smart  
Pierced like a sword Thy Mother's heart,  
As Symeon prophesied :  
So fix our hearts fast to Thy Cross,  
That we may count all gain but loss  
For JESUS crucified.

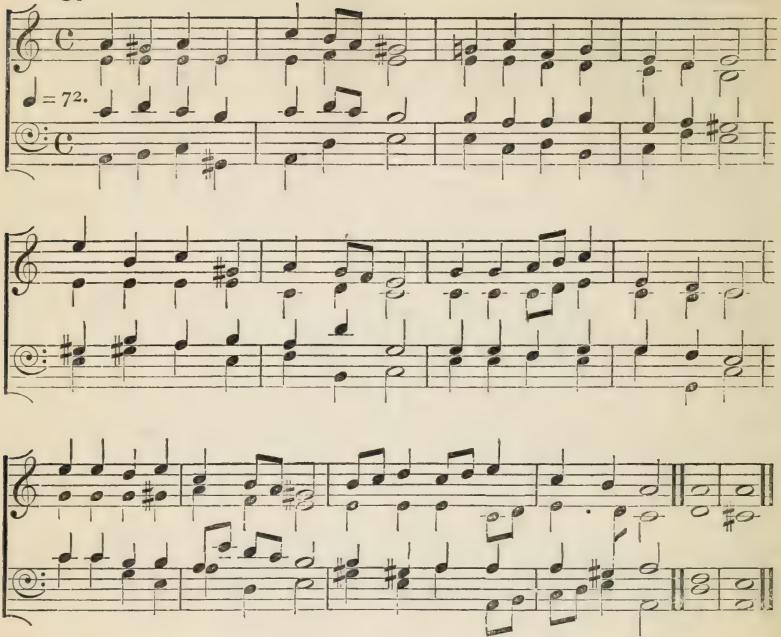
JESU, in spices wrapped, and laid  
Within the garden's rocky shade,  
By jealous seals made sure :  
Embalm us with Thy grace, and hide  
Thy servants in Thy wounded Side,  
A heavenly sepulture.

JESU, Who to the spirits went  
And preached the new enfranchisement  
Thy recent Death had won :  
Absolve us, LORD, and set us free  
From self and sin, that we may be  
Bondsmen to Thee alone. Amen,

LENT.

257

German.



*Wilt Thou shew wonders to the dead? Shall the dead arise and praise Thee?*

*p* DARKLY frowns the evening sky;  
Fails for woe the mourner's eye:  
Silent in the rocky tomb,  
Where as yet no dead have come,  
Armèd soldiers by the side,  
They have left the Crucified.

Lo! the doors are opening,  
And the dead behold their KING:  
See! the awful fathers know  
Him, Who lays death's terrors low:  
Hark! He bids the ancients rise  
Ransomed by His sacrifice.

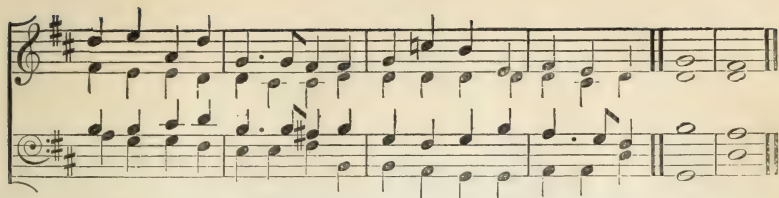
<p><i>mf</i> GOD! my GOD! and dost Thou show Wonders midst the dead below? They who slumber 'neath the earth, Shall they wake to second birth? Who shall those dread gates unfold, Barred through all the days of old?</p>	<p><i>p</i> When we sink into the dust, May we fix on Thee our trust! SAVIOUR of the sons of men, May we die to live again! Dying, may our faith recall Thy dear Death and Burial. Amen.</p>
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258

C. H. H. PARRY.



LENT.



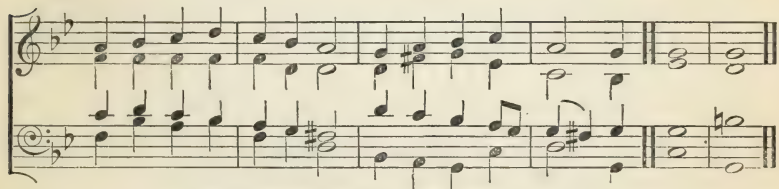
*O Death, I will be thy plagues : O Grave, I will be thy destruction.*

<p><i>f</i> To CHRIST, Whose Cross repaired our loss, All laud and praise from man are due: Be He the song of every tongue The earth's wide bound and heaven through !</p> <p><i>mf</i> That mighty throe of Thy last woe ; Thy precious Blood so freely poured ; Our hearts subdue Thy grace to sue, O JESU CHRIST, REDEEMER, LORD !</p>	<p>Who, by the power of that dark hour, The reign of sin hast trodden down, Grant holy peace and full release, REDEEMER of a world forlorn !</p> <p>Whoin the grave that new-made cave, O heavenly KING, didst mortal lie : Teach us to rest safe on Thy Breast, For Thee to live, in Thee to die.</p>
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Whom Thou didst call from guilty thrall,  
Vouchsafe in danger to defend,  
And lead us on to Thy blest Throne,  
The seat of joys that never end. Amen.

259

German.



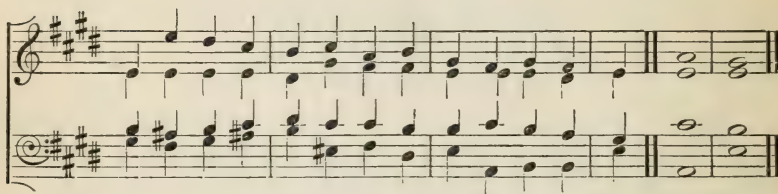
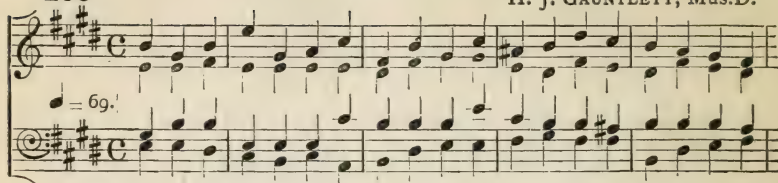
*There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God.*

<p><i>pp</i> So rest, our Rest, Thou ever blest, Thy grave with sinners making: By Thy precious death, from sin Our dead souls awaking. Here hast Thou lain After much pain, Life of our life, reposing: Round Thee now a rock-hewn grave, Rock of Ages, closing. Breath of all breath ! We know from death Thou wilt our dust awaken : Wherefore should we dread the grave, Or our faith be shaken ?</p>	<p>To us the tomb Is but a room Where we lie down on roses : He, Who dying conquered death, Sweetly there reposes. The body dies,— Nought else,—and lies In dust until victorious From the grave it shall arise Beautiful and glorious. Meantime we will O Jesu, still Deep in remembrance lay Thee, Musing on Thy death ; in death ! Be with us, we pray Thee. Amen.</p>
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EASTER EVEN.

260

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*He went and preached unto the spirits in prison.*

*mf* JESU, the Author of our Life,  
As Thine our burden and our strife :  
As Thine it was to die and rise,  
So Thine the grave and Paradise.

O LORD, Who blest the sabbath day,  
Lo, at Thy tomb for rest we pray :  
Here rest from our own work; and there  
The perfect rest with Thee to share.

O GOD the WORD, Who Flesh wast  
And in the grave for sinners laid : [made,  
With Thee this mortal frame we trust ;  
O guard and glorify our dust.

O Soul of CHRIST, so freely breathed,  
And to the FATHER's hands bequeathed,  
Draw us with hearts' desire to Thee,  
When we among the dead are free.

Dread Preacher, Who to fathers old  
Didst wonders in the gloom unfold :  
Thy perfect creed, O, may we learn  
In Eden, waiting Thy return.

They saw Thy day, and heard Thy voice,  
And in Thy glory did rejoice ;  
And Thou didst break their prison bars,  
And lead them high above the stars.

" Captivity led captive " then  
Was sung by angels and by men :  
Grant us the same to sing by faith,  
Both now, and at the hour of death.

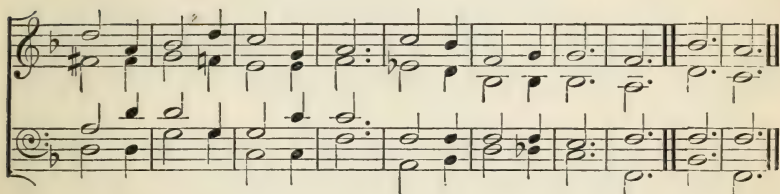
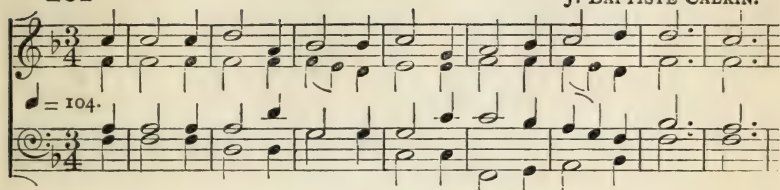
Our souls and bodies, LORD, receive  
To Thine own blessed Easter-Eve :  
All our beloved in mercy keep,  
As one by one they fall asleep. Amen.



LENT.

261

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*For he that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His.*

*pp* THOU, sore oppressed,  
The sabbath-rest  
In yon still grave art keeping:  
All Thy labour now is done,  
Past is all Thy weeping.

The strife is o'er,  
Nought hurts Thee more:  
The heart at last has slumbered  
That in conflict sore for us  
Bore our sins unnumbered.

Thou awful tomb,  
Once filled with gloom  
How blessed and how holy  
Art thou now, since in the grave  
Slept the SAVIOUR lowly!

How calm and blest  
The dead now rest  
Who in the LORD departed:  
All their works do follow them,  
Yea, they sleep glad-hearted!

O lead us Thou  
To rest e'en now,  
With all who, sorely anguished  
'Neath the burden of their sins,  
Long in woe have languished.

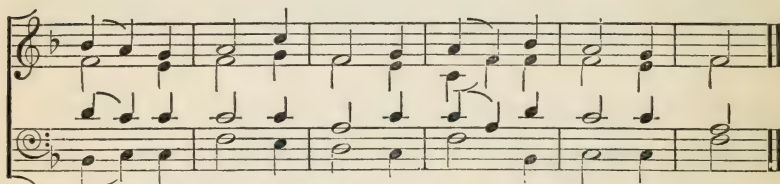
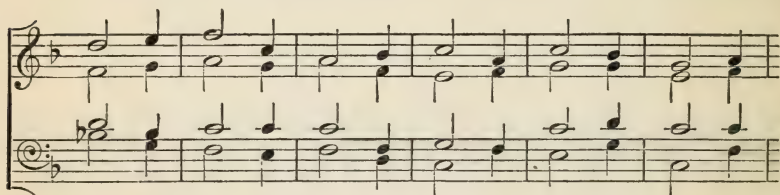
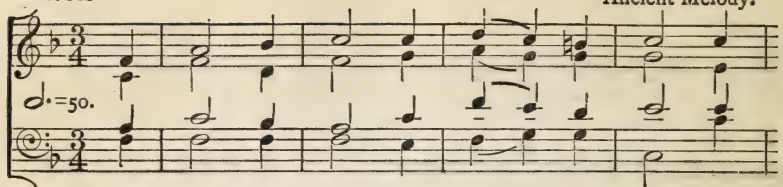
O LORD, our Rock,  
Soon grant Thy flock  
To see Thy Easter morning:  
Strife and pain will all be past  
When that day is dawning. Amen.

# E A S T E R.

## MORNING.

262

Ancient Melody.



*By the blood of thy covenant I have sent forth thy prisoners out of the pit, wherein is no water.*

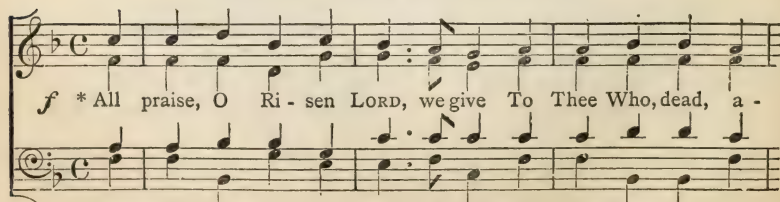
***ff*** THE glittering morn bedecks the sky,  
Heaven thunders forth its shouts on high:  
The earth's exulting songs reply;  
Hell wails a wild and bitter cry.

In vain with rocks His grave they barred,  
In vain the guard kept watch and ward:  
Majestic from the spoiled tomb  
In pomp of triumph He is come.

***f*** The Risen LORD, the rightful KING,  
Death's heavy fetters severing,  
And trampling down the powers of night,  
Brings forth His sleeping saints to light.

Hell's pains are loosed, and tears are  
Captivity is captive led: [fled;  
The shining angels, as they speed,  
Proclaim, "The LORD is risen indeed."

***mf*** JESU, Who art the LORD of all,  
In this our Easter Festival,  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.



\* This Doxology should also be sung at the end of the next two Hymns.

# EASTER.

- gain dost live: To GOD the FA - THER e - qual praise,

And GOD the HO - LY GHOST we raise. A - men.

263

Ancient Melody.

♩ = 50.

*And she went and told them that had been with Him, as they mourned and wept.*

*mf* DEEP sorrow on the apostles came;  
They mourned their MASTER, put to  
shame,  
And doomed by rebel slaves to die  
The bitter death on Calvary.

*mf* And when the Eleven hear the word,  
Their hearts with speechless joy are  
stirred:

Forthwith they haste to Galilee  
Their LORD's adored Face to see.

*p* JESU, Who art the LORD of all,  
In this our Easter Festival,  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.

*For the music to this Doxology see above.*

*f* All praise, O Risen LORD, we give  
To Thee Who, dead, again dost live;  
To GOD the FATHER equal praise  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST we raise.

Meanwhile the weeping Marys heard  
The angel's sure and welcome word:  
*f* "Fear not, your MASTER ye shall see;  
He goes before to Galilee."

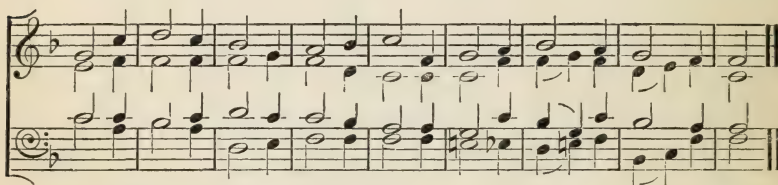
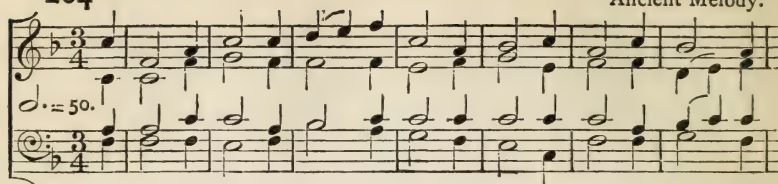
Then, hasting on their eager way  
The joyful tidings to convey, meet,  
Their LORD, their living LORD, they  
And falling clasp His sacred Feet.

Amen.

# EASTER.

264

Ancient Melody.



*Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord.*

*f* Joy dawned again on Easter Day;  
The sun shone out with fairer ray;  
When to their longing eyes restored,  
The Apostles saw their risen LORD.

His risen Flesh with radiance glowed;  
His wounded Hands and Side He showed:  
Those scars their silent witness gave  
That CHRIST was risen from the grave.

*mf* O JESU, King of gentleness,  
Do Thou our inmost hearts possess:  
And we to Thee will ever raise  
The tribute of our grateful praise.

*p* JESU, Who art the LORD of all,  
In this our Easter Festival,  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.

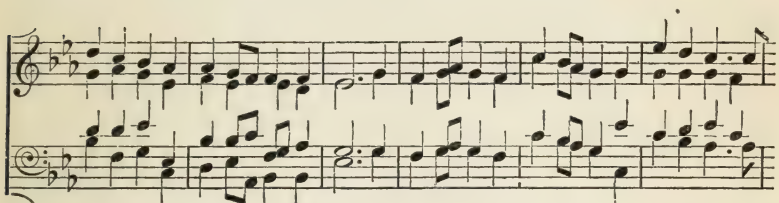
[For music to this Doxology see Hymn 262.]

*f* All praise, O Risen LORD, we give  
To Thee Who, dead, again dost live;  
To GOD the FATHER equal praise  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST we raise. Amen.



265

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*Declared to be the Son of God with power.*

*f* O THOU, the heavens' Eternal KING,  
And LORD of starry spheres,  
Who with the FATHER equal art  
From everlasting years :  
All praise to Thy most Holy Name,  
Who, when the world began,  
Didst clothe the soul in flesh, and form,  
In God's own image, man.

All praise to Thee, Who, when the foe  
Had marred Thy work sublime,  
Didst clothe Thyself in flesh, and mould  
Our race a second time ;  
When from the tomb new-born, as from  
A Virgin born before,  
Thou didst reverse our fallen state,  
And life to man restore.

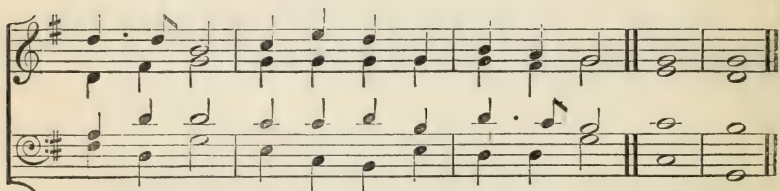
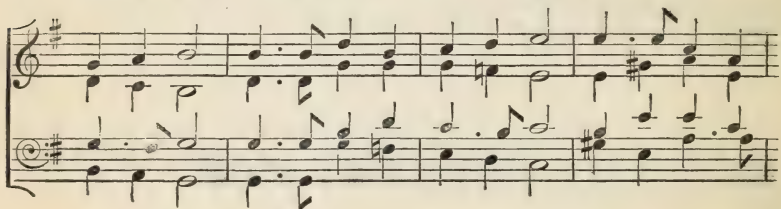
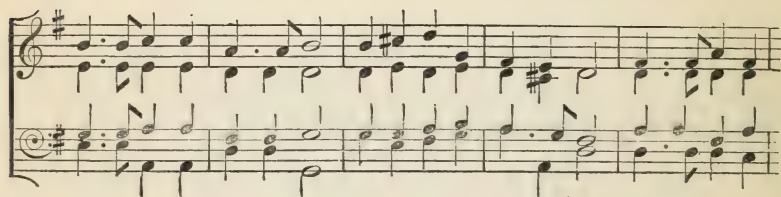
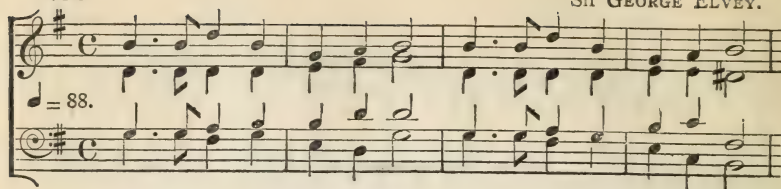
*mf* Eternal Shepherd, Who Thy flock  
In Thy pure font dost lave,  
Where souls are cleansed, and all their  
Entombed as in a grave : [guilt  
JESU, Who to the cross wast nailed,  
Our countless debt to pay ;  
JESU, Who didst so freely pour  
Thy Blood for us away ;

Preserve us from the death of sin :  
So Thou, dear LORD, shalt be  
The everlasting Easter joy  
Of all new-born in Thee.  
*ff* To GOD the FATHER, and the SON  
Who rose, be glory given,  
With Thee, Almighty PARACLETE,  
By all in earth and heaven. Amen.

EASTER.

266

Sir GEORGE ELVEY.



*Thou wentest forth before the people.*

*f* CHRIST the LORD is risen to-day :  
Christians, haste your vows to pay ;  
Offer ye your praises meet  
At the Paschal Victim's feet.  
For the sheep the Lamb hath bled,  
Sinless in the sinner's stead.  
"CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry ;  
Now He lives no more to die.

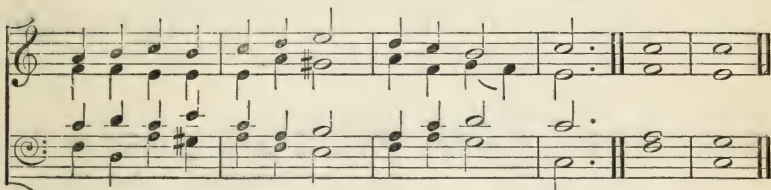
CHRIST, the Victim undefiled,  
Man to God hath reconciled ;  
Whilst in strange and awful strife  
Met together Death and Life :  
Christians, on this happy day  
Haste with joy your vows to pay.  
"CHRIST is risen," to-day we cry ;  
Now He lives no more to die.

CHRIST, Who once for sinners bled,  
Now the first-born from the dead,  
Throned in endless might and power,  
Lives and reigns for evermore.  
*ff* Hail, Eternal Hope on high !  
Hail, Thou King of victory !  
Hail, Thou Prince of Life adored !  
Help and save us, gracious LORD. Amen.

# EASTER.

267

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*

*f* MORN'S roseate hues have decked the sky;  
The LORD has risen with victory:  
Let earth be glad, and raise the cry,  
Alleluia.

The Prince of Life with death has striven,  
To cleanse the earth His Blood has given;  
Has rent the veil, and opened heaven:  
Alleluia.

And He, the wheat-corn, sown in earth,  
Has given a glorious harvest-birth:  
Rejoice, and sing with holy mirth  
Alleluia.

Our bodies, mouldering to decay,  
Are sown to rise to heavenly day;  
For He by rising burst the way:  
Alleluia.

*mf* And he, dear LORD, that with Thee dies,  
And fleshly passions crucifies,  
In body, like to Thine, shall rise:  
Alleluia.

*p* O grant us, then, with Thee to die,  
To spurn earth's fleeting vanity,  
And love the things above the sky:  
Alleluia.

*f* Oh, praise the FATHER and the SON,  
Who has for us the triumph won,  
And HOLY GHOST,—the THREE in ONE:  
Alleluia. Amen.

# EASTER.

*The right hand of the Lord hath the pre-eminence; the right hand of the Lord bringeth mighty things to pass.*

268

HENRY SMART.

$\text{♩} = 84.$  Let the whole world chant and sing Eas-ter prai - ses to our

King: Al - - le - lu - - ia. Res-cued from the fiery river, Let the

blest ones sing for ev - er Al - - le - lu - - ia. We, too,

raise with hymn and song Fullest praises, loud and long; Al - - le - lu - ia.

*mf* For our LORD for us has borne  
All the bitter weight of scorn:

Alleluia.

Death's sharp pains 'twas His to  
His to drink the cup of woe: [know;

Alleluia.

And from Hands, and Feet, and Side,  
Flowed His life-blood's crimson tide:

Alleluia.

On Him our transgressions fell;  
He for us went down to hell.

Alleluia.

He hath triumphed o'er the foe;  
He hath wrought sin's overthrow:

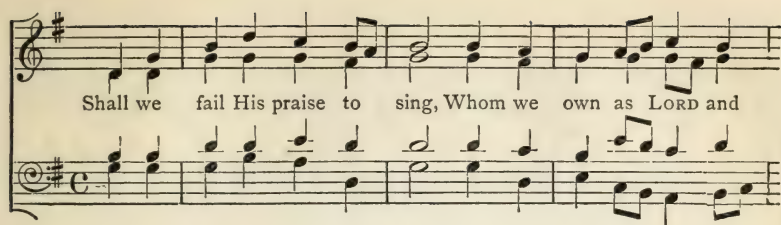
Alleluia.

So, once more, that Easter morn,  
He to higher life was born.

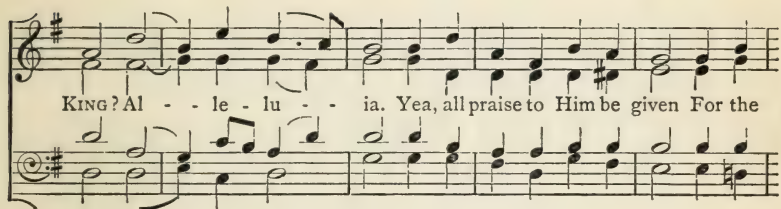
Alleluia.



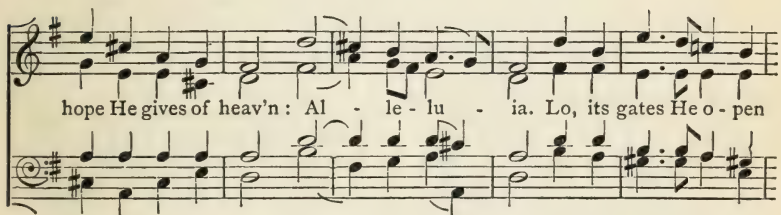
# EASTER.



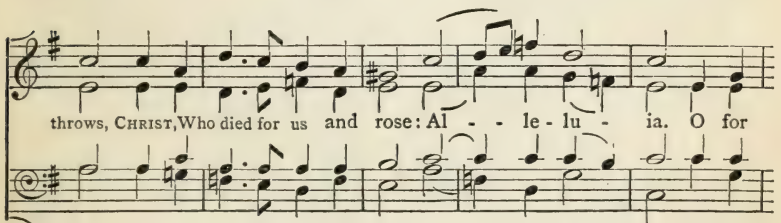
Shall we fail His praise to sing, Whom we own as LORD and



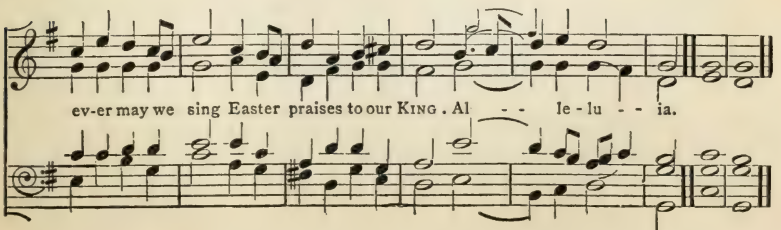
KING? Al - - le - lu - - ia. Yea, all praise to Him be given For the



hope He gives of heav'n: Al - le - lu - ia. Lo, its gates He o - pen



throws, CHRIST, Who died for us and rose: Al - - le - lu - ia. O for



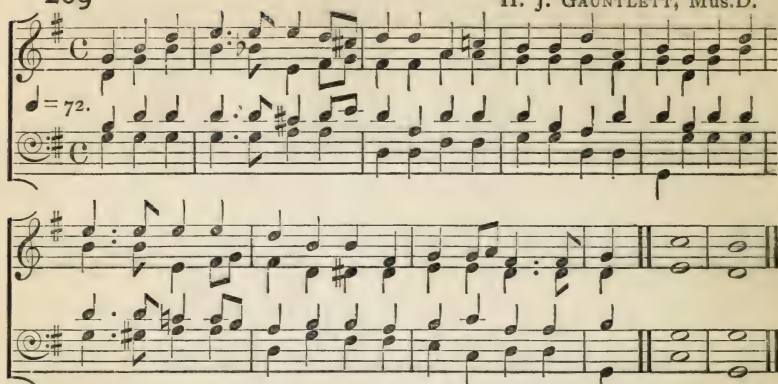
ev-er may we sing Easter praises to our KING. Al - - le - lu - - ia.

EASTER.  
AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

EASTER DAY

269

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious, because His mercy endureth for ever.*

*f* BRIGHT glows the morn this Easter day,

The day of CHRIST's great victory :  
His triumph o'er the proud foe's sway  
This day proclaims exultingly.

*\*mf* In Eden's grove our mother's sin [life;  
Brought loss of peace and bliss and  
But He, the Virgin-born, doth win  
New bliss in that victorious strife.

*\** O KING, upon Thy Father's throne,  
At GOD's right hand for ever set;  
Do Thou our joyous anthems own,  
When we to sing Thy praise are met.

*\** All praise and honour, LORD, to Thee,  
The great, the merciful, the good :  
Thy pity sets Thy people free ; [Blood.  
The LAMB has washed them in His

*\** He cleansed us with His mighty power ;  
He gave us gifts of grace and light :  
Oppressed with wonder hour by hour,  
We fail to sing His praise aright.

Yes, He, of David's line the heir,  
Of Judah's tribe the Lion strong,  
As Lamb was seen the Cross to bear ;  
And round the sign His blest ones throng.

In fetters bound the foe doth lie, [prey ;  
Who thought to make mankind his  
For CHRIST hath won the victory,  
And men and angels own His sway.

Behold, CHRIST's own with heart and voice  
Sing out their great REDEEMER's praise :  
In Thee, O LORD, may we rejoice ;  
Do Thou the weak and fallen raise.

Raise, too, Thy chosen ones, with Thee,  
To share Thy glory blest and bright ;  
Reward, in bounty full and free,  
All souls that love the truth and right.

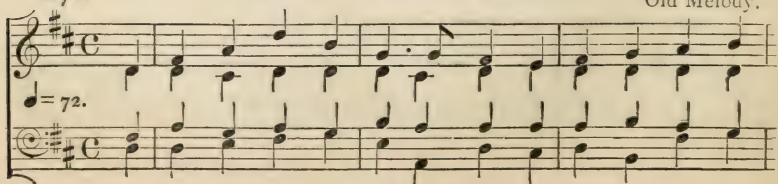
As yet we want the comfort true,  
Which He, the PARACLETE, bestows :  
But then our eyes the KING shall view,  
In that bright cloud wherewith He rose.  
Amen.

\* These verses may be omitted.

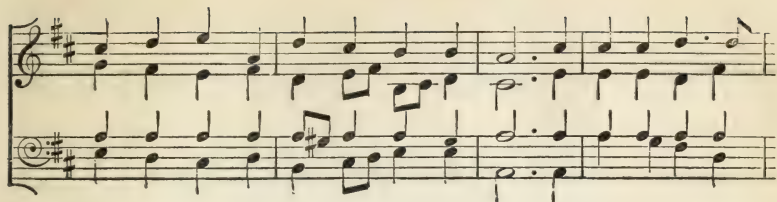
MONDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

270

Old Melody.



# EASTER.



*And beginning at Moses, and all the prophets, He expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning Himself.*

*f* PURGE out the leaven old of sin,  
And let our Risen SAVIOUR win  
New praise from us to-day;  
This day has given our hope its birth;  
Proclaimed by signs of wondrous worth  
It meets us on our way.

*mf* It spoiled of old the Egyptian foe;  
It taught the captive slaves to know  
The joy of freedom new:  
They, in their bondage straitly bound,  
No respite from their taskwork found,  
Nor peace nor rest they knew.

*f* But now the gladsome sound is heard;  
Falls on the ear the mighty word,—  
"Triumphant o'er the grave."  
This is the day the LORD hath made;  
Now let our tears and grief be stayed,  
This day is strong to save.

## PART II.

*mf* SHADOWS of good the Law doth show:  
In CHRIST the promised One we know,  
In Whom is all complete:

His Blood hath quenched the fiery  
wrath,  
Which bade the Cherub guard the path  
To Eden's blissful seat.

In Him is Isaac seen again,  
For whom of old the ram was slain,  
True type of joy and life.  
See Joseph from the pit arise;  
And lo! CHRIST riseth to the skies,  
The victor in the strife.

Like Samson He the foe's high gate  
Bursts open, and in kingly state  
Bears His great spoil away:  
Like Jonah in his living tomb,  
He passes from hell's dreary gloom  
To this His Easter day.

Yea, death and life in conflict keen  
Were met, when CHRIST the LORD was  
seen,  
The first-fruits from the dead:  
Joy in the morning comes, and lo!  
Night with its weary weight of woe  
Before the dawn is fled.

*The following may be sung at the end of each Part.*

*p* O JESU, Conqueror in the strife,  
O LORD, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Whose death o'er death prevails:  
Oh, lead us to Thy Table, LORD,  
That Easter table where is stored  
The Bread that never fails.

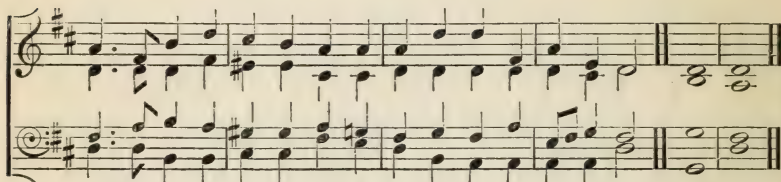
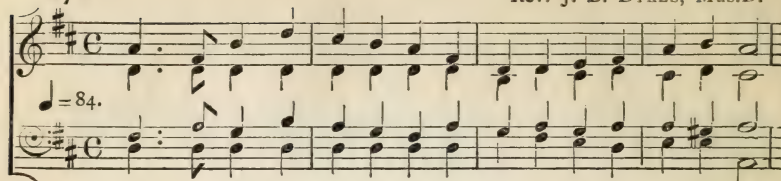
*pp* O living Bread, O Fount of joy,  
True Vine, true Bliss without alloy,  
Cleanse us, yea, cleanse and guide:  
And when we yield our parting breath,  
Oh save us from the second death,  
And keep us by Thy side. Amen.

# EASTER.

TUESDAY IN EASTER WEEK.

2/I

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



*Let them give thanks whom the Lord hath redeemed, and delivered them from the hand of the enemy; and gathered them out of the lands.*

*f* ALLELUIA, let the nations  
Sing to-day from West to East;  
As they solemnize with praises  
And with prayers the Paschal feast.

*mf* And ye little ones be joyful,  
Whom the Holy font hath made  
White as snow: the lake that burn-  
eth  
Shall not make your ranks afraid.

We, with you, to measured music  
Fain would tune the slackened  
string;  
And in subtly-cadenced anthems  
Bid our voices rise and ring.

Since for us, a mute meek Victim,  
CHRIST endured the cross and  
He, the Living Life, a captive [shame:  
Unto death for us became:

*p* For our sakes He deigned to carry  
To His lips the cup of gall: [ing,  
Nail and spear, and pain and wound-  
In our cause He braved them all:

So through suffering He descended,  
Laden with our sins, to hell;  
*cres.* Whence He comes with many a  
trophy,  
Telling that He triumphed well.

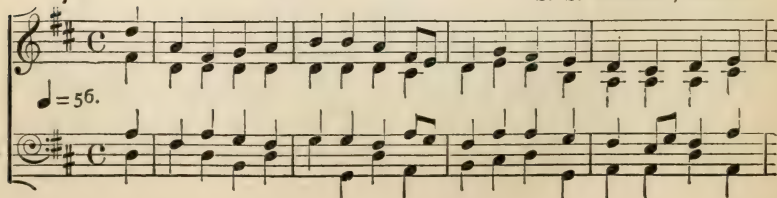
*f* Death o'erthrown, He brake the  
weapons  
Of His ancient foe in twain;  
And the third day lo! He riseth  
In His flesh to life again.

*ff* Sing we then to Him glad anthems,  
Who spread wide the heavenly  
And to man gave life eternal: [door,  
His be praise for evermore. Amen.

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EASTER.

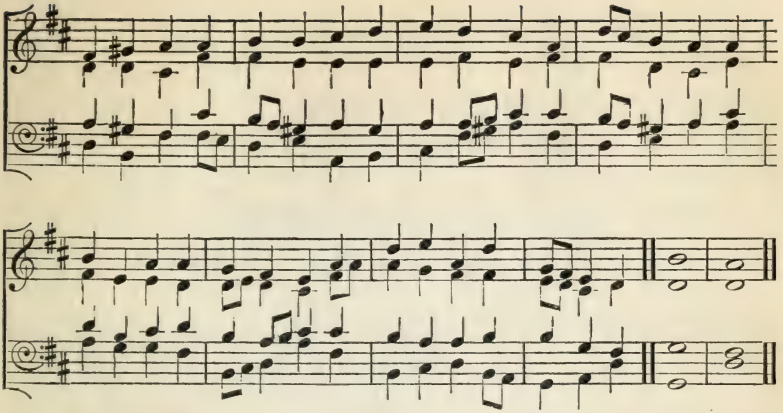
272

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.





# EASTER.



*Praise the Lord, ye servants: O praise the name of the Lord.*

*f* PRAISE to our LORD and SAVIOUR dear,  
Let us sing out in anthems clear;  
To CHRIST, the LORD'S Anointed,  
raise  
The accents high of heavenly praise;  
And tell how, sinners to redeem,  
He made Himself of no esteem:

*mf* How, veiled in flesh from mortal eyes,  
Our GOD within the manger lies:  
How pitying those who exiles roam,  
Far off from Paradise and home,  
CHRIST, e'en as Infant, learns to know  
How for man's sin man's blood must  
flow.

## PART II.

So wrought He all His FATHER'S will,  
Baptized, all duty to fulfil;  
So, tempted by the subtle foe,  
He all our wants and pains doth know;  
The SON of GOD, He counts it meet  
As slave to wash His servants' feet.

Yet oft beneath that humble guise  
The GODHEAD flashed on mortal eyes,  
By many a speech and many a sign:—  
Sick healed, and water turned to wine,  
The leper cleansed, the dead restored,  
The blind eyes looking on their LORD.

He feeds the hungry crowd with bread,  
His Feet upon the rough waves tread,  
He stills the winds, and at His word  
Deaf ears the voice of love have heard:  
And then, thus proved of boundless power,  
He passes to His passion-hour.

*The following are to be sung at the end of each Part.*

*p* Condemned upon the Cross to hang,  
For us He tastes of death's keen pang;  
*cres.* But then there shines, Oh, morning  
bright,  
The glory of this Easter light;  
*f* Then to His own Himself He shows,  
Victorious over all His foes.

In wondrous ways to eye and heart  
He doth His risen self impart:  
In that new life so full, so rare,  
All things that live may claim their  
share; [spring,  
Flowers round His glorious footprints  
Birds chant the praises of the King.

The lights that rule the night and day,  
Shine now with brighter purer ray;  
The earth, that trembled to her deep,  
Her blossoms on His path doth heap;  
*ff* Stars, sea, and shore have found a  
voice,  
And cry aloud, Rejoice, rejoice.

And we, too, will not fail to tell  
What on this Easter-tide befell:  
We upon earth the praise prolong  
Which rises from the angels' song:  
With alleluias deep and high  
We praise the Eternal TRINITY.

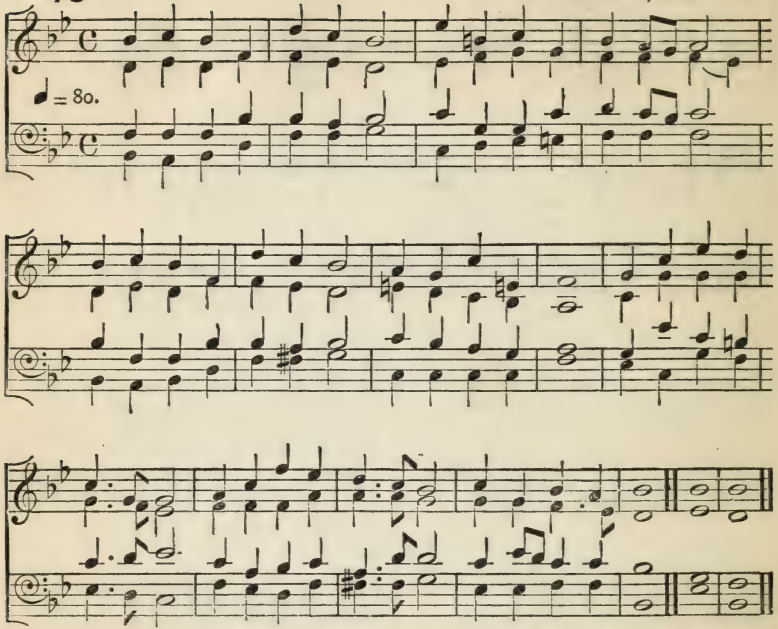
Amen.

# EASTER.

ANY DAY.

273

SAMUEL REAY, Mus. Bac.



*Lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth.*

Lo! the world from slumber risen  
Hourly gives new glories birth;  
With the LORD from death's dark prison  
Spring the things of earth;  
Nature freed from wintry thrall  
Hails her Maker's festival:  
All is joy and mirth.

Heat its waves is rolling free;  
Air delights to dance and play;  
Water ripples laughingly;  
Earth is bright and gay;  
Things below and things above  
With a fresh life-impulse move:  
All is new to-day.

Brighter azure decks the skies;  
Ocean seeks a calmer rest;  
Breeze to breeze more softly sighs;  
Meads with flowers are drest;  
Arid wilds with verdure gleam;  
Limpid flows the ice-bound stream  
At Spring's mild behest.

Now is loosed death's icy grasp;  
This world's prince is trodden down;  
Reft are we from Satan's clasp  
Whom he deemed his own:  
Grasping with his wily art  
Him, in Whom he had no part,  
He is overthrown.

Death by Life is overcome:  
Bright before man's wondering eyes  
Dawn the glories of his home,  
His lost Paradise.  
Now at CHRIST's compelling word  
Cherubim with sheathed sword  
Point to opening skies. Amen.

# EASTER.

ALL SUNDAYS UP TO ASCENSION DAY.

*Tell it out among the heathen that the Lord is King.*

274

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*f* Un-to the Paschal Vic-tim bring, Christians, your thankful of-fer

- ing. The LAMB the sheep hath ran-som'd; CHRIST, the un-de

- fi-led, Hath sin-ners to His GOD and FA-THER re-con-

- ci-led. Death and Life, in wondrous strife, Came to

conflict sharp and sore: Life's Monarch, He That died, Now dies no more.

# EASTER.

All in Unison and 8ves.

What thou saw-est, Ma-ry, say, As thou went-est on thy

*♩ = 72. Slower.*

*Ped.*

SOPRANO. RECIT.

way. I saw the Slain One's earthly pri-son; I saw the

*a tempo.* *p*

glo-ry, the glo-ry of the Ri-sen; The wit-ness an-gels by the

*mf* *f*

cave; And the garments of the grave. The

*cres.*



EASTER.

Musical score for the first system. The vocal line is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The piano accompaniment consists of chords in the right hand and moving lines in the left hand. The lyrics are: LORD, my Hope, The LORD, my Hope is ris'n; and

Musical score for the second system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: He Be - fore you goes to Ga - li - lee. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

*A tempo ordinario.*

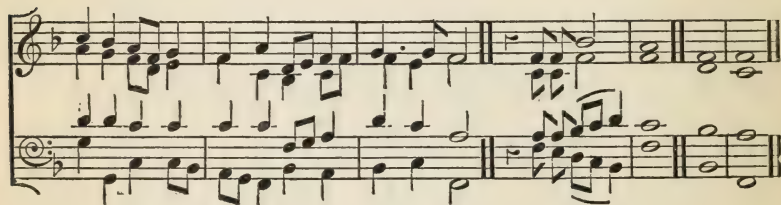
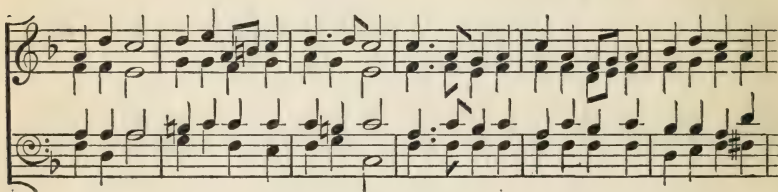
Musical score for the third system. The tempo is marked *A tempo ordinario*. The vocal line begins with the lyrics: We know that CHRIST is ri - sen, is. The piano part includes the marking *f Org.* and a tempo indication of  $\text{♩} = 72$ .

Musical score for the fourth system. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: ris'n from death in - deed, Thou, Vic - tor Monarch, Vic - tor Monarch, The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note bass line.

Musical score for the fifth system. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: for Thy sup-pliant's plead. A - men. Al - le - lu - ia. The piano accompaniment includes a repeat sign and sustained chords.

275

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*I am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I am alive for evermore.*

**f** FAR be sorrow, tears, and sighing;  
Waves are calming, storms are dying;  
Moses hath o'erpassed the sea;  
Israel's captive hosts are free.  
LIFE by death slew death and saved us;  
In His Blood the LAMB hath laved us,  
Clothing us with victory.  
Alleluia.

Hark, the deep abysses thunder;  
Hark, the chains are snapped in sunder;  
And the unfettered fathers rise  
Soaring toward the opened skies.  
GOD and MAN, our ransom paying,  
And in light Himself arraying,  
Now has won the victory.  
Alleluia.

JESUS CHRIST from death is risen:  
'Tis His GODHEAD bursts the prison,  
While His MANHOOD rises free  
O'er our mortal misery;  
And to sinners brings salvation:  
Thus in GOD's humiliation  
Man has won the victory.  
Alleluia.

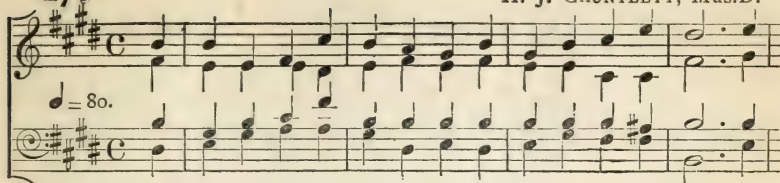
This the law our SAVIOUR teaches;  
This the call His triumph preaches;  
Sinner, from the grave of sin  
Rise, eternal joy to win;  
From the death our sin decreed us,  
Sinless He by death has freed us;  
Sing we then His victory.  
Alleluia. Amen.

# EASTER.

## EVENING.

276

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Judah is a lion's whelp: from the prey, my son, thou art gone up.*

*mf* YE choirs of new Jerusalem,  
Your sweetest notes employ,  
The Paschal victory to hymn  
In strains of holy joy :

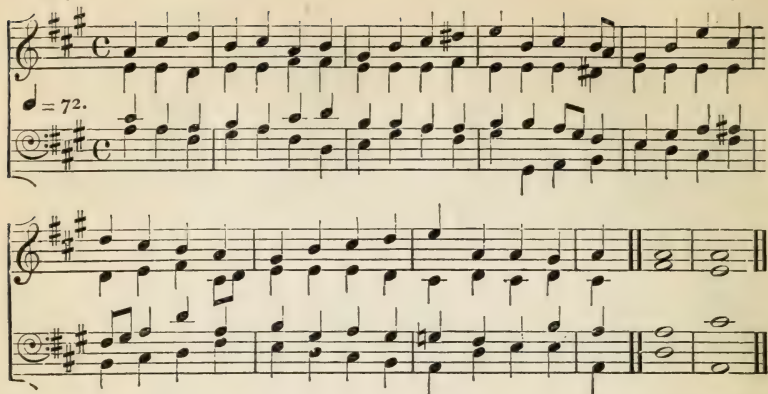
*f* How Judah's Lion burst His chains,  
And bruised the serpent's head ;  
And cried aloud, through death's domains,  
To wake the imprisoned dead.

From hell's devouring jaws the prey  
Alone our Leader bore ;  
His ransomed hosts pursue their way  
Where He hath gone before.

Right gloriously He triumphs now ;  
To Him all power is given ;  
To Him in one communion bow  
All saints in earth and heaven.

*mf* And we, as these His deeds we sing,  
His soldiers, Him implore,  
Within His palace bright to bring  
And keep us evermore.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be ;  
All glory to the SON ;  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee ;  
While endless ages run. Amen.



*Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the feast . . . with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.*

*f* THE LAMB's high banquet called to share  
In robes of saintly white we sing :  
And through the Red Sea safely brought  
We triumph sound to CHRIST our KING !

*mf* He gives His Body, on the Cross  
Consumed with love, to be our food :  
And drinking of His roseate Blood  
We live upon the living God.

The avenging angel passes o'er  
The blood-drops on the lintel spread :  
The waters, cleft for Israel's hosts,  
Soon close to overwhelm the Egyptian dead.

Now CHRIST, the LAMB without a stain,  
Is slain our Paschal Lamb to be :  
His Flesh is our oblation made,  
The leaven of sincerity.

*f* Hail, purest Victim Heaven could find  
The powers of Hell to overthrow :  
Thou hast the chains of Death destroyed,  
Thou dost the prize of Life bestow !

Hail, Victor CHRIST, hail, Risen KING,  
To Thee alone belongs the crown :  
Thy power the heavenly gates unbarred,  
And dragged the Prince of darkness down.

*p* O JESU, from the death of sin  
Keep us, we pray : so shalt Thou be  
The everlasting Paschal joy  
Of all the souls new-born in Thee.

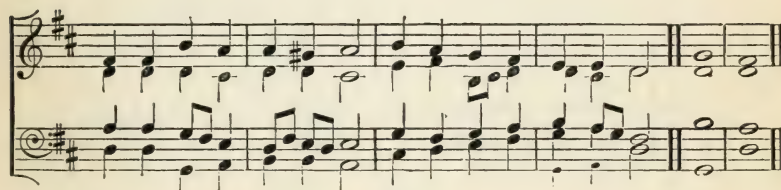
*f* To GOD, the FATHER, and the SON,  
Who rose from death, be glory given,  
With Thee, O HOLY PARACLETE,  
Henceforth by all in earth and heaven. Amen.



# EASTER.

278

German.



*Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us; therefore let us keep the feast, not with the old leaven, nor with the leaven of malice and wickedness, but with the unleavened bread of sincerity and truth.*

*f* AT the LAMB's high feast we sing  
Praise to our victorious KING,  
Who hath washed us in the tide  
Flowing from His piercèd Side:  
Praise we Him, Whose love divine  
Gives His guests His Blood for wine,  
Gives His Body for the feast;  
Love the Victim, Love the Priest,

Where the Paschal Blood is poured  
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;  
Israel's hosts triumphant go  
Through the wave that drowns the foe.  
Praise we CHRIST, Whose Blood was  
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread: [shed,  
With sincerity and love  
Eat we Manna from above.

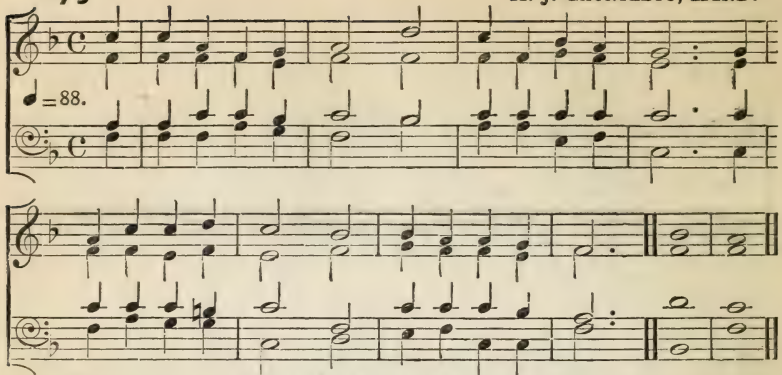
Mighty Victim from the sky,  
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie:  
Thou hast conquered in the fight;  
Thou hast brought us life and light.  
Now no more can death appal,  
Now no more the grave enthrall:  
Thou hast opened Paradise,  
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy—  
Sin alone can this destroy:  
From sin's power do Thou set free  
Souls new-born, O LORD, in Thee.  
Hymns of glory and of praise,  
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;  
Risen LORD, all praise to Thee,  
With the SPIRIT, ever be. Amen.

EASTER.

279

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*If God be for us, who can be against us?*

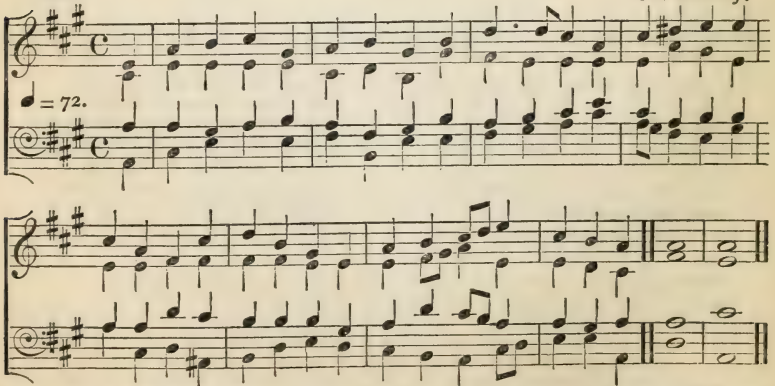
*mf* BENEATH a mighty arm  
We passed the cleft Red Sea;  
And broke at length the yoke  
Of bitter slavery.  
*f* To GOD we raise our thanks  
Who our Deliverer came;  
And, robed in pureness, throng  
The Altar of the LAMB.  
*p* He gave His Flesh and Blood:  
Oh, then, in holy love  
Upon Him let us feed,  
And live to GOD above.  
*mf* CHRIST is our Passover,  
The spotless LAMB of GOD:  
Death's angel passes by  
Those sprinkled with His Blood.

O Victim, worthy heaven,  
By Whom death vanquished fell,  
The dungeon gates were burst,  
The prey brought back from hell:  
*f* We hail Thee from the grave  
In triumph come again,  
To bind our foes in hell,  
And open heaven to man.  
*p* Grant us with Thee to die,  
With Thee to rise above;  
To spurn the things of earth,  
The joys of heaven to love.  
*f* Oh, praise the FATHER; praise  
Death's Conqueror, the SON;  
And praise the HOLY GHOST,  
The Equal THREE in ONE.

Amen.

280

Old Melody.



*When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet*

*mf* JESU, the world's redeeming LORD,  
Eternal SON, Co-equal WORD;  
O LIGHT of LIGHT invisible,  
True Shepherd of Thine Israel:

Thy hand creation made and guides;  
Thy wisdom time from time divides:  
Refresh at night with quiet rest  
Our limbs by daily toil oppressed;

# EASTER.

That, while in frames of sin and pain  
A little longer we remain,  
Our flesh its slumbers so may take  
That unto Thee our souls may wake :  
♯ Meek suppliants Thy help we crave ;  
Thy servants from the Tempter save :  
That he may ne'er victorious be  
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

JESU, Who art the LORD of all  
In this our Easter Festival  
From every weapon death can wield  
Thine own redeemed, Thy people, shield.  
f All praise, O Risen LORD, we give  
To Thee Who, dead, again dost live ;  
To GOD the FATHER equal praise  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST we raise.  
Amen.

## ANY HOUR.

281

Anonymous.

*For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be Lord both of the dead and living.*

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!  
The crown is on the Victor's brow ;  
Finished is the battle now :  
Hence with sadness ;  
Sing with gladness  
Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
For after death that Him befell ;  
JESUS CHRIST hath harrowed hell :  
Heaven is ringing,  
Earth is singing  
Alleluia !

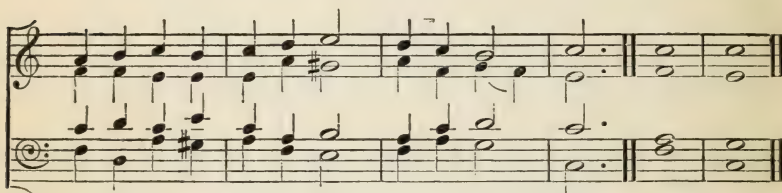
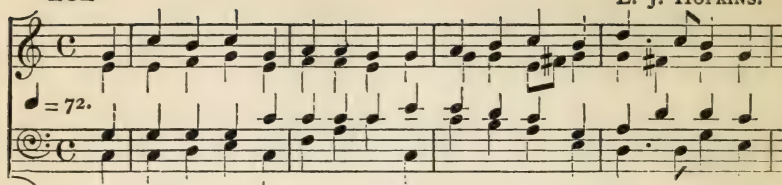
Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
On that third morning He arose,  
Bright with triumph o'er His foes ;  
Sing we lauding,  
And applauding,  
Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
For He hath closed hell's yawning door,  
Heaven is open evermore :  
Hence with sadness ;  
Sing with gladness  
Alleluia !

Alleluia ! Alleluia !  
LORD, by Thy wounds we call on Thee,  
So from death to set us free,  
That our living  
Be thanksgiving ! Alleluia ! Amen.

282

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Blessed are they that have not seen; and yet have believed.*

*f* CHILDREN of GOD, rejoice and sing!  
For CHRIST hath risen, our glorious  
O'er death and Satan triumphing. [KING,  
Alleluia.

"Thomas, behold My Side," saith He,  
"My Hands, My Feet, My Body see;  
Nor faithless, but believing be."  
Alleluia.

*mf* On that first morning of the week,  
Before the day began to break,  
The rock-hewn tomb the Marys seek.  
Alleluia.

When Thomas saw that wounded Side,  
The truth no longer he denied;  
"Thou art my LORD, my GOD," he cried.  
Alleluia.

An angel clothed in white they see,  
Who said, "Ye seek the Lord; but He  
Is risen, and gone to Galilee."  
Alleluia.

*p* Oh, blest are they who have not seen,  
And yet whose faith hath constant been;  
For they eternal life shall win.  
Alleluia.

*p* That night the Apostles met in fear;  
Amidst them stood their LORD most  
dear,  
And said, "My peace be with you here."  
Alleluia.

*f* On this most holy Day of days,  
Our hearts and voices, LORD, we  
raise  
To Thee, in jubilee and praise;  
Alleluia.

*mf* But Thomas, when of this he heard,  
Was doubtful of his brethren's word,  
And questioned if it were the LORD.  
Alleluia.

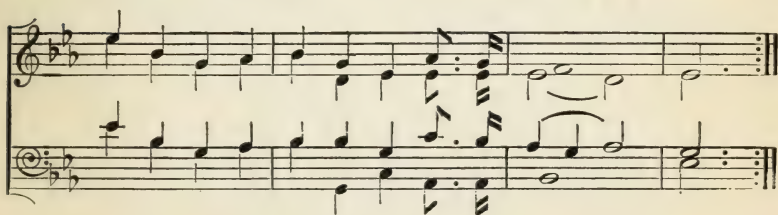
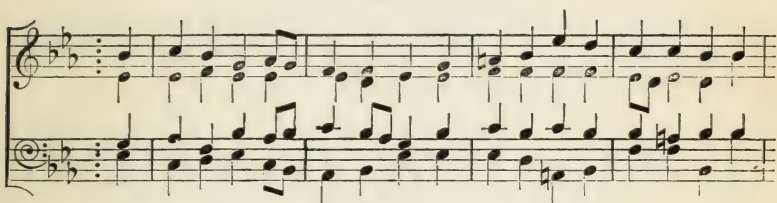
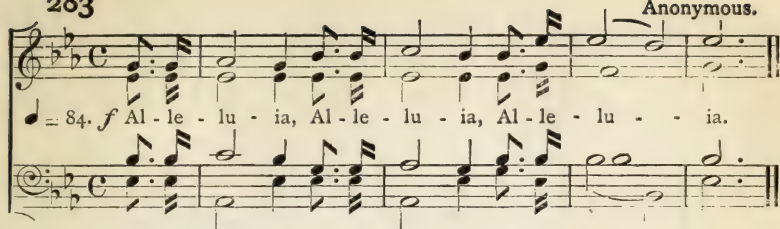
To Thee be glory evermore,  
Whose mercy ever runneth o'er;  
Whom men and angel-hosts adore.  
Alleluia. Amen.



# EASTER.

283

Anonymous.



*This is the day which the Lord hath made; we will rejoice, and be glad in it.*

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

*f* The strife is o'er, the battle done!

The victory of life is won;

*ff* The song of triumph has begun,  
Alleluia!

*mf* The three sad days are quickly sped;

He rises glorious from the dead:

*f* All glory to our risen Head!  
Alleluia!

*f* The powers of death have done their  
worst; [persed;

But CHRIST their legions hath dis-

*ff* Let shout of holy joy outburst,  
Alleluia!

*mf* He closed the yawning gates of hell;  
The bars from heaven's high portals  
fell:

*f* Let hymns of praise His triumphs tell!  
Alleluia!

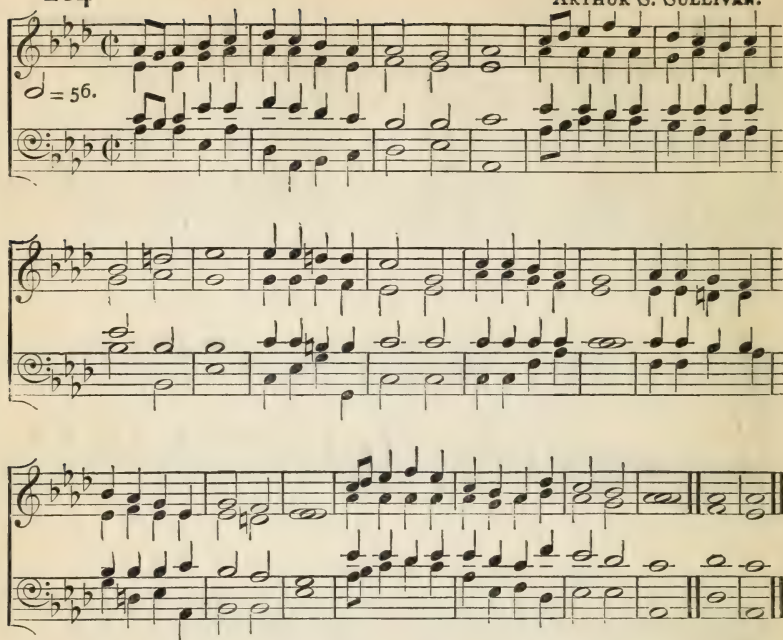
*p* LORD, by the stripes which wounded Thee,  
From death's dread sting Thy servants free,

*f* That we may live, and sing to Thee,

*ff* Alleluia!

284

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*This is a day of good tidings.*

*f* "WELCOME, happy morning!" age to age shall say;  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, Heaven is won to-day!  
 Lo! the Dead is living, God for evermore!  
 Him, their true Creator, all His works adore!  
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

*mf* Earth her joy confesses, clothing her for spring,  
 All fresh gifts returned with her returning King:  
 Bloom in every meadow, leaves on every bough,  
 Speak His sorrow ended, hail His triumph now:  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

Months in due succession, days of lengthening light,  
 Hours and passing moments praise Thee in their flight;  
 Brightness of the morning, sky and fields and sea,  
 Vanquisher of darkness, bring their praise to Thee!  
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

MAKER and REDEEMER, Life and Health of all,  
 Thou, from heaven beholding human nature's fall,  
 Of the FATHER'S GOD-HEAD true and only SON,  
 Manhood to deliver, Manhood didst put on:  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day.

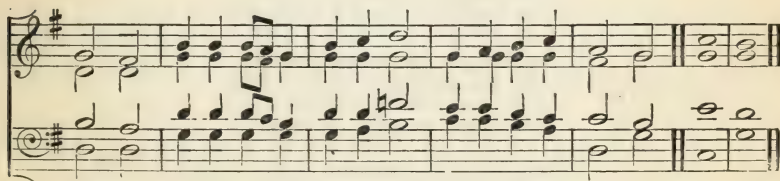
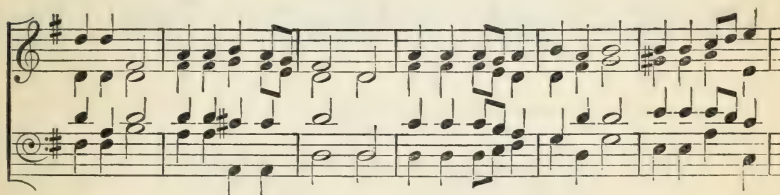
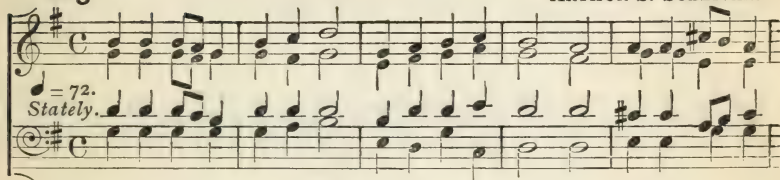
*p* Thou, of Life the Author, death didst undergo,  
 Tread the path of darkness, saving strength to show:  
*cres.* Come then, True and Faithful, now fulfil Thy word;  
 'Tis Thine own third morning, rise, O buried LORD!  
 "Welcome, happy morning!" age to age shall say.

# EASTER.

*f* Loose the souls long prisoned, bound with Satan's chain ;  
 All that now is fallen raise to life again ;  
 Shew Thy Face in brightness, bid the nations see,  
 Bring again our daylight : day returns with Thee !  
 Hell to-day is vanquished, heaven is won to-day ! Amen.

285

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*This is a day of good tidings.*

*f* COME, ye faithful, raise the strain  
 Of triumphant gladness ;  
 God hath brought His Israel  
 Into joy from sadness ;  
 Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke  
 Jacob's sons and daughters ;  
 Led them with unmoistened foot  
 Through the Red Sea waters.

Now the Queen of seasons, bright  
 With the Day of splendour,  
 With the royal Feast of Feasts,  
 Comes its joy to render ;  
 Comes to glad Jerusalem,  
 Which with true affection  
 Welcomes in unwearied strains  
 JESUS' resurrection.

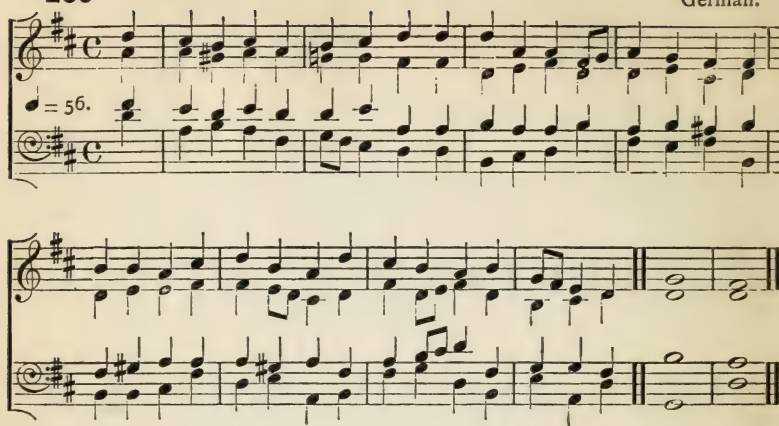
*mf* 'Tis the spring of souls to-day :  
 CHRIST hath burst His prison,  
 And from three days sleep in death  
 As the sun hath risen :  
 All the winter of our sins,  
 Long and dark, is flying  
 From His Light, to Whom we give  
 Laud and praise undying.

Neither might the gates of death,  
 Nor the tomb's dark portal,  
 Nor the watchers, nor the seal,  
 Hold Thee as a mortal :  
 But to-day amidst the Twelve  
 Thou didst stand, bestowing  
 That Thy peace, which evermore  
 Passeth human knowing. Amen.

# EASTER.

286

German.



*The merciful and gracious Lord hath so done His marvellous works, that they ought to be had  
in remembrance.*

*f* THE Church of GOD lifts up her voice :  
To-day both heaven and earth rejoice ;  
The gladsome Passover is here,  
The Passover of CHRIST most dear ;

The Passover that frees from woe,  
That binds in chains the ancient foe,  
That opens wide the heavenly gate :  
The LORD's own Day we celebrate.

From "very early" until night  
One strain we lift, one shout of might ;  
With Eucharist the morn arose,  
With Alleluias day shall close.

O CHRIST, Eternal Pascha, Thou  
The Crown of every willing brow ;  
Thou spotless Lamb, and Victor bright,  
Arrayed in more than morning light,

On this Thy Resurrection day,  
Be strife and hate put far away,  
That those, who in Thy likeness live,  
May each his brother's wrongs forgive.

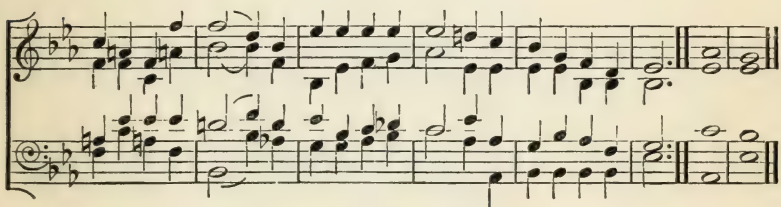
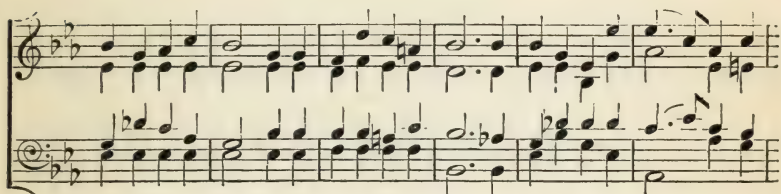
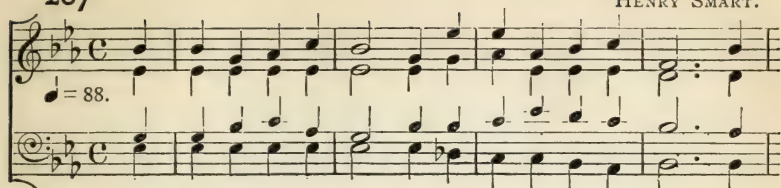
The earth in festal raiment stands,  
The floods for gladness clap their hands,  
Then higher still, and higher, raise  
The living Paschal Victim's praise. Amen.



# EASTER.

287

HENRY SMART.



*Jesus met them, saying, All hail.*

*f* THE Day of Resurrection!  
Earth, tell it out abroad;  
The Passover of gladness,  
The Passover of GOD.  
From death to life eternal,  
From earth unto the sky,  
Our CHRIST hath brought us over,  
With hymns of victory.

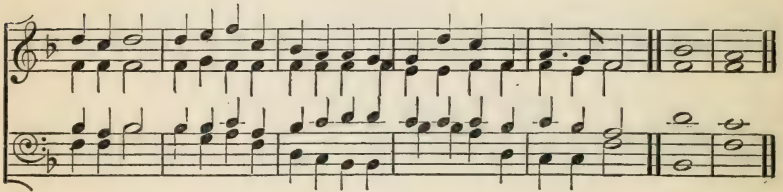
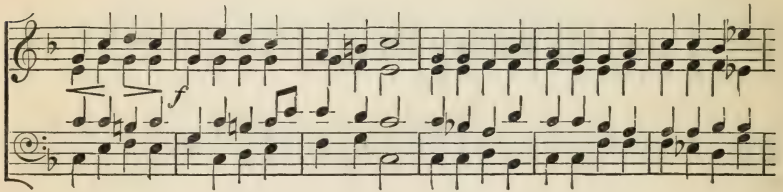
*mf* Our hearts be pure from evil,  
That we may see aright  
The LORD in rays eternal  
Of resurrection-light;  
And, listening to His accents,  
May hear so calm and plain  
His own "All hail," and hearing  
May raise the victor strain.

*f* Now let the heavens be joyful,  
And earth her song begin,  
The round world keep high triumph,  
And all that is therein:  
Let all things seen and unseen  
Their notes of gladness blend,  
For CHRIST the LORD is risen,  
Our Joy that hath no end. Amen.

# EASTER.

288

J. BARNEY.



*Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the firstfruits of them that slept.*

**f** ALLELUIA! Alleluia! hearts and voices heavenward raise;  
Sing to GOD a hymn of gladness, sing to GOD a hymn of praise:  
He, Who on the Cross a Victim for the world's salvation bled,  
JESUS CHRIST, the KING of glory, now is risen from the dead.

CHRIST is risen, CHRIST, the firstfruits of the holy harvest-field,  
Which shall all its full abundance at His second coming yield:  
Then the golden ears of harvest shall their heads before Him wave,  
Ripened by His glorious sunshine from the furrows of the grave.

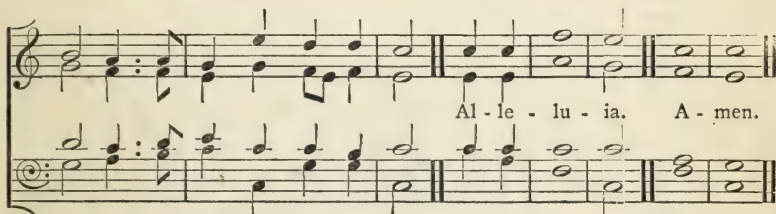
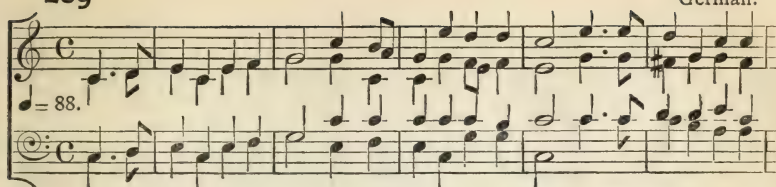
JESU, we in Thee art risen! Shed on us Thy quickening grace,  
Rain and dew and gleams of glory from the brightness of Thy Face:  
That, with hearts in heaven dwelling, we on earth may fruitful be,  
And by angel-hands be gathered safe for evermore with Thee.

Alleluia! Alleluia! glory be to GOD on high,  
To the FATHER, and the SAVIOUR Who has won the victory;  
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT, Fount of love and sanctity;  
Alleluia, Alleluia, to the TRIUNE MAJESTY. Amen.

# EASTER.

289

German.



*For to this end Christ both died, and rose, and revived, that He might be the Lord both of the dead and the living.*

*f* CHRIST the LORD is risen again ;  
CHRIST hath broken every chain :  
Hark ! the angels shout for joy,  
Singing evermore on high,  
Alleluia !

*mf* He, Who gave for us His life,  
Who for us endured the strife,  
Is our Paschal LAMB to-day :  
We too sing for joy, and say  
Alleluia !

He, Who bore all pain and loss  
Comfortless upon the Cross,  
Lives in glory now on high,  
Pleads for us and hears our cry :  
Alleluia !

He, Who slumbered in the grave,  
Is exalted now to save :  
Now through Christendom it rings  
That the LAMB is KING of kings.  
Alleluia !

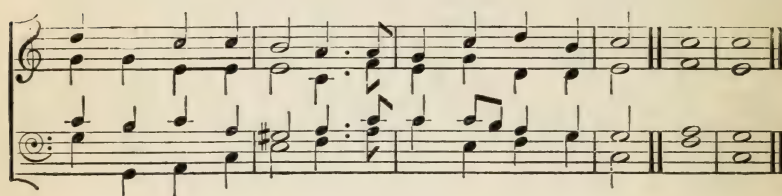
Now He bids us tell abroad  
How the lost may be restored,  
How the penitent forgiven,  
How we too may enter heaven.  
Alleluia !

*mf* Thou, our Paschal LAMB indeed,  
CHRIST, to-day Thy people feed :  
Take our sins and guilt away,  
*cres.* That we all may sing for aye  
*ff* Alleluia ! Amen.

# EASTER.

290

German.



*He is risen, as He said.*

*f* HE is risen, He is risen ;  
Tell it out with joyful voice :  
He has burst His three days' prison ;  
Let the whole wide earth rejoice :  
Death is conquered, man is free,  
CHRIST has won the victory.

*f* Come, with high and holy gladness,  
Chant our LORD's triumphal lay :  
Not one touch of twilight sadness  
Dims yon glorious morning ray  
Breaking o'er the purple east :  
Brighter far our Easter feast.

*mf* Come, ye sad and fearful-hearted,  
With glad smile and radiant brow :  
Lent's long shadows have departed,  
All His woes are over now,  
And the Passion that He bore :  
Sin and pain can vex no more.

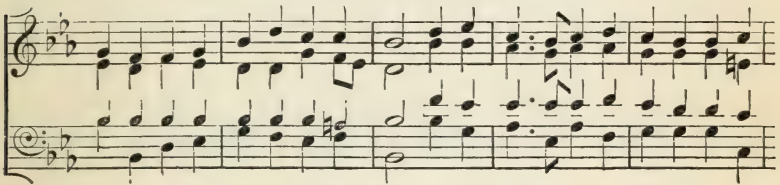
He is risen, He is risen ;  
He hath opened heaven's gate :  
We are free from sin's dark prison,  
Risen to a holier state.  
Soon a brighter Easter beam  
On our longing eyes shall stream.

*mf* Triune GOD, let all adore Thee,  
Saints on earth and saints in heaven ;  
Every creature bow before Thee,  
Who hast all their being given ;  
Who by grace dost us restore  
Praise to Thee for evermore. Amen.



291

HENRY SMART.



*Shewing by the Scriptures that Jesus was Christ.*

*mf* IN Thy glorious Resurrection,  
 LORD, we see a world's erection;  
 Man in Thee is glorified;  
 Bliss for which the patriarchs panted,  
 Joys by holy psalmists chanted,  
 Now in Thee are verified.

Oracles of former ages,  
 Veiled in dim prophetic pages,  
 Now lie open to the sight; [ling  
 Now the types, which glimmered dark-  
 In the twilight gloom, are sparkling  
 In the blaze of noonday light.

Isaac from the wood is risen;  
 Joseph issues from the prison;  
 See the Paschal Lamb which saves!  
 Israel through the sea is landed:  
 Pharaoh and his hosts are stranded  
 And o'erwhelmed in the waves.

See the cloudy Pillar leading,  
 Rock refreshing, Manna feeding;  
 Joshua fights, and Moses prays.  
 See the lifted Wave-sheaf, cheering  
 Pledge of harvest-fruits appearing,  
 Joyful dawn of happy days.

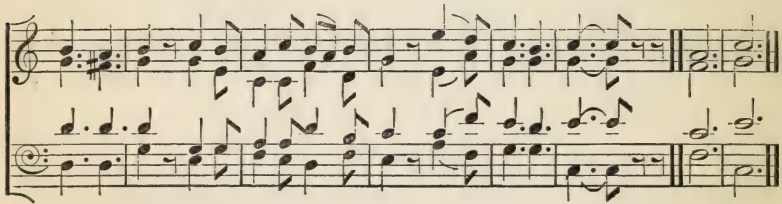
Samson see at night uptearing  
 Gaza's brazen gates, and bearing  
 To the top of Hebron's hill:  
 Jonah comes from stormy surges,  
 From his three-days' grave emerges,  
 Bids beware of coming ill.

Thus Thy Resurrection's glory  
 Sheds a light on ancient story:  
 And it casts a forward ray,  
 Beacon light of solemn warning,  
 To the dawn of that great Morning  
 Ushering in the Judgment Day. Amen.

EASTER.

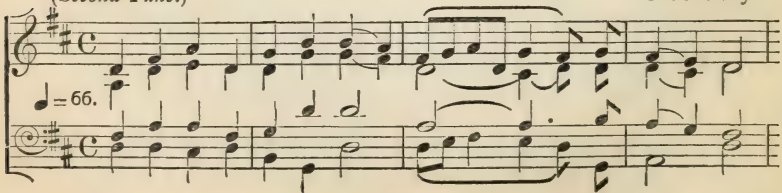
292 (First Tune.)

CH. GOUNOD.



(Second Tune.)

Old Melody.



# EASTER.



*The Lord is risen indeed.*

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day,	Alleluia !
Our triumphant holy day ;	Alleluia !
Who did once, upon the cross,	Alleluia !
Suffer to redeem our loss.	Alleluia !

Hymns of praise then let us sing	Alleluia !
Unto CHRIST, our Heavenly KING ;	Alleluia !
Who endured the cross and grave,	Alleluia !
Sinners to redeem and save.	Alleluia !

But the pains which He endured	Alleluia !
Our salvation have procured :	Alleluia !
Now above the sky He's KING,	Alleluia !
Where the angels ever sing,	Alleluia ! Amen.

# EASTER.

293

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and behold, I am alive for evermore, Amen ; and have the keys of hell and of death.*

*f* JESUS lives ! no longer now  
Can thy terrors, Death, appal us :  
JESUS lives ! by this we know  
Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us.  
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! henceforth is death  
But the gate of life immortal :  
This shall calm our trembling breath,  
When we pass its gloomy portal.  
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! for us He died :  
Then, alone to JESUS living,  
Pure in heart may we abide,  
Glory to our SAVIOUR giving.  
Alleluia !

JESUS lives ! our hearts know well  
Nought from us His love shall sever ;  
Life, nor death, nor powers of hell  
Tear us from His keeping ever.  
Alleluia !

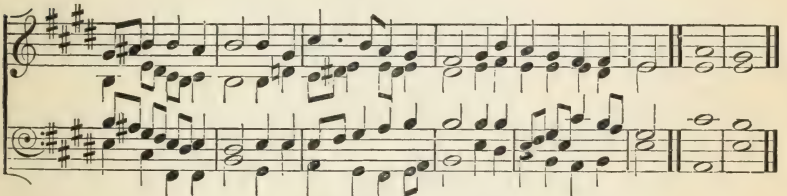
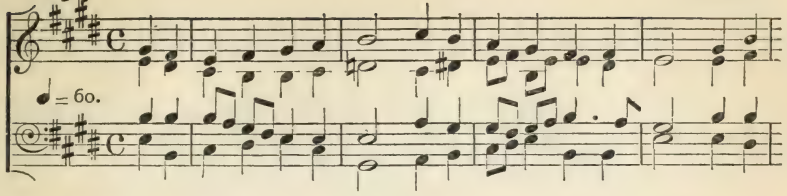
JESUS lives ! to Him the Throne  
Over all the world is given :  
May we go where He is gone,  
Rest and reign with Him in heaven.  
Alleluia. Amen.



# EASTER.

294

German.



*But Mary stood without at the sepulchre weeping.*

*mf* NEAR the tomb where CHRIST hath been  
Weeping stands the Magdalene;  
With the two disciples she  
Wonders where her LORD can be:  
Looking in, they see the bed  
Where the LORD hath laid His Head,  
*p* Where He slept so calm, so still,  
Underneath His holy hill.

He was here: then she will wait  
Watching early, watching late.  
Where her JESUS last was seen,  
There will wait the Magdalene.  
Looking in with streaming eyes,  
Angels twain she there espies:  
Angels there are sitting now,  
Clothed in raiment white as snow.

*mf* Stooping down they see no more [o'er;  
Than the clothes which wrapped Him  
Clothes which wound His Feet, His  
Brow;  
Death's white vestments, useless now.  
Two depart: but love and faith  
Stronger are than sight, than death:  
At the tomb where CHRIST hath been,  
Watching waits the Magdalene.

Shines their glory through the shade,  
Where His Body once had laid,  
Hark, with glad accord they cry,  
JESUS lives, no more to die:  
Thy dear LORD abides not here,  
He is risen; do not fear;  
Mary, wipe thy tears away  
See the place where JESUS lay.

Turning round she sees Him stand,  
In the garden close at hand:  
"Mary!" 'tis His accent now:  
"Master; It is Thou, 'tis Thou!"  
LORD, devoutly at Thy feet  
We with her would thanks repeat:  
Be Thou by Thy Saints adored,  
Risen JESU, GOD and LORD. Amen.

# EASTER.

295

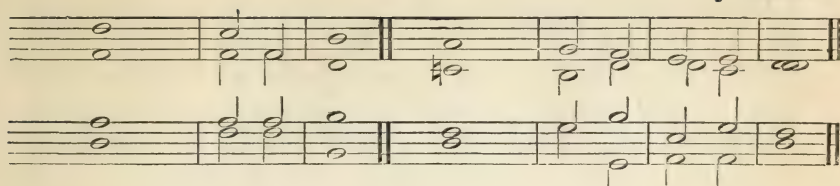


*I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously: the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea.*

<i>f</i> 1 THE foe behind,	deep be-	fore,	Our hosts have	dared and	past the	sea :
2 Lift up, lift up	voi - ces	now !	The whole	world re-	joi - ces	now !
<i>p</i> 3 Happy morrow,			wide			
turning sor-			Bondage end-	cend - ing	O'er the	earth !
row Into	peace and	mirth !	ing, Love des-			
<i>p</i> 4 No longer must	mourn-ers	weep,	Nor call de-	part - ed	Christians	dead .
the						
<i>mf</i> 5 Now, once						
more, Eden's						
door Open						
stands to	mor - tal	eyes :	<i>f</i> For CHRIST	ris'n, and	man shall	rise.
			hath			
<i>p</i> 6 It is not exile,	rest on	high :	It is not	sad - ness,	peace from	strife :
<i>f</i> 7 Where our ban-						
ner leads us,						
We may	safe - ly	go.	Where our			
			Chief precedes	We may	face the	foe.
			us,			
8 He shall soon	ev' - ry	woe ;	Alleluia,	If His	paths ye	tread.
9 With loins up-						
girt, and	staff in	hand,	And hasty	mien and	san-dalled	feet,
10 So shall He						
collect us, di-						
rect us, pro-	E - gypt's	strand :	So shall He			
tect us, From			precede us,			
			and feed us,			
			and	lead us To	Ca-naan's	land.

# EASTER.

J. BARNBY.



And Pharaoh's warriors	strew the	shore,	And Israel's	ran-somed	tribes are	free.
The LORD hath triumphed	glor-ious-	ly:	The LORD shall	reign vic-	tor - ious-	ly!
Seals assuring, Guards secur- ing, Watch His	earth - ly	prison:	<i>f</i> Seals are shattered, Guards are	scat-tered,	CHRIST hath	risen!
For death is hal- lowed	in - to	sleep,	And every	grave be-	comes a	bed.
<i>mf</i> Now at last old things past, Hope and joy and	peace be-	gin:	<i>f</i> For CHRIST hath	won, and	man shall	win.
To fall asleep is	not to	die:	To dwell with	CHRIST is	bet - ter	life.
His right Arm is o'er us, He our Pleasures, as a river, Shall	guide will	be.	CHRIST hath gone before us:	Christians,	fol - low	ye!
Around the Paschal	round you	flow,	Alleluia,	When ye	see your	Head.
	Feast we	stand,	And of the	Pas - chal	Lamb we	eat.
Toils and foes as- sailing, friends quailing, hearts failing, Shall	threat in	vain:	If He be pro- viding, presid- ing, and	guiding To	Him a-	gain.
<b>II</b> CHRIST our Lead- er, Monarch, Pleader, Inter- ceder, Praise we	and a-	dore:	Exultation, veneration, gratulation,	Bring-ing	e - ver-	more.

For verse 12 see next page.

EASTER.

Verse 12 of Hymn 295.

J. BARNBY.

*mf* Once des-pis'd, and once re-jec-ted, Was this Stone; that now, e-

- lec-ted, To a Cor-ner-stone per-fec-ted As a

*rit.* glo-rious tro-phy stands e-rec-ted. A-men.

Thou that savest by Thy right hand them which put their trust in Thee.

296

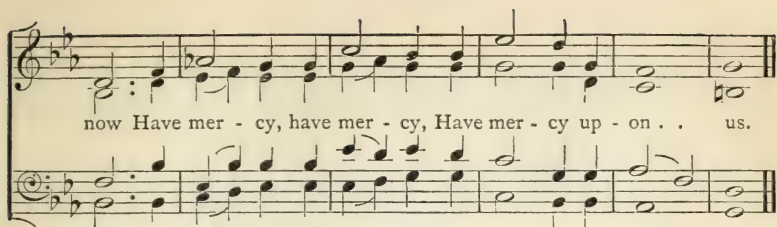
HENRY SMART.

*p*  $\text{♩} = 80.$  O LAMB of GOD, That ta-kest a-way the sins of the

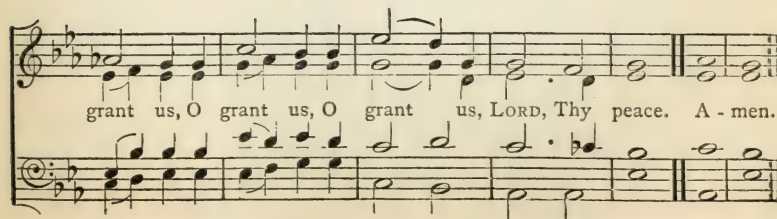
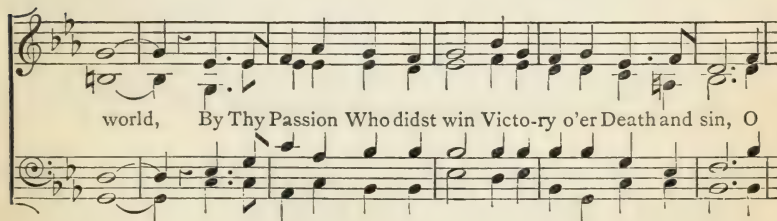
world, . Sa-cri-fice and Victim Thou, Purge a-way our sins: and



# EASTER.



O LAMB of GOD, That takest away the sins of the world,  
 Thou Who by Thy Blood didst deign  
 Of our guilt to wash the stain :  
 Have mercy, have mercy,  
 Have mercy upon us.

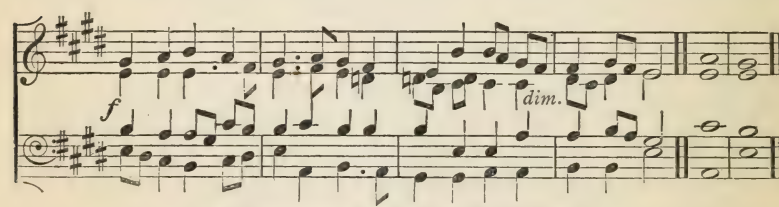
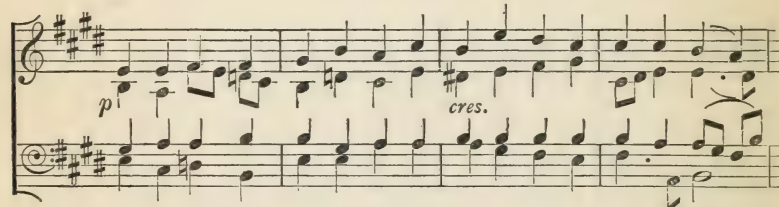
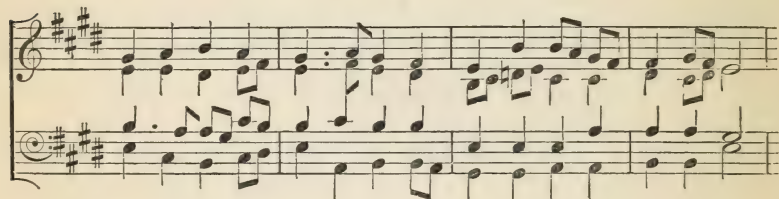
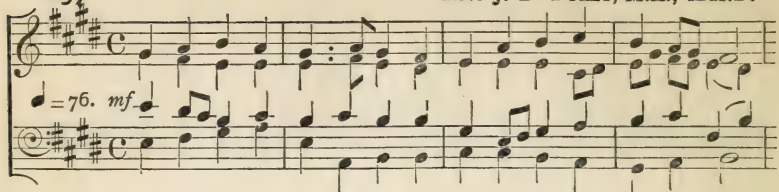


# EASTER.

## ROGATION DAYS.

297

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.



*God, even our own God, shall give us His blessing.*

FATHER, blessing every seed-time,  
And refreshing all the soil,  
Ripening the gracious harvest  
For which all Thy servants toil:  
O Thou Source of every blessing  
Showered daily from above,  
Hearken to our lips confessing  
Our thanksgiving for Thy love.

Here we bless Thy Hand that gave us  
Thought and feeling, life and limb;  
Bless Thy SON, Who died to save us,  
In our glad and joyous hymn;  
Bless Thy SPIRIT, Who doth make us  
Fit to worship as we ought:  
FATHER, leave not nor forsake us,  
Till into Thy garner brought.

With Thy dews and sunshine tend us,  
Through life's long and changeful year;  
From the enemy defend us,  
Lest the tares of sin appear.  
Let Thine Eye and Hand the keepers  
Of our souls for ever be,  
Till Thine angel harvest-reapers  
Sheaves of glory bind for Thee. Amen.

EASTER.

298

W. METCALFE.



*The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord ; and Thou givest them their meat in due season.*

*mf* LORD, in Thy Name Thy servants plead,  
And Thou hast sworn to hear :  
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,  
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,  
We trusted, LORD, with Thee ;  
And still, now spring has on us smiled,  
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,  
The summer sun and air,  
The green ear, and the golden grain,  
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

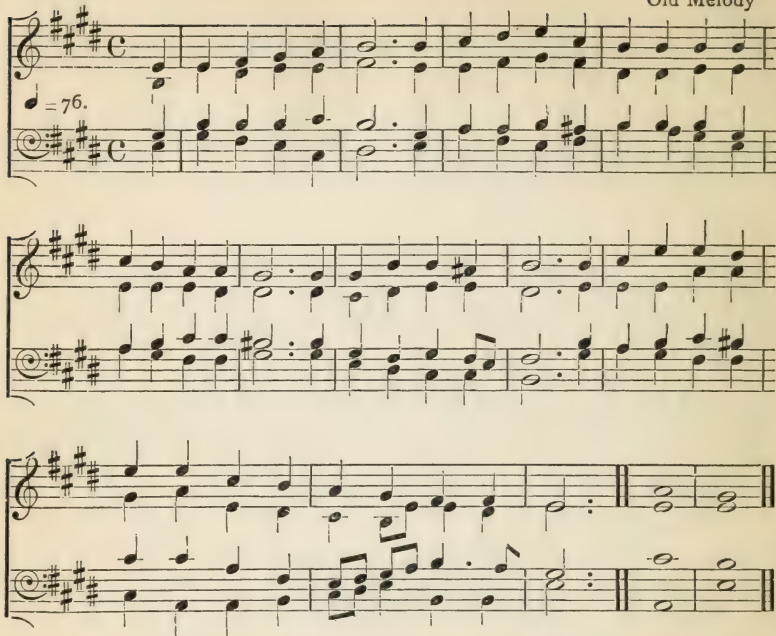
Thine too by right, and ours by grace,  
The spirit's growth unseen ;  
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,  
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious fruits brought forth  
By sun and moon below,  
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth  
We never may forego.

*f* TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD, Whom we adore,  
Be glory from the angel-host  
And saints for evermore. Amen.

299

Old Melody



*He that spared not His own Son, but delivered Him up for us all, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things ?*

*mf* O BLESSÈD TRINITY,  
We sinners cry to Thee :  
Have mercy on us, LORD, we pray.  
FATHER, of power and love,  
In Whom we live and move,  
Protect, and guide us, day by day.

JESU, Eternal Son,  
Who hast our pardon won,  
Made Man, and slain on Calvary :—  
Thou Who, to cleanse from guilt,  
Thy precious Blood hast spilt,  
Save us from sin and misery.

O HOLY GHOST, to Thee  
For life and strength we flee :  
Guide Thou our footsteps lest they stray.  
FATHER, SON, HOLY GHOST,  
Whom all the angel-host  
And saints adore, to Thee we pray.

Defend our onward path ;  
Protect from hostile wrath ;  
And in our time vouchsafe us peace :  
From death and pestilence  
Be Thou our sure defence,  
And from all peril grant release.

Earth's fruits in plenty give,  
And corn, on which we live ;  
Increase our cattle and our sheep ;  
The rain and sunshine send ;  
From blight the land defend ;  
That we, who sow, in joy may reap.

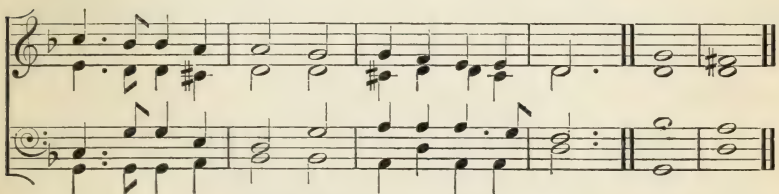
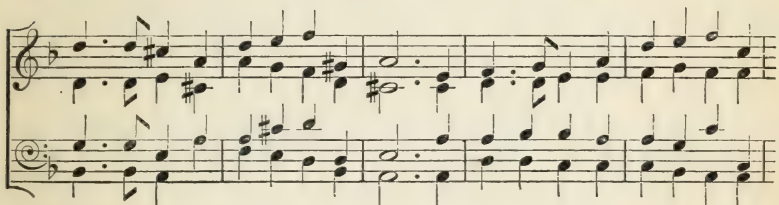
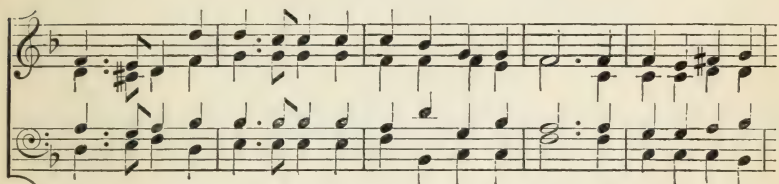
Be Thy Right Hand stretched out,  
Thy Left be round about ;  
To Thee our souls we now commend :  
Cause Thou Thy grace divine  
And love on us to shine ;  
From every ill Thy Church defend.

And, O Good LORD, at last,  
Our many wanderings past,  
Give us to see Thy realm of light ;  
Where we may sing to Thee  
*cres.* Through all eternity,  
*f* And live, rejoicing in Thy sight. Amen.



300

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*Help us, O God of our salvation.*

*f* O JESU, crowned with all renown,  
 Since Thou the earth hast trod,  
 Thou reignest, and by Thee come down  
 Henceforth the gifts of God.  
 Thine is the health, and Thine the  
 That in our halls abound; [wealth,  
 And Thine the beauty and the joy  
 With which the years are crowned.

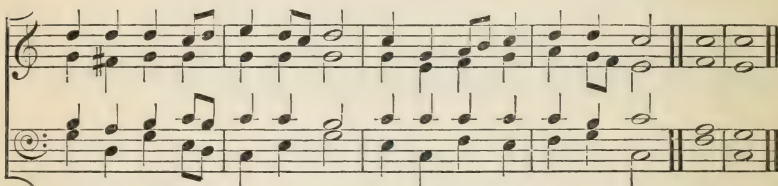
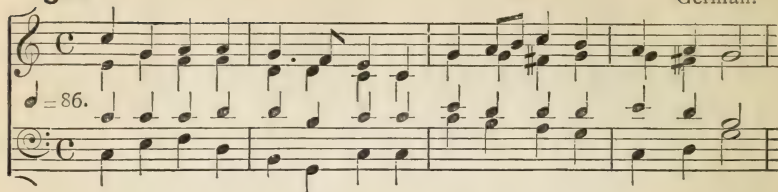
*mf* LORD, in their change let frost and heat  
 And winds and dews be given;  
 All fostering power, all influence sweet,  
 Breathe from the bounteous heaven.  
 Attemper fair with gentle air  
 The sunshine and the rain,  
 That kindly earth with timely birth  
 May yield her fruits again:

*f* That we may feed Thy poor aright,  
 And, gathering round Thy throne,  
 Here in the holy angels' sight  
 Repay Thee of Thine own:  
 That we may praise Thee all our days,  
 And with the FATHER's Name,  
 And with the HOLY SPIRIT's gifts,  
 The SAVIOUR's love proclaim. Amen.

## THE VIGIL OF THE ASCENSION.

301

German.



*Christ is not entered into the holy places made with hands, but into Heaven itself, now to appear in the presence of God for us.*

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>f</i> Soon the fiery sun ascending [gloom:<br/>         Will have chased the midnight<br/>         Rise, Thou, our High Priest Eternal,<br/>         Break the bondage of the tomb;<br/> <i>ff</i> Bear above the vaulted sky<br/>         Thy Humanity on high.</p> | <p><i>mf</i> Named of old High Priest for ever<br/>         By the FATHER's steadfast oath,<br/>         Rise, O Advocate Almighty,<br/>         Rise, O Priest and Victim both:<br/> <i>f</i> Swiftly, swiftly speed Thy way,<br/>         Back to golden realms of day.</p>          |
| <p><i>mf</i> Once on earth for guilty mortals<br/>         Sacrificed in torment sore,<br/>         There may It before the FATHER<br/>         Plead our cause for evermore;<br/> <i>f</i> Opening the way to GOD<br/>         By the LAMB's atoning Blood.</p>           | <p><i>f</i> Lo! 'tis done. O'er death victorious<br/>         CHRIST ascends His starry throne:<br/>         There, from all His labours resting,<br/>         Still He travails for His own;<br/> <i>ff</i> Still our fate His heart employs<br/>         E'en amid eternal joys.</p> |

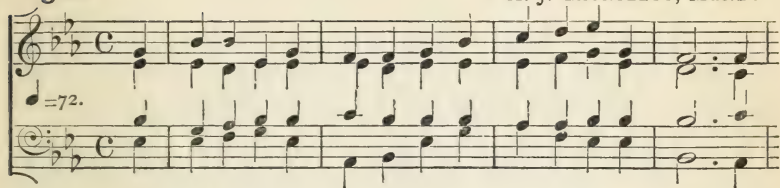
*mf* There He sits in tranquil glory,  
 There He stands His aid to lend;  
 There He offers to His FATHER  
 Every single prayer we send;  
*f* There Himself receives each sigh  
 As Omniscient Deity. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

MORNING.

302

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*He set Him at His own Right Hand in the heavenly places, . . . and hath put all things under His feet.*

*f* O THOU, Eternal King, most High,  
Who didst the world redeem;  
And, conquering death and hell, receive  
A dignity supreme:

*mf* We hymn Thee to Thy FATHER'S  
Ascending up on high, [throne  
At His Right Hand, in sovereign power,  
To reign eternally.

There seated in Thy majesty,  
To Thee submissive bow [earth,  
The heaven of heavens, the spacious  
The depths of hell below.

With trembling there the angels see  
The changed estate of men:  
Man's flesh by sinless Flesh redeemed;  
And Man in GOD to reign.

There, waiting for Thy faithful souls,  
Be Thou to us, O LORD,  
Our hope and joy while here we stay,  
In heaven our great reward.

Renew our strength; our sins forgive;  
Our miseries efface:  
And lift our souls aloft to Thee  
By Thy celestial grace.

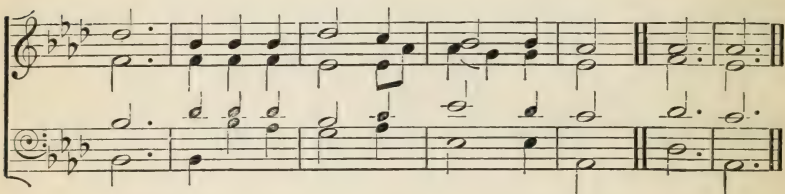
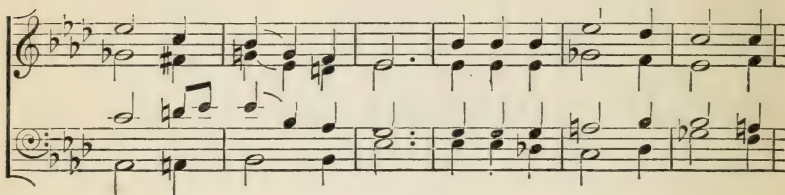
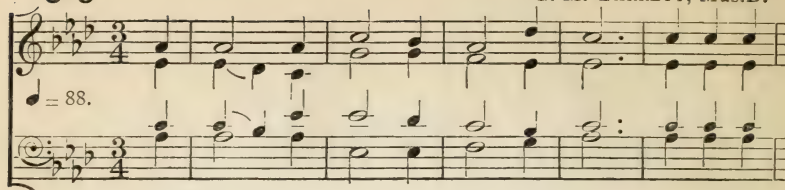
*p* So, when Thou shinest on the clouds  
With Thy angelic train,  
May we be saved from vengeance due,  
And our lost crowns regain.

*f* All praise to JESUS, Who returns  
Triumphantly to heaven;  
To FATHER and to HOLY GHOST  
All praise be ever given. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

303

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*No man hath ascended up to heaven, but He that came down from heaven, even the Son of man which is in heaven.*

*f* A HYMN of glory let us sing: [ring.  
New hymns throughout the world shall  
CHRIST by a new and wondrous road  
Ascends unto the throne of GOD.

Ye see Him now, ascending high  
To seek the portals of the sky:  
Hereafter JESUS ye shall see  
Return in equal majesty."

*mf* The Apostles on the mountain stand,  
The mystic mount, in Holy Land,  
And with the Virgin-Mother see  
JESUS ascend in majesty.

*p* LORD, grant that we may thither tend,  
And with unwearied hearts ascend  
Where, seated on Thy FATHER'S throne,  
Thee reigning, KING of kings, we own.

To whom two shining angels cry,  
"Why stand ye gazing on the sky?  
This is the SAVIOUR, upward borne  
On this His glorious triumph-morn.

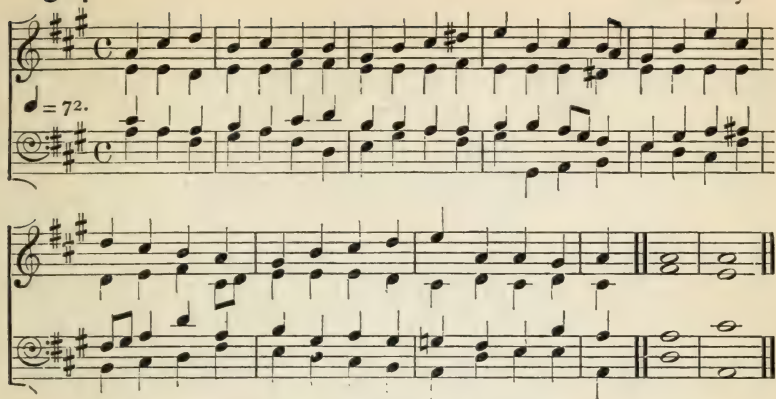
Be Thou our Joy on earth, O LORD,  
Who art to be our great Reward:  
And as the countless ages flee,  
Let all our glory be in Thee.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory, JESUS CHRIST, to Thee,  
Who didst to heaven above ascend,  
And to the SPIRIT, without end. Amen.



304

Old Melody.



*And now I am no more in the world, but these are in the world, and I come to Thee.*

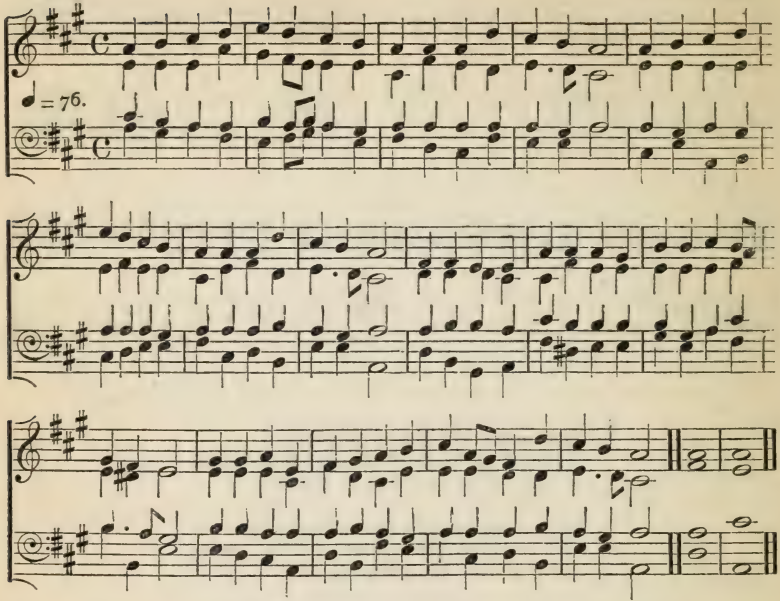
*f* At length the longed-for joy is given :  
 The sacred day begins to shine,  
 When CHRIST our GOD, our Hope divine,  
 Ascends the radiant steep of heaven.  
 Ascending up in majesty,  
 The LORD resumes His ancient throne :  
 The heavenly realms with joys unknown,  
 O SOLE-BEGOTTEN, welcome Thee.  
 The mighty victory is wrought  
 O'er this world's prince in ghostly fight:  
 The SON before the FATHER's sight  
 Presents the Flesh in which He fought.  
 High o'er the clouds He goes to reign,  
 Gives hope to those who in Him trust:  
 The Paradise which Adam lost  
 He opens wide to man again.  
 O mighty joy to all our race!  
 The Virgin-born, Who bore for us  
 The stripes, the spitting, and the cross,  
 Takes on the eternal throne His place.  
 To Thee our ceaseless praises rise,  
 Champion of our salvation Thou,  
 Wearing Thy Human Body now  
 Within the palace of the skies.  
 One common joy this day shall fill  
 The hearts of angels and of men :  
 To them that Thou art come again ;  
 To us that Thou art with us still.  
*mf* Now, following in the steps He trod,  
 'Tis ours to look for CHRIST from heaven,  
 And so to live that it be given  
 To rise with Him at last to GOD.  
*f* Eternal laud and glory be  
 To CHRIST the King of Majesty,  
 Who wends His way to heaven on high,  
 Where saints rejoice eternally. Amen.

ASCENSION.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

305

Old Melody.



*When He ascended up on high, He led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men.*

*f* To the throne He left, victorious  
Lo, our KING ascends on high:  
Ransomed by His Passion glorious,  
Let us raise our joyful cry.  
Forty days, from death uprisen,  
He His chosen ones did guide;  
Gave them power to loose from prison  
All the souls for whom He died.

*mf* In the Three-fold Name baptizing,  
They were sent the world to bless;  
Told to witness of His Rising, [fess:  
Through all lands His Name con-  
Then, as they looked on adoring,  
Angels, clad in robes of white,  
Spake to them, when He, high soaring,  
Passed in glory out of sight:

“ So shall He Who thus ascended,  
Come once more, as then He rose;  
All the world's great conflict ended,  
He triumphant o'er His foes:  
Then, for every talent given,  
He due increase will demand;  
And all faithful souls in heaven  
Gather at His Own right hand.”

All whom erst their sin had banished,  
From the city of their God,  
From whose hearts all hope had vanished,  
He restores to their abode: [them;  
With His priceless Blood He bought  
To their primal home they rise;  
There they dwell, where He has brought  
In the joys of Paradise. [them,

*p* At Thy coming, LORD, we pray Thee,  
Grant us joys that never fade;  
While life lasts may we obey Thee,  
Turn to Thee for strength and aid;  
*f* Then shall we, the strain upraising,  
Joyous Alleluias sing;  
Through the eternal ages praising  
Thee our everlasting KING. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

## EVENING.

306

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.

Who, . . . when He had by Himself purged our sins, sat down on the Right Hand of the Majesty on high.

*mf* O JESU, our Redemption, Love,  
And heart's Desire, for Whom we sigh;  
GOD, our CREATOR, throned above,  
MAN, born when latter days were nigh:

What wondrous pity Thee o'ercame,  
Our guilty load to take on Thee,  
And, sinless, suffer death and shame,  
From death to set Thy people free!

Thou, bursting hell's gate open wide,  
Didst all the captive souls unchain;  
And thence, in pomp and victor's pride,  
Thy FATHER's throne ascend again.

*p* JESU, let mercy force Thee still  
To heal the wounds of which we die;  
And take us in Thy light to dwell,  
Who for Thy blissful Presence sigh.

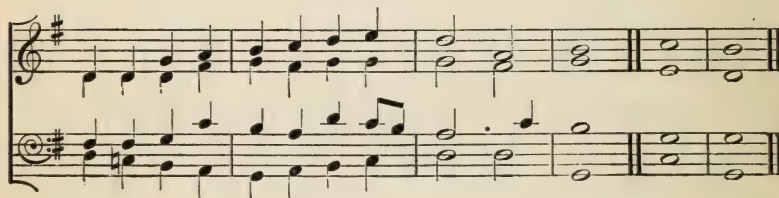
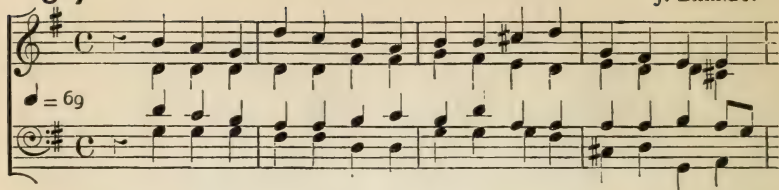
Be Thou our Guide; be Thou our Goal;  
Be Thou our pathway to the skies;  
Our Joy, when sorrow fills the soul;  
In death, our everlasting prize.

*f* All praise to Thee, Who dost ascend  
This day triumphantly to heaven,  
And to the FATHER, without end,  
And to the HOLY GHOST be given. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

307

J. BARNBY.



*I go to prepare a place for you.*

*mf* THOU, Who dost build for us on high,  
A house beyond the shining sky :  
Draw us to Thee above  
With cords of love.

Thou Source of good, most gracious LORD;  
Thyself shalt be our great reward :  
We wake from life's brief night  
To endless light.

Then shall we see Thee as Thou art,  
With open face and joyful heart,  
And love Thee and adore  
Thee evermore.

If Thou dost love us, leave us not :  
But send down from that pure calm spot  
The HOLY GHOST, to prove  
Thy fostering love.

Thou, Who shalt come our Judge to be,  
JESU, all glory be to Thee :  
Save us, we humbly pray,  
In that great day. Amen.

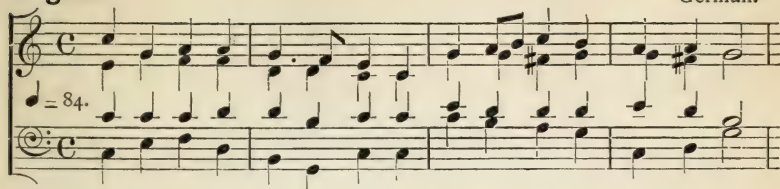


# ASCENSION.

## ANY HOUR.

308

German.



*By His own Blood He entered in once into the Holy Place, having obtained eternal redemption for us.*

***f*** SING, O earth, for thy redemption !

Lo, His race of sorrow run,  
CHRIST the Sanctuary enters,  
Priest and Victim both in one :  
There to make our peace with God,  
By the offering of His Blood !

***mf*** Guilty for the guilty pleading,  
Legal priest, thy task is o'er !  
Goats and oxen,—types and sha-  
dows,—

There is need of you no more !  
Not such feeble things as these  
Could the wrath of God appease !

***f*** Hail to Thee, High-Priest Eternal;

Priest without a spot of sin ;  
Veiled of old in mystic figures ;  
Holy, infinite, divine !  
Thou art He, Whose Blood alone  
Can for human guilt atone.

***mf*** Thou, the LORD of life eternal,  
To Thine own self-chosen doom  
Gav'st the Flesh, which Thou hadst  
taken

In Thy Virgin Mother's womb  
Offering on the Holy Rood,  
Man for man, and God to God !

***f*** While the rage of Thy tormentors,  
In its very fury blind,  
As from Thy pure veins it poureth  
Forth the ransom of mankind,  
Does but work Thy own decree,  
Fixed from all eternity. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

309

HENRY SMART.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

*Who is the King of glory ? it is the Lord strong and mighty, even the Lord mighty in battle.*

*f* WITH all your floods attending,  
Beat, seas, upon the shore ;  
Ye saints, more lowly bending,  
Exalt Him more and more ;  
The LORD of lords ascending  
Above the starry floor !  
To Him the Name is given,  
At which all knees shall bow,  
Of things in earth and heaven  
And things the earth below.

Ho! heavenly warders, glorious,  
Your portals lift on high ;  
The KING of kings victorious  
Let in on all the sky ;  
His triumph meritorious  
With praises magnify.  
To Him the Name is given,  
At which all knees shall bow,  
Of things in earth and heaven,  
And things the earth below.

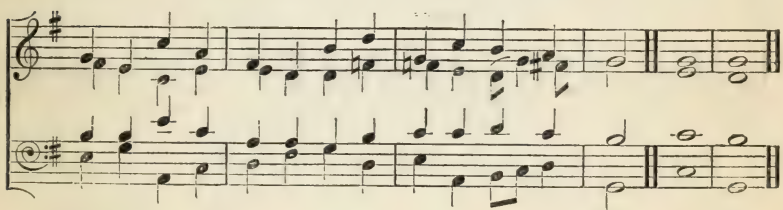
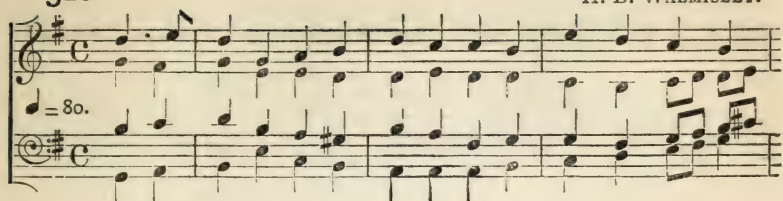
Who is the King of glory,  
Who comes with garments dyed  
From Bozrah's wine-press gory,  
And Edom's purple tide ?  
The strong man's deathful foray  
The Stronger has defied.  
To Him the Name is given,  
At which all knees shall bow,  
Of things in earth and heaven,  
And things the earth below.

The FATHER'S Right Hand gracing,  
Thy throne, O LORD, prepare ;  
The goal of all our racing,  
The mark of every prayer ;  
No pity's touch effacing  
With Thee ascending there.  
To Thee the Name is given,  
At which all knees shall bow,  
Of things in earth and heaven  
And things in earth below. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

310

H. B. WALMSLEY.



*While He blessed them He was parted from them, and carried up into Heaven.*

*mf* JESUS, LORD of Life eternal,  
 Taking those He loved the best,  
 Stood upon the Mount of Olives :  
 Once again His own He blest ;  
 Then, though He had never left it,  
 Sought again His FATHER'S Breast.

*f* Loosing death with all its terrors,  
 Thou ascendedst up on high,  
 And to mortals, now Immortal,  
 Gavedst immortality ;  
 When the eleven apostles saw Thee  
 Mount in triumph to the sky.

Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,  
 Knit in everlasting bands :  
 Call the world to highest festal ;  
 Floods and oceans clap your hands ;  
 Angels raise the song of triumph ;  
 Make response, ye distant lands.

*ff* KING of kings, O WORD most glorious  
 In Thy FATHER'S majesty ;  
 Who didst promise Thy blest SPIRIT  
 Comfort, light, and guide to be :  
 Thine be praise and endless glory ;  
 Thee we hymn eternally. Amen.

# ASCENSION.

311

(First Tune.)

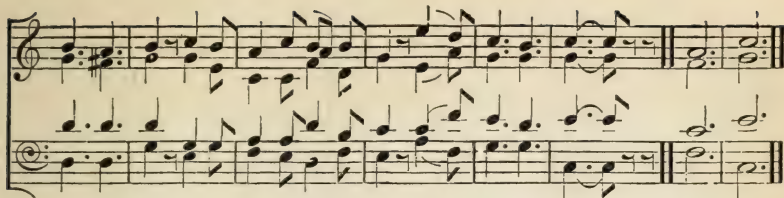
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

(Second Tune.)

CH. GOUNOD.



# ASCENSION.



*Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors ; and the King of Glory shall come in.*

*f* HAIL the day that sees Him rise  
Alleluia !

To His throne above the skies :

Alleluia !

CHRIST, the Lamb for sinners given,

Alleluia !

Enters now the highest heaven.

Alleluia !

There for Him high triumph waits ;

Alleluia !

Lift your heads, eternal gates :

Alleluia !

Open wide : He enters in,

Alleluia !

Conqueror of death and sin,

Alleluia !

*mf* Lo, the heaven its LORD receives,

Alleluia !

Yet He loves the earth He leaves :

Alleluia !

Though returning to His throne,

Alleluia !

Still He calls mankind His own.

Alleluia !

See, He lifts His Hands above ;

Alleluia !

See, He shows the prints of love :

Alleluia !

Hark, His gracious lips bestow

Alleluia !

Blessings on His Church below.

Alleluia !

Still for us He intercedes ;

Alleluia !

His prevailing death He pleads :

Alleluia !

Near Himself prepares our place,

Alleluia !

He the first-fruits of our race.

Alleluia !

*p* LORD, though parted from our sight

Alleluia !

Far above the starry height,

Alleluia !

Grant our hearts may thither rise,

Alleluia !

Seeking Thee above the skies.

Alleluia ! Amen.

# ASCENSION.

312 German.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

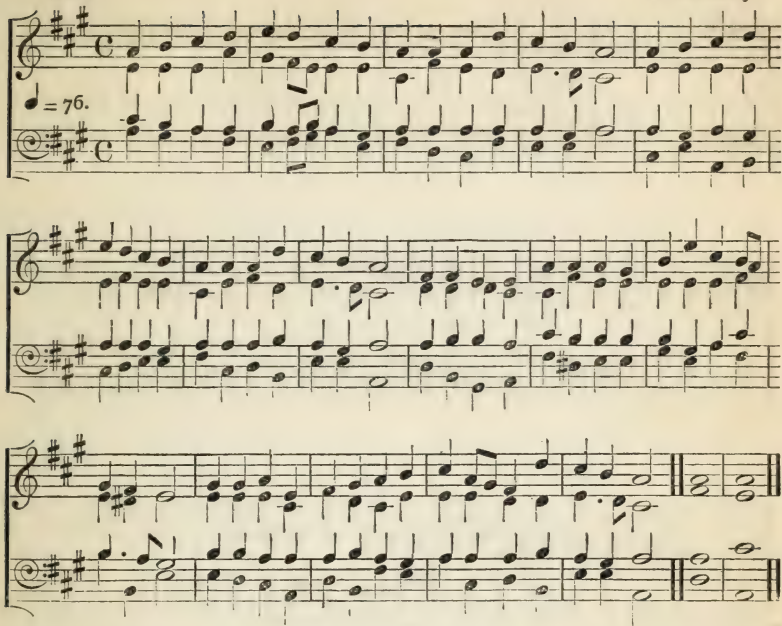
*And it came to pass, while He blessed them, He was parted from them, and carried up into heaven.*

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p><i>f</i> LORD, Thy bitter Passion past,<br/>           Thou hast gained Thy throne at last:<br/>           When in triumph to the sky,<br/>           From the mount in Bethany,<br/>           Seen by rapt and wondering eyes,<br/>           Blest and blessing, Thou didst rise.</p> | <p><i>f</i> LORD, Whose Cross has won Thy crown,<br/>           Send on us Thy SPIRIT down:<br/>           Cause us, heart and mind, to soar<br/>           Up where Thou hast gone before;<br/>           That we may, when time shall end,<br/>           With Thee to Thy throne ascend.</p> |
| <p><i>mf</i> All Thy works of mercy wrought;<br/>           All Thy sacred lessons taught;<br/>           Now, Thy sacrifice complete,<br/>           Thee adoring angels meet;<br/> <i>f</i> Thee, with songs of joy outpoured,<br/>           Welcome, their ascended LORD.</p>           | <p><i>f</i> Praise be to the FATHER given,<br/>           Praise from all in earth and heaven;<br/>           Praise to Thee, ascended LORD,<br/>           With the HOLY GHOST adored;<br/>           Heart and voice their homage bring,<br/>           Holy incense offering. Amen.</p>      |

# ASCENSION.

313

Old Melody.



*Behold, One like the Son of man came with the clouds of heaven, and came to the Ancient of days, and they brought Him near before Him.*

*f* SEE the Conqueror mounts in triumph; see the King in royal state  
Riding on the clouds His chariot to His heavenly palace gate!  
Hark! the choirs of angel-voices joyful alleluias sing,  
And the portals high are lifted, to receive their heavenly KING.

Who is this that comes in glory, with the trump of jubilee?  
LORD of battles, GOD of armies, He hath gained the victory!  
He Who on the Cross did suffer, He Who from the grave arose,  
He has vanquished sin and Satan, He by death has spoiled His foes.

*mf* While He raised His hands in blessing, He was parted from His friends;  
While their eager eyes behold Him, He upon the clouds ascends;  
He Who walked with GOD, and pleased Him, preaching truth and doom to come.  
He, our Enoch, is translated to His everlasting home.

Now our heavenly Aaron enters, with His blood, within the veil;  
Joshua now is come to Canaan, and the kings before Him quail;  
Now He plants the tribes of Israel in their promised resting-place;  
Now our great Elias offers double portion of His grace.

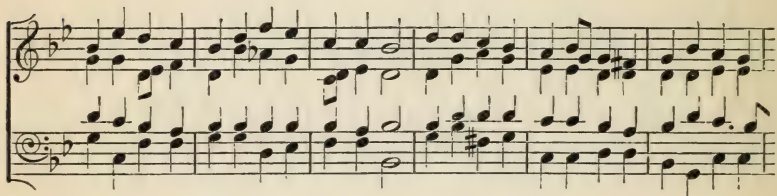
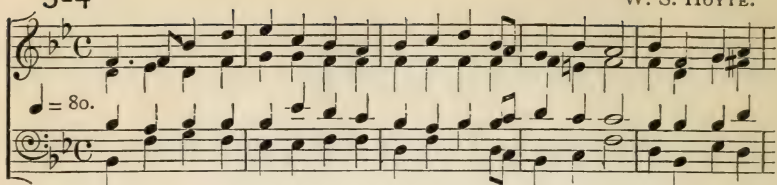
Thou hast raised our human nature in the clouds to GOD's right hand:  
There we sit in heavenly places, there with Thee in glory stand.  
JESUS reigns, adored by angels; MAN with GOD is on the throne:  
Mighty LORD, in Thine ascension, we by faith behold our own.

*f* Glory be to GOD the FATHER; glory be to GOD the SON,  
Dying, risen, ascending for us, Who the heavenly realm has won;  
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT: to ONE GOD in PERSONS THREE  
Glory both in earth and heaven, glory, endless glory, be! Amen.

# ASCENSION.

314

W. S. HOYTE.



*I saw One like unto the Son of Man.*

*mf* HOLY GHOST, Illuminator, shed Thy beams upon our eyes;  
Help us to look up with Stephen, and to see beyond the skies;  
Where the SON of Man in glory stands on high at God's right hand,  
Beckoning on His martyr-army, succouring His faithful band;—

See Him, Who is gone before us, heavenly mansions to prepare;  
See Him, Who is ever pleading for us with prevailing prayer;  
See Him, Who with sound of trumpet and with His angelic train,  
Summoning the world to judgment, on the clouds will come again.

Lift us up from earth to heaven; give us wings of faith and love,  
Gales of holy aspirations wafting us to realms above;  
That with hearts and minds uplifted we with CHRIST our LORD may dwell,  
Where He sits enthroned in glory, in His heavenly citadel.

So at last, when He appeareth, we from out our graves may spring,  
With our youth renewed like eagles, flocking round our heavenly KING,  
Caught up on the clouds of heaven, and may meet Him in the air,  
Rise to realms where He is reigning, and may reign for ever there.

*f* Glory be to GOD the FATHER; glory be to GOD the SON,  
Dying, risen, and ascending, Who the heavenly realm has won;  
Glory to the HOLY SPIRIT; to One GOD in PERSONS THREE  
Glory both in earth and heaven; glory, endless glory, be! Amen.



# ASCENSION.

315

JNO. NAYLOR, Mus.D.

*Voices in unison.*

*Voices in harmony.*

$\text{♩} = 76.$

*Org.*

*cres.* *dim.*

*Who is gone into heaven.*

*f* Thou art gone up on high,  
To realms beyond the skies;  
And round Thy throne unceasingly  
The songs of praise arise :  
*mf* But we are lingering here,  
With sin and care oppressed ;  
LORD, send Thy promised Comforter,  
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high ;  
But Thou didst first come down,  
Through earth's most bitter misery  
To pass unto Thy crown :  
So girt with griefs and fears  
Our onward course must be ;  
We pray Thee let this path of tears  
Lead us at last to Thee.

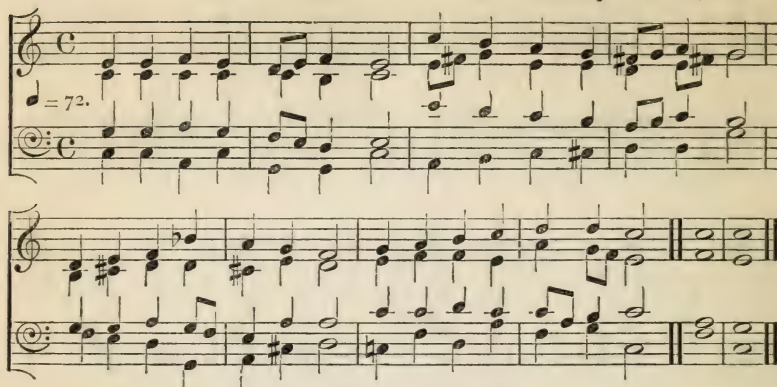
*f* Thou art gone up on high ;  
But, followed in Thy train  
By all the brightness of the sky,  
Thou shalt come down again :  
*p* LORD, by Thy saving power,  
So make us live and die,  
That we may stand in that dread hour  
At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

ASCENSION.  
SUNDAY AFTER ASCENSION DAY.

MORNING.

316

Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.



*He shall separate them one from another.*

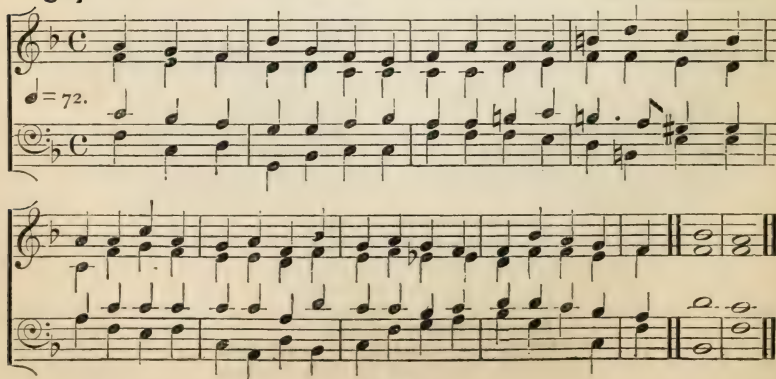
- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p><i>p</i> AWFUL thought of endless doom !<br/>Skies are rent, the Judge is come :<br/>Clouds His throne; around Him stand<br/>Angel guards, a countless band.</p> <p><i>mf</i> Hark, the voice from shore to shore<br/>Tells that time shall be no more :<br/>See the dead from dust arise,<br/>Hurried to the last assize.</p> <p>On His right are placed the just ;<br/>To His left the wicked thrust :<br/>Well to Him are sinners known,<br/>Quickly severed from His own.</p> | <p>These a blest retreat have won,<br/>Who had learned earth's joys to shun;<br/>Chose for Him the pain and loss,<br/>Followed Him Who bore the cross.</p> <p>Cross, from which the Hebrew turned;<br/>Cross, by haughty Gentiles spurned ;<br/>Thee with joy the righteous see,<br/>But the lost with agony !</p> <p><i>p</i> Deeper still their shame and dread,<br/>Seeing Him Whose Blood they shed ;<br/>LORD, from sin Thy people keep,<br/>Lest its dreadful fruit they reap.</p> |
|--|--|

*f* Mingling joy with holy fear,  
Praise we Him Whose day is near ;  
Bless alike the FATHER'S Name,  
And the SPIRIT'S praise proclaim. Amen.

EVENING.

317

A. R. REINAGLE.



# ASCENSION.

*The great day of the Lord is near, it is near, and hasteth greatly, even the voice of the day of the Lord: the mighty man shall cry there bitterly.*

*f* For aye shall mortals bless the day  
When with His Blood CHRIST won the way,  
Incarnate GOD, to Heaven, and passed  
Through its bright gates unbarred at last.

*mf* We are the members, He the Head:  
We follow where our Prince hath led:  
And, one with Him on earth in love,  
Shall share His throne in heaven above.

Gone hence, His own yet deem Him  
For by His SPIRIT He is here: [near,  
As on the head depend the parts,  
So rules one influence all our hearts.

*p* But O that Day, that dreadful Day!  
Whither shall sinners flee away  
When, armed with vengeance, He  
shall come  
Down from His throne to strike them  
dumb?

The just One, by the guilty called  
Unjust, shall see them stand appalled,  
Who once condemned Him, and resume  
His Judgeship to pronounce their doom.

Man to redeem, whose due was death,  
CHRIST freely yielded up His breath:  
And, ah, what woe must they sustain  
For whom His Blood was shed in vain!

*f* Thou Who one day our Judge shalt be,  
JESU, all glory be to Thee:  
All glory to the FATHER, SON,  
And HOLY SPIRIT, Three in One. Amen.

## THE VIGIL OF WHITSUN-DAY.

MORNING.

318 Old Melody.

*Like as the hart desireth the water brooks; so longeth my soul after Thee, O God.*

*mf* O CHRIST, Who dost, our herald, rise  
Into the mansions of the skies:  
Call, lift us, whom Thou here dost see  
Prostrate and downcast, up to Thee.

Make us to haste with purest love  
Unto the joys that are above,  
Undreamed of by the earthly mind:  
Faith can alone that treasure find.

There, the reward of labours past,  
God gives His own Himself at last:  
Their all in all is He, to bless  
Their souls with perfect happiness.

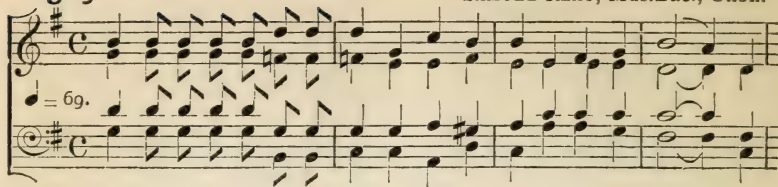
*p* LORD, unto Thee this day we cry;  
Send down Thy SPIRIT from on high,  
To guide us by His mighty grace,  
To Thy most glorious dwelling-place.

*f* JESU, for ever glorified  
Thou sittest by the FATHER's side;  
All glory be to FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, while the ages run. Amen.

# VIGIL OF WHITSUN-DAY.

319

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.



*Thy counsel who hath known, except Thou give wisdom, and send Thy Holy Spirit from above.*

*mf* SOVEREIGN of Heaven, Who didst prevail  
O'er death, and with Thy life-blood dye  
The path by which we hope to scale  
Yon starry sky :

Look down in mercy from Thy throne  
At GOD's right hand, O LORD, and see  
Us who are lingering here alone,  
Orphaned of Thee.

*p* Hear us, O CHRIST, for we were born  
Out of the travail of Thy soul ;  
When by the spear Thy Side was torn  
To make us whole.

*mf* Thy toils and anguish at an end,  
Thou wearest now a glorious crown :  
The hour is come ; send, SAVIOUR, send  
The SPIRIT down.

*f* O JESU, glory be to Thee,  
To GOD's right hand Who didst ascend :  
Glory to GOD, the ONE and THREE,  
World without end. Amen.



# VIGIL OF WHITSUN-DAY.

EVENING.

320

Old Melody.



*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*

*mf* COME, O SPIRIT, from on high ;  
Earth awaits Thee, parched and dry :  
Dwell, O LORD, these souls within,  
Which CHRIST's Blood hath cleansed  
from sin.

O redeem the pledge He gave  
Ere the lustrous cloud He clave :  
Dwell with us, no more to part,  
And with fire baptize each heart.

*p* For a Father lost we mourn ;  
Look upon us, left forlorn ;  
Heal our sorrows : only Thou  
Canst give hope ; O give it now.

*mf* Things that CHRIST in days of old  
From untutored babes withheld,  
Things that they might hardly learn,  
Let our riper minds discern.

Let the truths, which once a few  
Priests and Prophets dimly knew,  
Now be published by Thy grace  
Freely among every race.

*p* Let Thy holy influence draw  
All men to Thee ; let the Law,  
Once on dumb stones graven, be  
In our hearts writ legibly.

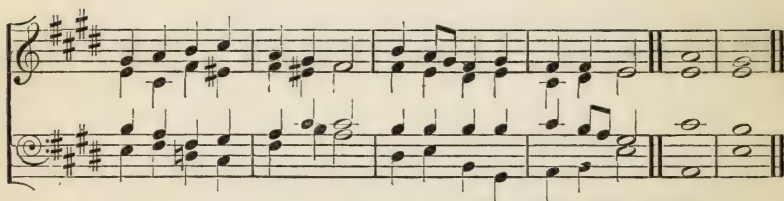
*f* To the FATHER, glory be,  
And the SON eternally,  
And the SPIRIT, ever One  
With the FATHER and the SON. Amen.

# WHITSUN-TIDE.

MORNING.

321

Old Melody.



*He that hath an ear, let him hear what the Spirit saith unto the Churches.*

*mf* LO, the FATHER hears our prayer:  
Unto failing hearts to bear  
All CHRIST promised ere He rose,  
Forth to-day the SPIRIT goes.

As the LIFE-GIVER draws nigh,  
Signs and wonders multiply:  
First through all the house there past  
Sounds, as of a rushing blast;

Flakes of fire fell fast, and hung,  
Each one like a burning tongue,  
In the pure thin air, and shed  
Lustre upon every head.

Then the flames that lit each brow,  
Passing thence—we know not how—  
To their inmost spirit, pour  
Light and strength unknown before.

Marvelling much the nations heard  
Preached in every tongue the Word;  
All that seers had e'er discerned,  
Told again in words that burned.

On the hearers then was poured  
Forth the SPIRIT of the LORD:  
Thick as sheaves at harvest-tide  
They arose and prophesied.

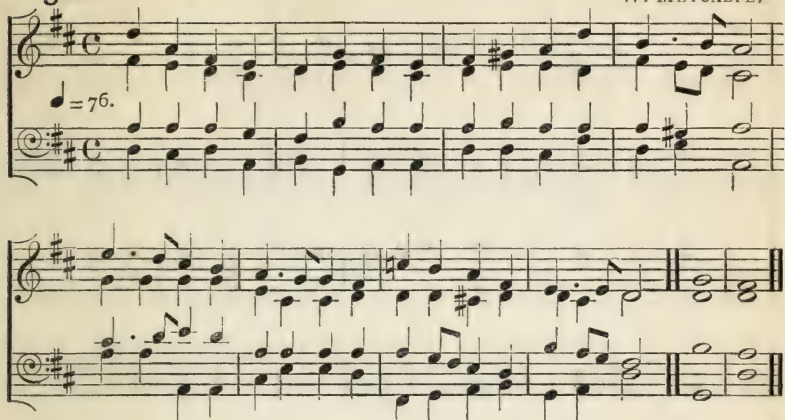
*f* Praise the FATHER; praise the SON;  
Equal honour, too, be done  
Unto Him, Who can inspire  
Human hearts with flaming fire. Amen.

## AT THE HOLY COMMUNION,

WHITSUN DAY.

322

W. METCALFE.



*When Thou lettest Thy breath go forth they shall be made; and Thou shalt renew the face of the earth.*

*mf* COME, O HOLY GHOST, within us; and, removing by Thy grace  
Every taint and tinge of evil, make our hearts Thy dwelling place.

*p* Be with us, O quickening SPIRIT; Thou canst pierce the deepest night:  
Cleanse our base imaginations, change our darkness into light.

O Thou Holy One, Who lovest wisdom always, be Thou kind,  
By Thy mystical anointing heal the blindness of our mind.

Thou That purifiest all things, as none else beside Thee can,  
Purify the clouded eyesight, SPIRIT, of our inner man;

That by us our Heavenly FATHER may at last be seen and known:  
For the pure in heart shall see Him, and the pure in heart alone.

*mf* Fired by Thee, the holy Prophets sang, of old, Messiah's birth;  
By Thee fortified, Apostles bore CHRIST's banner o'er the earth.

When GOD spake, and as a fabric rose up earth and sea and sky,  
Thou wast brooding on the waters, Blessèd SPIRIT, fosteringly.

Still at Thy command the waters bring forth life, to quicken hearts;  
Still Thy sacred inspiration unto man new life imparts.

LORD, Thou makest tongues of Babel one in worship and in speech:  
Truth to them who bowed to idols, mighty Master, Thou dost teach.

*p* Therefore when we kneel before Thee hear us, gracious SPIRIT, hear;  
Prayers are all in vain without Thee, shall not reach the FATHER's ear,

SPIRIT, Who through all the ages hast instructed in Thy lore  
Souls of saints that felt Thy presence like a shadow hovering o'er;

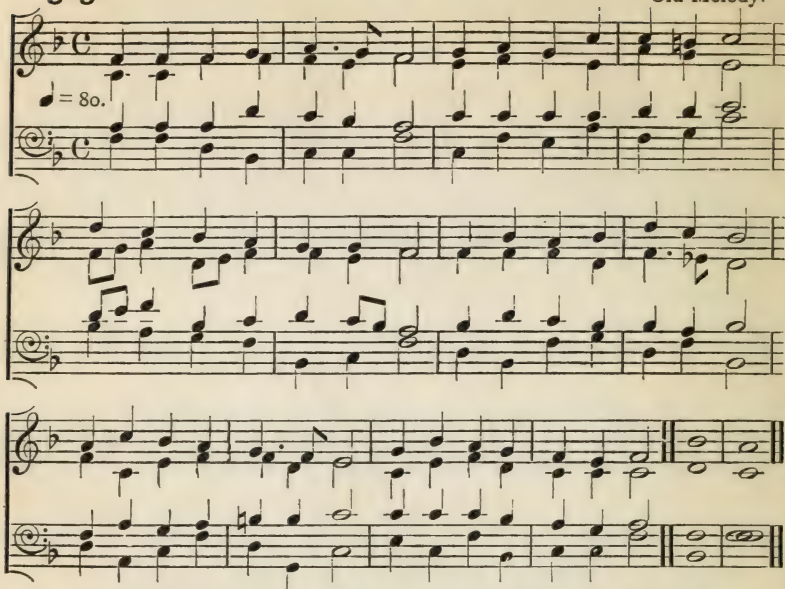
Dwelling now in CHRIST's Apostles, in a new and wondrous way,  
And the gift of gifts bestowing, Thou hast glorified this day. Amen.

## WHITSUN-TIDE.

WHITSUN MONDAY.

323

Old Melody.



*I will gather you out of all countries. Then will I sprinkle clean water upon you, and ye shall be clean. A new heart also will I give you.*

*mf* COME, Thou HOLY PARACLETE,  
And from Thy celestial seat  
Send Thy light and brilliancy.  
Father of the poor, draw near,  
Giver of all gifts, be here :  
Come, the soul's true radiancy.

*p* Come, of Comforters the best,  
Of the soul the sweetest guest,  
Come in toil refreshingly :  
Thou in labour rest most sweet,  
Thou art shadow from the heat,  
Comfort in adversity.

O Thou Light, most pure and blest,  
Shine within the inmost breast  
Of Thy faithful company :

Where Thou art not, man hath nought ;  
Every holy deed and thought  
Comes from Thy Divinity.

What is soiled, make Thou pure ;  
What is wounded, work its cure ;  
What is parched fructify :  
What is rigid, gently bend ;  
What is frozen, warmly tend ;  
Strengthen what goes erringly.

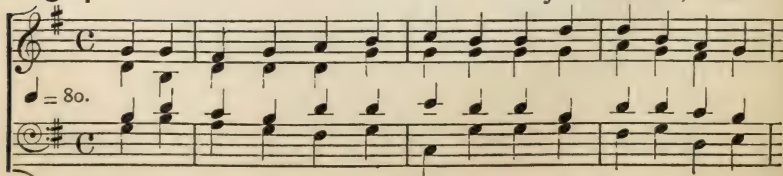
*mf* Fill Thy faithful, who confide  
In Thy power to guard and guide,  
With Thy sevenfold Mystery :  
Here Thy grace and virtue send ;  
Grant salvation in the end,  
And in heaven felicity. Amen.

This Hymn may be used throughout Whitsun-tide.

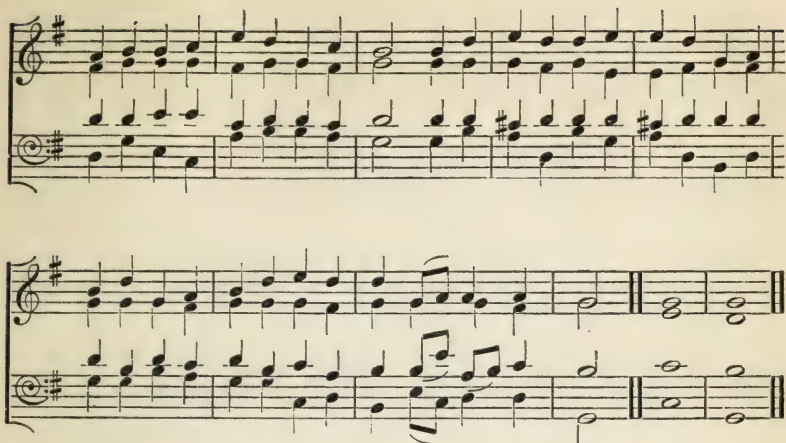
WHITSUN TUESDAY.

324

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.







*They began to speak with other tongues, as the Spirit gave them utterance.*

*f* DAY all jubilant, all splendid,  
When from heaven the Fire descended  
On the chosen of the LORD!  
Heart is full, and tongue rejoices:  
Yea, our hearts invite our voices  
Praise to sing with one accord.

*mf* That His pledge may not be broken,  
CHRIST on Pentecost His token  
Sendeth to His chosen Bride;  
As the honeyed words came rushing,  
So the Sacred Oil is gushing,  
From the Rock that doth abide.

Preached from stone, not tongues that  
Was of old the Law proclaimed, [flamed,  
From the mount in all men's view:  
Hearts in CHRIST created newly,  
Tongues in love united truly,  
Here are granted, to a few.

#### PART II.

*f* O THE joy, the exultation  
Of that day when the foundation [laid!  
Of CHRIST's Holy Church was  
When she gave to GOD thanksgiving  
For three thousand souls, her living  
Firstfruits as they kneeled and  
prayed!

*mf* This the two wave-loaves portended.  
Greek and Jew, two peoples, blended  
Into one, One GOD adore.  
They were twain: until united  
By the Stone the builders slighted,  
Never to be sundered more.

Not in vessels that are olden  
Is the new wine meetly holden:  
Like Elisha, to the brim  
All the widow's vessels filling,  
CHRIST with sacred dew is willing  
All to fill who trust in Him.

Not to hearts by discord riven,  
Shall these sacred gifts be given—  
Precious dew, nor oil, nor wine:  
And the SPIRIT ne'er abideth  
Within hearts which sin divideth,  
Shutting out the light divine.

#### PART III.

*p* COMFORTER, possess and cheer us!  
Bitterness shall not draw near us;  
Wrath shall flee before Thy face.  
There is no delight, no sweetness,  
Health, nor comfort, nor completeness,  
Where Thou dost withhold Thy  
grace.

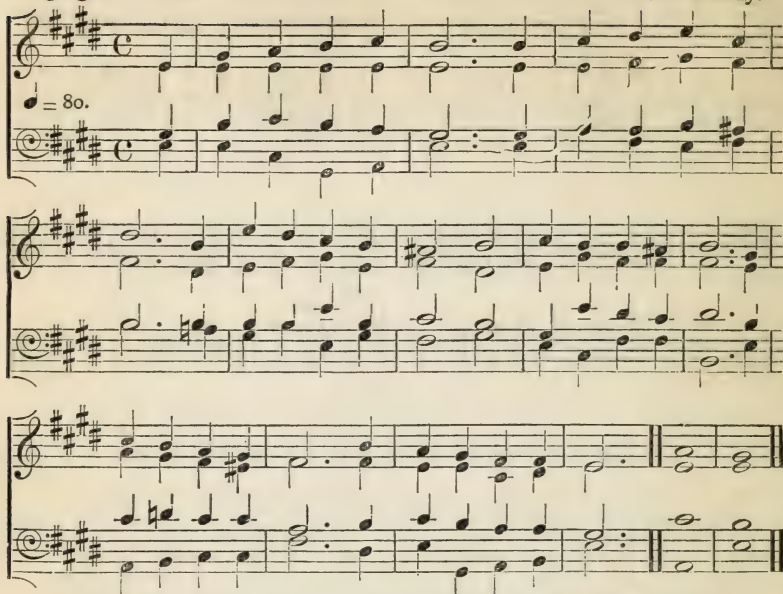
FOUNT, Whose potency can dower  
Water with a mystic power;  
OIL to heal us, LIGHT to guide:  
Praise we offer, new-created,  
And from wrath to grace translated,  
We, whom Thou hast purified.

*f* SPIRIT, Giver of all blessing,  
Gift, Thyself, beyond expressing,  
Teach us how to worship Thee!  
Cleanse our sins; in CHRIST renew us;  
And, when perfected, give to us  
Our eternal jubilee. Amen.

## EVENING.

325

Old Melody.



*And when the day of Pentecost was fully come, they were all with one accord in one place.*

*mf* CHRIST had regained the sky,  
 To send down whence He came  
 The promise from on high  
 Made in the FATHER's Name :  
 His own await the hour  
 That seals their coming power.  
 The mystic destined day  
 Of sevenfold circling years  
 Speeds onward on its way  
 To herald hopes and fears ;  
 To set the bondmen free :  
 Great year of Jubilee.

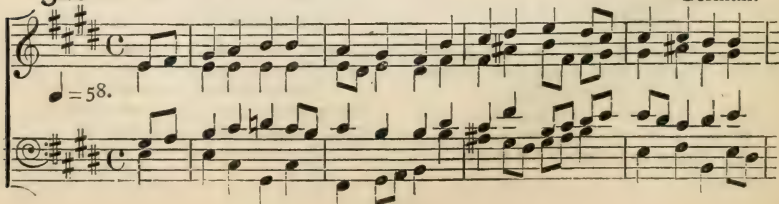
*p* Within the Temple there  
 In silence all lay hushed ;  
*f* Down, at that hour of prayer,  
 Sudden the whirlwind rushed :  
 Not voiceless as of old,  
 God's presence now it told.

And cloven tongues of flame  
 The Word's full warmth inspire ;  
 And from the FATHER came  
 The lamp of living fire,  
 To fill the faithful heart,  
 And light and life impart.  
 The HOLY GHOST on each  
 The gift of tongues hath poured,  
 To tell in varied speech  
 The wonders of the LORD :  
 And, Babel's work undone,  
 He binds the Church in one.

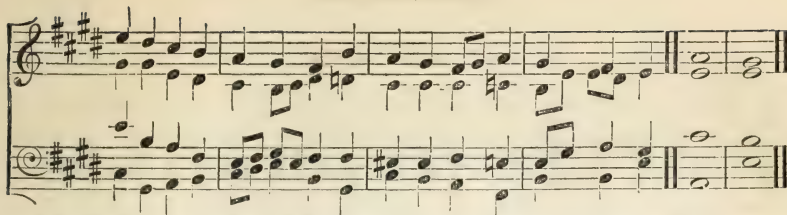
*p* CHRIST, may the COMFORTER  
 From GOD the FATHER come,  
 And grace and power confer,  
 And guide us to Thy home ;  
 Renew the face of earth,  
 And give the world new birth. Amen.

326

German.



# WHITSUN-TIDE.



*Having received of the Father the promise of the Holy Ghost, He hath shed forth this, which we now see and hear.*

*mf* COME, O Creator SPIRIT blest,  
And in our souls take up Thy rest :  
Come, with Thy grace and heavenly aid,  
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

Great PARACLETE, to Thee we cry :  
O highest gift of GOD most High,  
O Fount of Life, O Fire of Love,  
And sweet Anointing from above !

Thou in Thy sevenfold gifts art known ;  
Thee, Finger of GOD'S Hand we own :  
The promise of the FATHER Thou,  
Who dost the tongue with power en-  
dow.

Our senses kindle from above,  
And make our hearts o'erflow with love :

With Thine unfailing strength refresh  
The weakness of our mortal flesh.

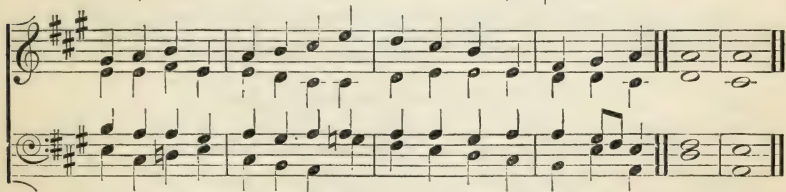
Drive far from us the foe we dread,  
And grant us Thy true peace instead :  
With Thee for Guardian, Thee for  
No evil can our steps betide. [Guide,

*p* Oh, let Thy grace on us bestow  
The FATHER and the SON to know,  
And Thee, through endless time con-  
fessed,  
Of Both the Eternal SPIRIT Blest.

*f* All glory while the ages run  
Be to the FATHER ; to the SON,  
Who rose from death ; like praise to Thee,  
O HOLY GHOST, eternally. Amen.

327

Old Melody.



*How shall not the ministration of the Spirit be rather glorious ?*

*mf* O HOLY SPIRIT, GOD most High,  
Kind Father of the poor, draw nigh ;  
And from Thy plenteous bosom's store  
On earth Thy promised blessings pour,  
Now, when the dusky hues of night  
Shut out the day's created light,  
O Uncreated Light Divine,  
Cease not within our souls to shine.

Thou art the heart's abiding guest ;  
Thou in all labour art sweet rest :  
If Thou shalt bid our tears to flow,  
Thy joys Thou minglest with the woe.

*p* O Fount of Grace, we cry to Thee :  
Nerve us to battle manfully ;  
Make us who battle victors rise ;  
Grant us in heaven the victor's prize.

*f* Praise to the FATHER, and the SON,  
With Thee, Blest SPIRIT, THREE in ONE :  
Let Thy bright fire, O LIGHT Divine,  
In our dull spirits burn and shine. Amen.

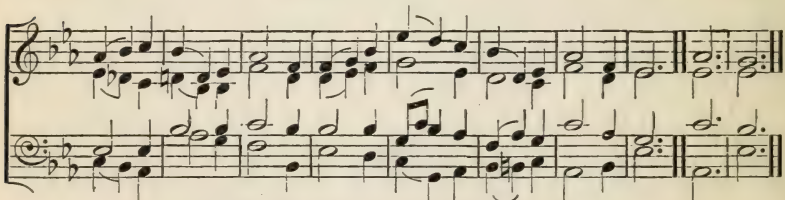
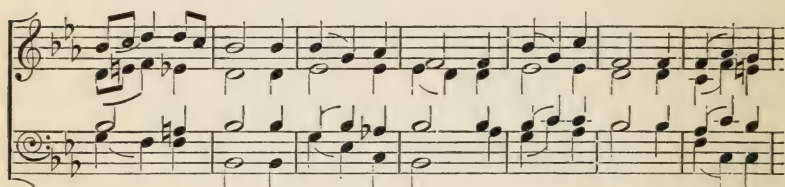
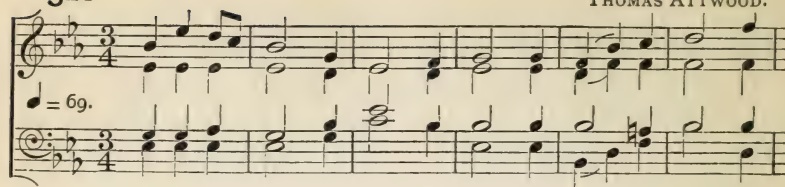


WHITSUN-TIDE.

ANY HOUR.

328

THOMAS ATTWOOD.



\* The ties to be used in the third verse only.

*The Spirit of truth; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him: but ye know Him; for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.*

*mf* COME, HOLY GHOST, our souls inspire,  
And lighten with celestial fire;  
Thou the anointing SPIRIT art,  
Who dost Thy sevenfold gifts impart;  
Thy blessed unction from above  
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.

Enable with perpetual light  
The dulness of our blinded sight;  
Anoint and cheer our soiled face  
With the abundance of Thy grace;  
Keep far our foes, give peace at home;  
Where Thou art guide no ill can come.

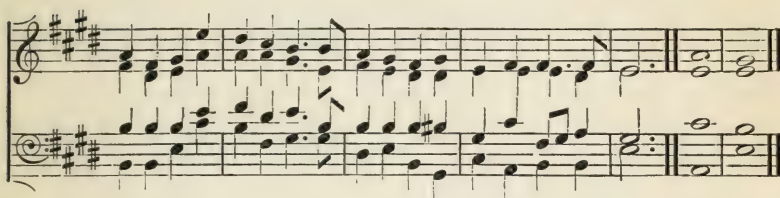
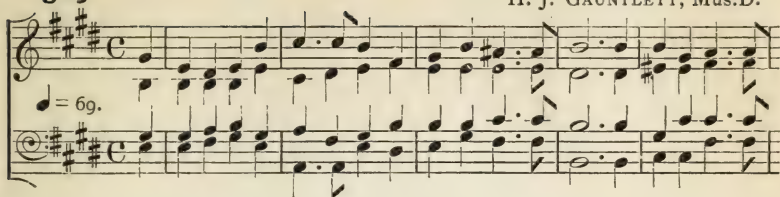
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,  
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;  
That, through the ages all along,  
This still may be our endless song;—  
*mf* Praise to Thy eternal merit,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT. Amen.



# WHITSUN-TIDE.

329

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh.*

*mf* COME, Thou Who dost the soul endure  
With sevenfold gifts of grace ;  
Come, Thou Who dost the world renew,  
Author of peace, Consoler true,  
SPIRIT of holiness.

SPIRIT of love, 'Twas Thou, Who borne  
O'er the wide water's face  
Didst, at creation's golden morn,  
The universal spheres adorn  
With majesty and grace.

Thou didst again earth's fallen frame  
With new creation bless,  
When, clothed in Pentecostal flame,  
From heaven's pure height Thy glory  
Enriching us with peace. [*came,*

*f* Thou didst the Gospel-trumpet sound  
O'er all the world afar ;  
And summon from their sleep profound  
The dead, who lay in darkness round,  
To hail the Morning Star.

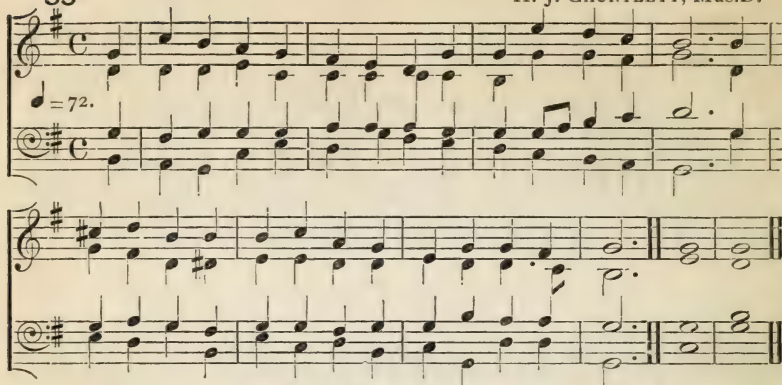
Thine be all praise for evermore,  
From all salvation's heirs ;  
Thy goodness, truth, and love, and  
Let all created worlds adore [*power,*  
In holy hymns and prayers.

*mf* O Thou, Who teachest us to place  
In Thee our hope and trust,  
The stains of former guilt efface,  
Confirm the innocent in grace,  
And glorify the just.

Subdue the world in every heart ;  
Its leaven purge away ;  
Bid our Satanic foe depart ;  
Scatter his force ; oppose his art ;  
And crush his deadly sway. Amen.

330

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*It filled all the house where they were sitting.*

*f* HE comes! He comes! the Holy One  
From Heaven's eternal shore;  
His uncreated essence fills  
His saints, as they adore.

Earth quakes before that rushing blast,  
Heaven echoes back the sound:  
How mightily the tempest stirs  
That upper Room around!

*mf* What gifts He gave those chosen men,  
Past ages can display:  
Nay more, their vigour still inspires  
The weakness of to-day.

Those tongues still speak within the  
That fire is undecayed: [Church;  
Its well-spring was that upper room,  
Where those Twelve Princes prayed.

The SPIRIT came into the Church  
With His unfailing power;  
He is the Living Heart that beats  
Within her at this hour.

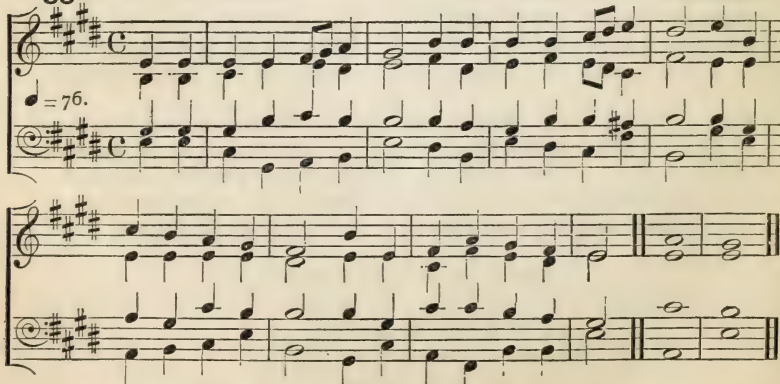
*b* O let us worship Him, the Bond  
Of FATHER and of SON,  
That HOLY SPIRIT, LORD and GOD,  
The Co-eternal One!

Ah! see how, like the Incarnate WORD,  
His Blessed Self He lowers,  
To dwell with us invisibly,  
And make His riches ours.

Most tender SPIRIT, Mighty GOD,  
Sweet must Thy presence be,  
If loss of JESUS can be gain,  
So long as we have Thee! Amen.

331

German.

*The Spirit Itself maketh intercession for us with groanings that cannot be uttered.'*

*f* GRANTED is the SAVIOUR's prayer:  
Hail, O gracious COMFORTER,  
Promise of our parting LORD,  
To His Throne in heaven restored!

GOD, the everlasting GOD,  
Makes with mortals His abode:  
He, Whom heaven cannot contain,  
Dwelleth in the heart of man.

# WHITSUN-TIDE.

*mf* There He helps our feeble moans,  
Deepens our imperfect groans;  
Intercedes in silence there,  
Sighs the unutterable prayer.

*p* HOLY GHOST, our hearts inspire,  
Lighten there Thy heavenly fire;  
Day by day our life renew,  
Thou the Gift and Giver too.

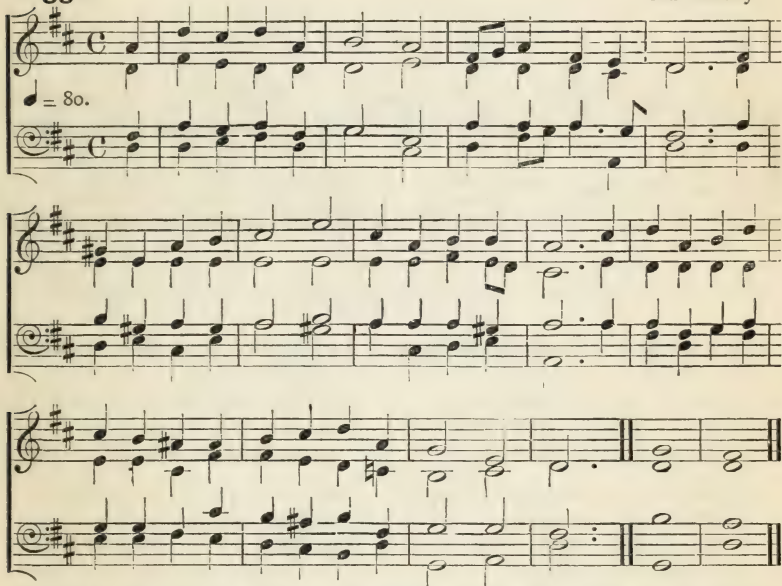
Brood Thou o'er our nature's night:  
Kindle darkness into light.

Spread Thy overshadowing wings:  
Order from confusion springs.

Pain, and sin, and sorrow cease;  
Thee we taste, and all is peace;  
Joy divine in Thee we prove,  
Light of Truth, and Fire of love. Amen

332

Old Melody.



*I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you for ever; even the Spirit of Truth. . . . I will not leave you comfortless: I will come unto you.*

*f* To God we lift our hearts  
And grateful praises give:  
Jesus Himself imparts;  
He comes in man to live;  
The HOLY GHOST to Man is given:  
Sent down by JESUS CHRIST from  
heaven.

Jesus is glorified,  
And gives the COMFORTER,  
His SPIRIT, to reside  
In all His members here:  
Rejoice, the HOLY GHOST is given,  
Sent down by JESUS CHRIST from  
heaven.

*mf* He brings His Kingdom in,  
Peace, righteousness, and joy,  
To make an end of sin,  
And Satan's works destroy:  
*f* Rejoice, the HOLY GHOST is given,  
Sent down by JESUS CHRIST from  
heaven;

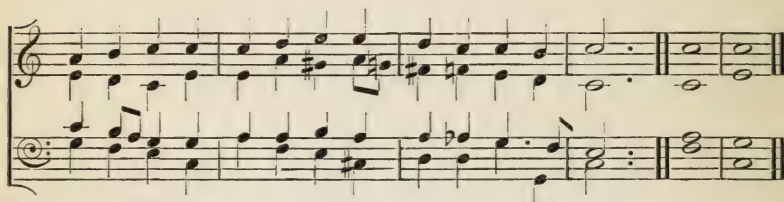
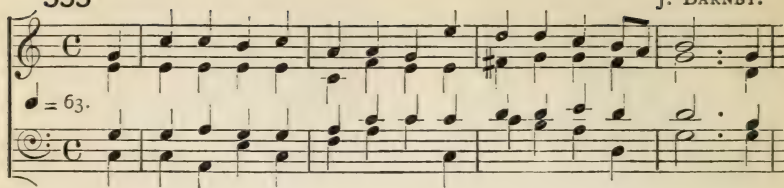
*mf* Sent down to make us meet  
To see His glorious Face,  
And raise us to a seat  
In that thrice happy place:  
*f* Rejoice, the HOLY GHOST is given,  
Sent down by JESUS CHRIST from  
heaven.

*f* JESUS from heaven once more  
In triumph shall descend,  
And all His saints restore  
To joys that never end:

*ff* Then, then, when all our joys are given,  
Shall we rejoice in God, in heaven. Amen.

333

J. BARNBY.



*And suddenly there came a sound from heaven as of a rushing mighty wind, and it filled all the house where they were sitting.*

*f* WHEN GOD of old came down from heaven,

In power and wrath He came :  
Before His feet the clouds were riven,  
Half darkness and half flame.

*p* Around the trembling mountain's base  
The prostrate people lay :  
A day of wrath, and not of grace,  
A dim and dreadful day.

*mf* But when He came the second time,  
He came in power and love :  
Softer than gale at morning prime  
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires, that rushed on Sinai down  
In sudden torrents dread,  
Now gently light, a glorious crown,  
On every sainted head.

Like arrows went those lightnings forth,

Winged with the sinner's doom :  
But these, like tongues, o'er all the  
Proclaiming life to come. [earth

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear  
The voice exceeding loud,  
The trump that angels quake to hear,  
Thrilled from the deep, dark cloud :

So, when the SPIRIT of our GOD  
Came down His flock to find,  
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,  
A rushing, mighty wind.

*p* Come LORD, come Wisdom, Love, and  
Open our ears to hear : [Power,  
Let us not miss the accepted hour ;  
Save, LORD, by love or fear. Amen.

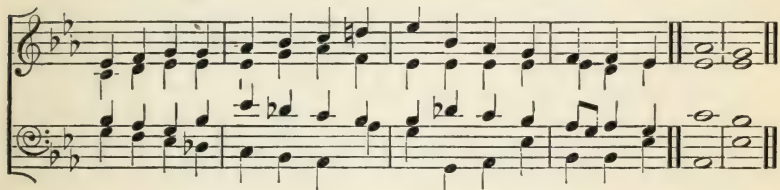
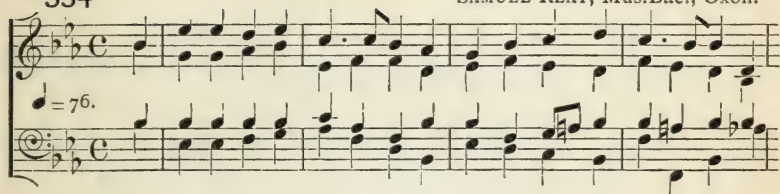


# TRINITY SUNDAY.

## MORNING.

334

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.



*O praise God in His holiness.*

*f* ALL hail, Adorèd TRINITY ;  
All hail, Eternal Unity ;  
O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, ever ONE.

Behold, O LORD, this festal day  
We pour to Thee our thankful lay,  
For all Thy gifts of priceless worth,  
The saving health of all the earth.

Three PERSONS praise we evermore,  
And Thee, the Eternal ONE, adore :  
In Thy sure mercy ever kind  
May we our true protection find.

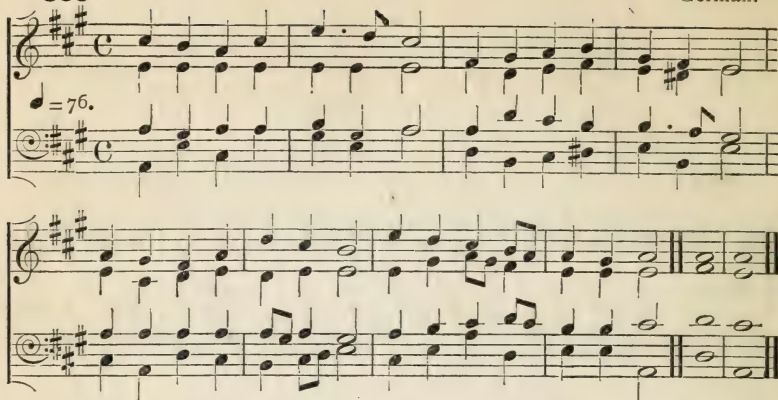
O TRINITY, O UNITY,  
Be present as we worship Thee ;  
And to the angels' songs in light  
Our prayers and praises now unite.

Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

335

German.



*Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection.*

*mf* LORD, thrice HOLY, GOD of might,  
GOD incomprehensible!  
Everlasting living Light!  
Fount of joys ineffable!

O Thou Love for ever new!  
O divinest Verity!  
O Thou Unity most true!  
Ever One, yet ever Three!

All around Thee countless rays  
Make a darkness thick as night;  
Whence the Seraphs turn their gaze,  
Blinded with excess of light.

Born in Thy tri-unial Name,  
Born in Thee to grace anew,  
Thee the sons of men proclaim,  
Thee extol with glory due:

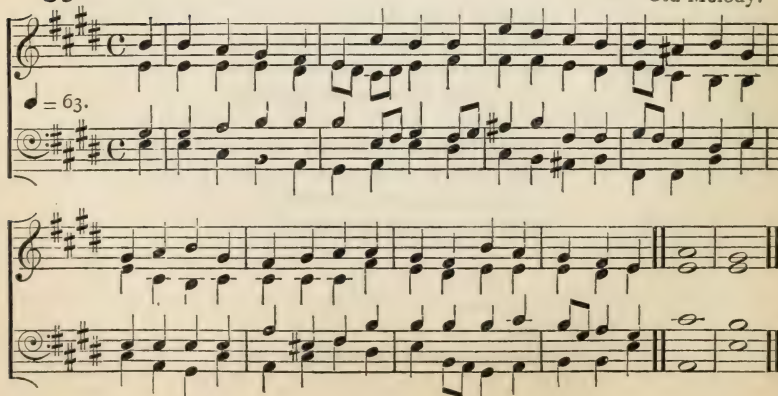
Thee, the LORD of earth and skies,  
Owning here in faith and love,  
E'en on earth they taste the joys  
Stored for happy souls above.

*p* Make us, HOLY GHOST, to will,  
Teach us, Only SON, to know,  
Grant us, FATHER, to fulfil,  
All Thou wiltest us to do. Amen.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

336

Old Melody.



# TRINITY SUNDAY.

*With Thee is the fountain of life; in Thy light shall we see light.*

*mf* ALL blessing to the BLESSED THREE!  
Hail, co-eternal Deity,  
In glory equal, FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT; ever THREE in ONE.

Ruling o'er all things, One in Will,  
Three PERSONS, yet One SUBSTANCE  
The Uncreated Unity, [still:  
In GODHEAD One, in PERSONS Three.

*f* This Faith can souls from sin release,  
And bring them to that land of peace,  
Where by the bright celestial throng  
Is poured for aye triumphant song.

*mf* White-robed, in JESUS' steps they tread,  
Who sits enthroned above their head;  
Their day of suffering past and gone,  
Lo, they have put new raiment on.

Let us, in whom God's grace doth glow,  
Pay now to GOD the debt we owe:  
So, when to this world we have died,  
Our place may still in heaven abide.

So, peradventure, at the last,  
The battle fought, the toil o'erpast,  
We shall behold fair mansions rise,  
To be our dwelling in the skies;

Where evermore a wondrous Light  
Shines, as a fire, exceeding bright:  
It is the Vision of the blest,  
The LORD Himself made manifest.

On angels' breasts are poured its rays,  
As on the Source thereof they gaze,  
The Form of Him, erewhile Who trod  
This lower earth, Incarnate GOD.

On Him they gaze with burning thirst:  
So shall the righteous burn, when first  
They see the infinite reward  
Assigned them by their Judge, the LORD. Amen.

## EVENING.

337

Rev. Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY, Bart.



*I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the ending, saith the Lord, Which is, and Which was, and Which is to come: the Almighty.*

*mf* BE present, HOLY TRINITY,  
Like splendour, and one Deity:  
Of things above, and things below,  
Beginning that no end shall know.

Thee all the armies of the sky  
Adore, and laud, and magnify:  
And Nature, in her triple frame,  
For ever sanctifies Thy Name.

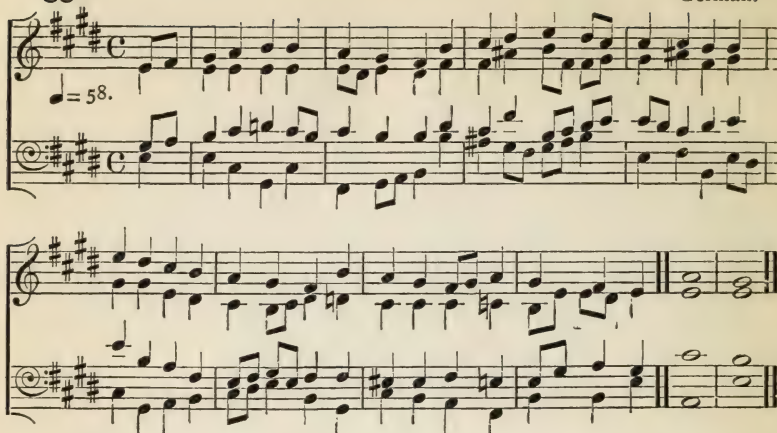
*p* And we, too, thanks and homage pay,  
Thine own adoring flock to-day:  
O join to that celestial song  
The praises of our suppliant throng!

*mf* LIGHT, Sole and One, we Thee confess,  
With triple praise we rightly bless;  
Thee Alpha and Omega own,  
With every spirit round Thy throne,

*f* To Thee, O UNBEGOTTEN ONE,  
And Thee, O SOLE-BEGOTTEN SON,  
And Thee, O HOLY GHOST, we raise  
Our equal and eternal praise. Amen.

338

German.



*Who is like unto Thee, O Lord? . . . who is like Thee, glorious in holiness, fearful in praises,  
doing wonders?*

*mf* O LIGHT Eternal, GOD most High,  
Thou TRINITY in UNITY,  
We Thee adore: to Thee we cry;  
Hear now the prayer we make to Thee.

FATHER, in Majesty enthroned,  
Thee we confess; Thee, Only SON;  
And Thee, O HOLY GHOST, the Bond  
Of love uniting Both in One;—

THREE PERSONS,—among Whom is none  
Greater in Majesty or less;—  
In substance, essence, nature, ONE;  
Equal in might and holiness:—

THREE PERSONS, One Immensity,  
Encircling utmost space and time;  
One Greatness, Glory, Sanctity,  
One Endless Love, One Truth sublime.

O LORD, most holy, wise and just,  
Author of nature, Source of grace,  
Grant that as now in Thee we trust,  
So we may see Thee face to face.

Thou art the Fount of all that is;  
Thou art our origin and end:  
On Thee alone our future bliss  
And our eternal life depend.

Thou solely didst the worlds create,  
Which still subsist by Thy decree:  
Thou art the light, the glory great,  
And prize of all who trust in Thee.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The Triune GOD of earth and heaven,  
From earth and from the heavenly host  
Be endless praise and glory given. Amen.



TRINITY SUNDAY.

ANY HOUR.

339

BERTHOLD TOURS.

*From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.*

*f* TRINITY, Unity,  
Deity, Majesty;  
Thou, Who art Power and Might,  
Thou, Who art unborn Light;  
Law of laws,  
First and Last, End and Cause:

KING of kings, Judge of all,  
Round Thy Throne angels fall;  
Thee they laud, Thee adore,  
Thee they chant evermore:  
With acclaim  
Heavenly hosts greet Thy Name.

*mf* Thou art One, Thou art true  
Flower of life, healing dew:  
Govern us, save us still,  
Guide us on towards the hill  
Of Thy rest,  
Towards the joys of the blest.

*f* Thou art GOD, Thou art just;  
Thee we love, Thee we trust:  
Thou only art the LORD,  
Thou only KING adored:  
Glory be  
Always on high to Thee. Amen.

TRINITY SUNDAY.

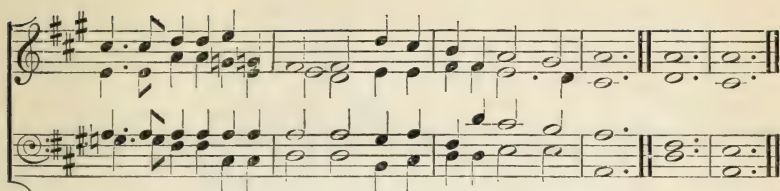
340

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

Un-derived, e - volved of none;

# TRINITY SUNDAY.



*To Whom art Thou like in glory?*

*mf* GOD, of life and light and motion  
Cause and Centre, Fount and Home;  
Limitless and tideless Ocean;  
Past and Present and to come;  
Unbeginning as Unending,  
Uncontrolled by time or space;  
Undefined yet Unextending;  
Boundless yet in every place;  
Self-existent, uncreated,  
Underived, evolved of none;  
In sublimest peace instated,  
Perfect in Thyself alone.

GOD the FATHER, Whose relation  
With Thy sole-begotten SON,  
By a mystic Generation,  
Stood ere time had learned to run:  
GOD the SON, by tie supernal  
Ever with the FATHER bound;  
In the glorious folds eternal  
Of one single Nature wound:  
GOD the SPIRIT, Stream Vivific,  
Ceaselessly by Both outpoured,  
And in union beatific  
Equally with both adored.

GOD, the FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT,  
THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Thine united glories merit  
Thanks and praise continually:  
Praise to Thee and adoration  
On Thy Festival be done,  
For the blessèd Incarnation  
Of the Co-eternal SON;  
For the Coming of the SPIRIT;  
For the gift of endless life;  
For the joys that Saints inherit  
When they cease from earthly strife,

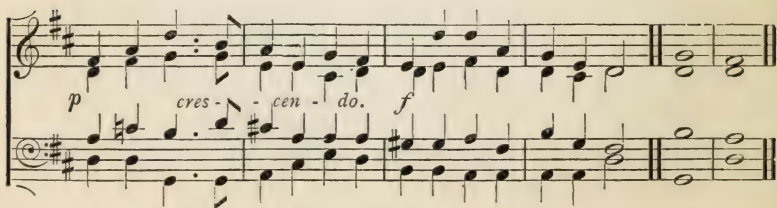
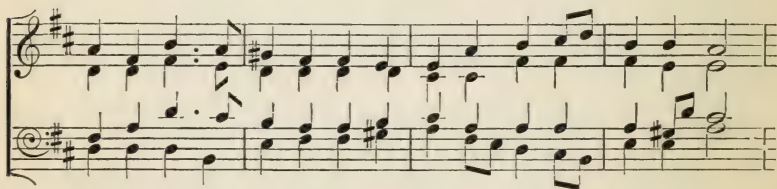
More than all, be praise unending  
Paid throughout Thy Church to  
For the majesty transcending [Thee  
Of Thy TRIUNE DEITY:  
Sun of splendour never waning,  
Fount of sweetness never dry,  
Staff of comfort all-sustaining,  
Ever-blessèd TRINITY:  
Thus Thy glorious Name confessing  
We repeat the angels' cry,—  
"Holy, Holy, Holy,"—blessing  
Thee the LORD of Hosts on high.  
Amen.

# PROPER FOR HOLY-DAYS.

## S. ANDREW'S DAY.

341

BERTHOLD TOURS.



*We have found the Messias, which is, being interpreted, the Christ.*

*f* KING of saints, O LORD Incarnate,  
In Thy saints Thy praise we sing,  
As to-day with glad thanksgiving  
Hymns of grateful love we bring.  
Of the thronéd Twelve, Saint Andrew  
First received, and heard, Thy call:  
Thine the wondrous grace that made  
Gentlest, meekest, of them all. [him

*mf* Thee, true LAMB of GOD, beholding,  
(As the Baptist testified,)  
He obeys Thy gracious bidding  
In Thy dwelling to abide:  
Finding there the true Messiah,  
Whom his faith so long had sought,  
There with joy his brother Simon  
To his SAVIOUR's feet he brought.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

From the Galilean waters  
At Thy word he follows Thee,  
Fisher's net and craft exchanging  
For the Apostle's dignity.  
Strengthened by Thy Whitsun largess,  
Armèd with the SPIRIT'S sword,  
Forth he goes to preach the gospel,  
Herald of the Incarnate WORD.

Heathen tribes, by him enlightened,  
Turn to serve the living GOD;  
Heathens, fired by Satan's malice,  
Scourge him with the torturing rod:  
On his cross they bind the martyr;  
Preaching thence he yields his breath,  
Counting it all joy to suffer  
In the likeness of Thy death.

*p* Grant that we, Thy call obeying,  
May like Andrew follow Thee,  
Here in gentle love and suffering,  
To a blest eternity;  
Sharers of Thy cross, and with him  
Sharers of Thy crown above,  
See the vision of Thy beauty,  
Taste the sweetness of Thy love. Amen.

S. THOMAS THE APOSTLE.

342

Old Melody.



*Then saith He to Thomas, Reach hither thy finger, and behold My Hands; and reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into My Side: and be not faithless, but believing.*

*p* O THOU Who didst, with love untold,  
Thy doubting servant chide,  
And bade the eye of sense behold  
Thy wounded Hands and Side:

Grant us, like him, with heartfelt awe  
To own Thee GOD and LORD,  
And from his hour of doubt to draw  
Faith in the Incarnate WORD.

And grant that we may never dare  
Thy loving Heart to grieve,  
But at the last their blessing share  
Who see not, yet believe:

*mf* That when our life of faith is done,  
In realms of clearer light  
We Thee may view, Incarnate SON,  
With full and endless sight.

We wait and pray in glad accord  
Until the happy time, [LORD  
When all shall own Thee GOD and  
Through every distant clime:

*f* Wide as the Church's voice can spread,  
Praise to the FATHER be; [Head,  
To CHRIST, Who is the Apostles'  
And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

THE CONVERSION OF S. PAUL.

MORNING.

343 Old Melody.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 72 beats per minute. The melody is a simple, hymn-like tune. The first system contains 12 measures, and the second system contains 12 measures, ending with a double bar line. The lyrics are printed below the staves.

*I am the Apostle of the Gentiles.*

*f* To Thee, O God, we Gentiles pay  
Our thanks, on our Apostles' Day:  
Whose doctrine, like the thunder, sounds  
Throughout the wide world's farthest bounds.

*mf* O bliss of Paul, beyond all thought!  
To Paradise, yet living, caught,  
He hears the heavenly mysteries there,  
Which mortal tongue can not declare.

The Word's blest seed around he flings  
And straight a mighty harvest springs:  
And fruits of holy deeds supply  
God's everlasting granary.

The lamp his holy lore displays  
Hath filled the world with glorious rays:  
And doubt and error are o'erthrown,  
That truth may reign, and reign alone.

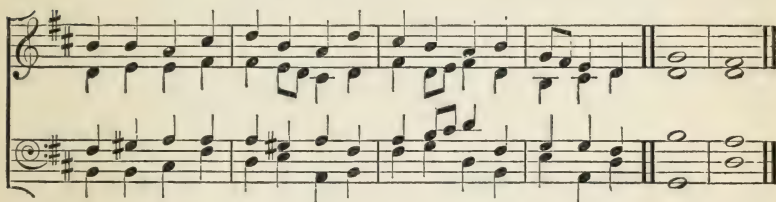
*f* Long as unending ages run,  
To GOD the FATHER laud be done:  
To GOD the SON our equal praise,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, we raise. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING,

344

German.



*The wild boar out of the wood doth root it up: and the wild beasts of the field devour it. Turn Thee again, Thou God of hosts, look down from Heaven: behold and visit this vine.*

*f* O LORD, Thy voice the mountain shakes  
And all the trees that grow thereon;  
From Thee it goeth forth, and breaks  
The cedars of proud Lebanon.

*mf* 'Neath it the Spoiler fierce lies low,  
The vanquisher is vanquishèd;  
And Saul, who breathed forth death, is now  
Himself in gentle triumph led.

*p* Lo, forth he spreads beseeching hands,  
Prepared beneath Thy yoke to go;  
And, trembling, asks for Thy commands,  
What wouldst Thou have Thy servant do?

O JESU, nought is hard with Thee:  
Thy foe is now the Church's rock;  
The wolf becomes a lamb, and he  
Himself yields gladly for the flock.

Good Shepherd, keep us as of old;  
The foe confound, the flock defend;  
And, if we wander from Thy fold,  
Again to Thee our bosoms bend.

*f* All praise to GOD, the ONE and THREE,  
Who saw us laid in dead of night,  
And freed us from that misery,  
And called us to His glorious Light. Amen.

THE PRESENTATION OF CHRIST IN THE TEMPLE,

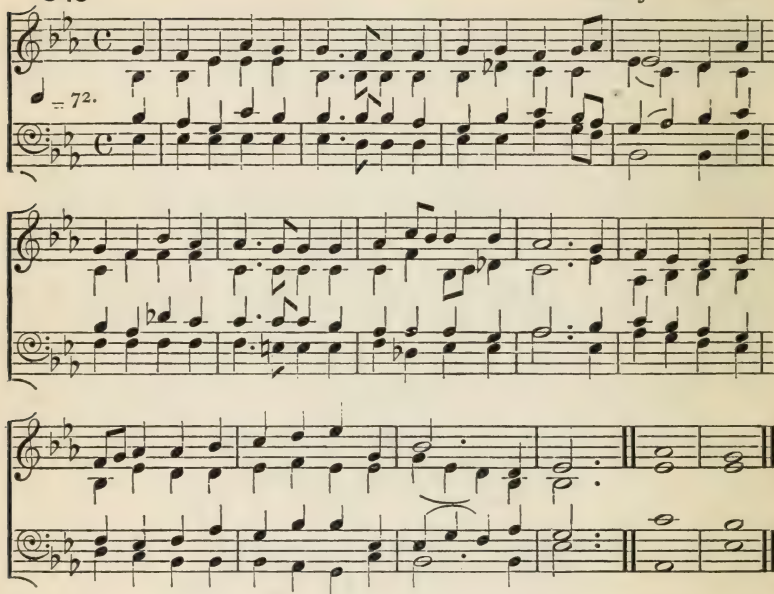
COMMONLY CALLED

THE PURIFICATION OF S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

MORNING.

345

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



*The mystery which hath been hid from ages and from generations, but now is made manifest to His saints.*

*mf* JESUS in helpless infancy  
By His own altar lies;  
The ensign to the nations He,  
Descended from the skies:  
The glory He of Israel's line,  
Of all the world the light divine.

Hark, on His wondering parents' ear  
Unwonted greetings ring,  
While they behold the aged Seer  
Adore the infant KING: [lays,  
With wondering awe they catch his  
And inly breathe unconscious praise.

He, Whom in trance of prophecy  
The Fathers dimly scanned,  
Is now beheld by mortal eye,  
And borne by mortal hand:  
The earth's REDEEMER, on His way  
Himself to be redeemed to-day.

LORD, though Thou art ascended high,  
And from Thy temple gone,  
Let faith her eagle wings supply,  
And watch Thee to Thy throne:  
Her mystic touch still find Thee near;  
And in each heart Thine altar rear.

*f* To Thee, Eternal FATHER, be  
Eternal praise above;  
JESU, eternal praise to Thee,  
Pledge of the FATHER's love;  
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT blest,  
Co-equal praise be aye addressed. Amen.

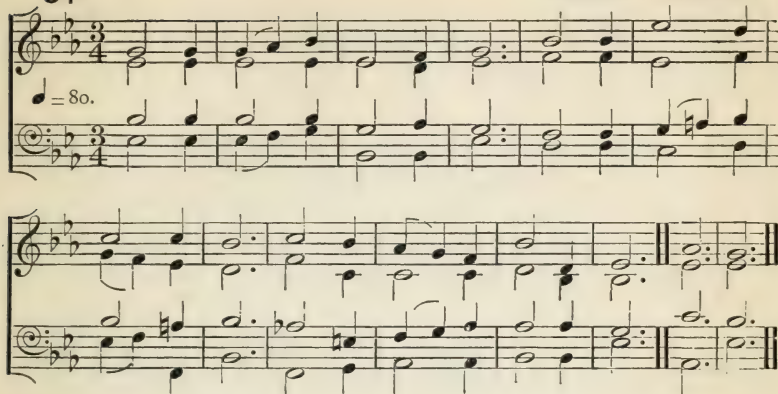


PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

346

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*We wait for Thy loving kindness, O God: in the midst of Thy temple.*

*p* IN His Mother's pure embrace,  
JESUS, of His wondrous grace,  
God to God Himself doth vow.

We would in the temple wait;  
We would meet Thee at the gate;  
JESU, for our Hope art Thou.

God is to His temple come:  
Angels throng the hallowed dome;  
Saints adore Him on His way.

God, made MAN, Himself is here,  
With His Virgin-Mother dear,  
Here, to be redeemed to-day.

*mf* Songs, like gales of incense, rise,  
When this morning's sacrifice  
'Mid rejoicing hymns is made.

*p* Evening's rite in tears shall end,  
And with bitter weepings blend,  
On the cruel cross displayed.

Here the Sacrifice is brought,  
By Whose precious ransom bought  
We are all to God made nigh.

Now no longer, LORD, our own,  
To Thy single service won,  
Thine we live, and Thine we die.

*p* Let Thy servants now depart:  
Let us see Thee as Thou art;  
Nought of earth arrest our eyes!

If Thou keep us here below,  
*cres.* In Thee, JESU, let us grow,  
And in Thee hereafter rise. *Amer.*

347

BERTHOLD TOURS.

*Now all this was done that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the Lord by the prophet.*

*f* COME, ye faithful choirs on earth, sing ye now with hallowed mirth

Alleluia;

For the mighty KING of kings from a spotless Maiden springs:

O wonder rare!

*mf* Him the Holy Virgin bore, Wonderful and Counsellor;

SUN sprung from star:

SUN, which never night shall know; star whose RAY shall ever glow  
Gleaming afar.

As a star puts forth its ray, so her SON in wondrous way

The Virgin bare.

Bright the star doth still endure: so the Virgin still is pure;

No stain is there.

Lebanon's tall cedar bends; and, like hyssop made, descends,

Our woe to share:

He, GOD'S WORD and ESSENCE, came, dwelling in a mortal frame,

The cross to bear.

This Isaiah had foreshewn: this with thankful love we own;

Alleluia!

Him, Whom Holy Writ foretold, now a Virgin's arms enfold:

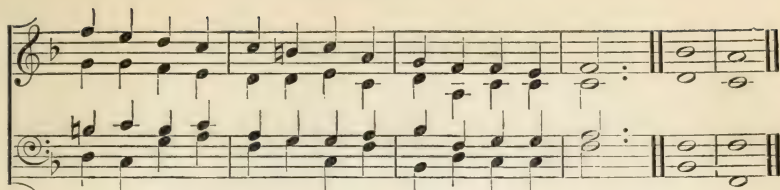
Alleluia! Amen.

348

EVENING.

Old Melody.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.



*The Lord, Whom ye seek, shall suddenly come to His temple.*

*mf* O SION, open wide thy gates,  
Let figures disappear:  
A Priest and Victim, both in one,  
The Truth Himself is here.

No more the simple flock shall bleed:  
Behold the Incarnate SON  
Himself to His own altar comes,  
For sinners to atone.

*p* Conscious of hidden Deity  
The lowly Virgin brings  
Her new-born Babe, with two young  
Her tender offerings. [doves,

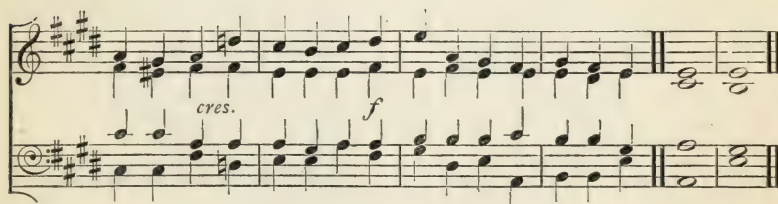
*mf* The hoary Simeon sees at last  
His LORD so long desired,  
And hails, with Anna, Israel's Hope,  
By sudden rapture fired.

*p* But silent knelt the Mother blest  
Of Him the silent WORD,  
And, pondering all things in her heart,  
With speechless praise adored.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

349

Rev. J. B. DYKES, Mus.D.



*I drew them with bands of love.*

*mf* O WISDOM of the GOD of grace,  
Pervading all things mightily;  
The frailties of man's fallen race  
Restoring with sweet clemency:

Thou didst our human flesh assume,  
And e'en a death of pain endure,  
Proceeding from a Virgin's womb,  
From all our guilt for ever pure;

Thou didst with joy that mother crown  
By Gabriel's message ere Thy birth;  
Then bright with blessings and renown  
Arise a Star upon the earth.

*p* And O, what gifts of love are Thine,  
So sure, so blissful, and so free!  
Whereby with sweetness all divine  
Thou drawest every heart to Thee.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the Incarnate SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee,  
Long as eternity shall run. Amen.

S. MATTHIAS'S DAY.

350

A. S. COOPER.

*And they prayed, and said, Thou, Lord, which knowest the hearts of all men, show whether of these two Thou hast chosen.*

*mf* BISHOP of the souls of men,  
 When the foe-man's step is nigh,  
 When the wolf lays wait by night  
 For the lambs unceasingly,  
*p* Watch, O LORD, about us keep,  
 Guard us, Shepherd of the sheep.  
*mf* When the hireling flees away,  
 Caring only for his gold,  
 And the gate unguarded stands  
 At the entrance to the fold,  
*p* Stand, O LORD, Thy flock before,  
 Thou the Guardian, Thou the Door.

*mf* LORD, Whose guiding finger ruled  
 In the casting of the lot,  
 That Thy Church might fill the post  
 Of the lost Iscariot,  
*p* In all trouble ever thus  
 Stand, good Master, nigh to us.  
*f* When the Saints their order take  
 In the New Jerusalem,  
 And Matthias stands elect,  
 Give us part and lot with him,  
 Where in Thine own dwelling-place  
 We may see Thee face to face. Amen

ANNUNCIATION OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN MARY.

MORNING.

351

RICHARD REDHEAD.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.



*Being found in fashion as a man.*

*mf* FAR from their home, our fallen race  
In sinful darkness laid;  
And, knowing not the way to life,  
In hopeless wanderings strayed.  
In wondrous love the Incarnate GOD  
Descends from highest heaven,  
Those exiles home again to call,  
Himself to exile given.

He comes, to feeble knees a staff,  
And strength to sinking soul;  
Himself the Way, Himself the Light,  
Himself the Life and Goal.  
Eternal GOD, within the veil  
Of human flesh confined,  
Oh, may Thy truth its beams unfold  
To every faithful mind.

*f* All praise to Thee, through Whom alone  
Our stains of guilt are lost,  
Like praise be to the FATHER given,  
And to the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

352

E. J. HOPKINS.



*The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Highest shall over-shadow thee; therefore also that Holy Thing which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God.*

*f* HAIL, blessèd morn, when forth from heaven  
The angel hastes, glad news to bring;  
The HOLY GHOST comes down with power,  
The Virgin overshadowing.

THAT of the Virgin's substance framed,  
And quickened by the SPIRIT's aid,  
Sole flesh of Adam free from sin  
The Flesh of JESUS CHRIST is made.

He, Who ere time its course began  
Was food to angel-hosts in heaven,  
Feeds us with heavenly milk; Himself  
The Man for food to man is given.

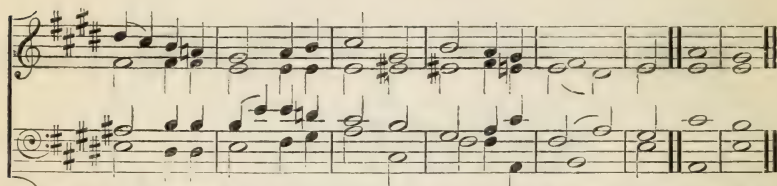
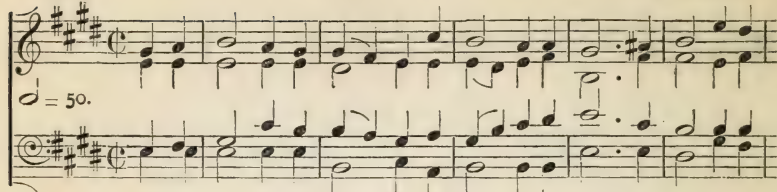
To praise His Name eternally,  
All worlds and heaven shall find a tongue:  
To praise the Name of FATHER, SON,  
And HOLY SPIRIT, is our song. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

353

J. BARNBY.



*God hath said, I will dwell in them, and walk in them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people.*

*mf* Now the sighs and the sorrows  
Of this world may cease;  
This happy day bringeth  
Glad tidings of peace  
For suffering mortals.

Since through one man's transgression  
We all of us fell;  
From heavenly mansions,  
To save us from hell,  
He came, the Most Highest.

To the one chosen Virgin,  
Who God was to bear,  
The Angel descendeth  
The tale to declare,  
Salvation's high herald.

Lo! the WORD of the FATHER,  
Eternally born,  
Assumeth man's body,  
On this blessed morn,  
That He may redeem us.

He shall offer this Body  
Our ransom to be;  
His Blood He shall pour forth  
His servants to free,  
And pour every life-drop.

From our country, poor exiles,  
We wandered in vain,  
And knew not the pathway  
By which to regain  
True joy everlasting.

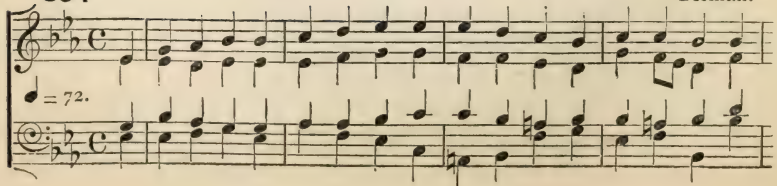
To the place of our exile  
God deigns to descend;  
Our way He becometh  
Himself, and our end;  
We walk here in safety. Amen.

[And Hymn 347.]

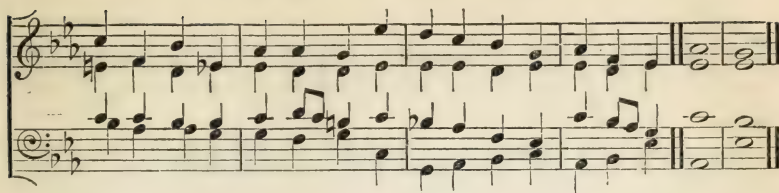
EVENING.

354

German.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.



*Sing and rejoice, O daughter of Sion; for, lo, I come, and I will dwell in the midst of thee, saith the Lord.*

*f* O JOYFUL rose this sacred morn, [peace  
Which brought the news of love and  
To man the ruined and forlorn [cease.  
From heaven, and bade our sorrow

*mf* Though far from Eden's happy bowers  
By Adam's sad transgression driven,  
A lovelier Eden shall be ours,  
For Very GOD came down from  
heaven.

He, in the Father's Bosom born,  
Eternal, stoops to time and space,  
And in the Virgin's womb this morn  
Takes up Hislowly dwelling-place.

Our mortal flesh He makes His own,  
For man's redemption to be slain;  
And by His guiltless Blood atone,  
And wash away each guilty stain.

His Godhead fills creation's bound,  
And yet, to lead us back again  
To GOD, with flesh is girt around:  
GOD comes Himself to dwell in  
men.

*f* To Thee, O FATHER; Thee, O SON,  
Who cam'st to set Thy people free;  
Thee, HOLY GHOST; be homage done,  
In heaven and earth eternally.

Amen.

355

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*Hail, thou that art highly favoured, the Lord is with thee; blessed art thou among women.*

*f* THE GOD, Whom earth and sea and sky  
Revere, adore, and magnify,  
Whose rule they own, now deigns to  
come,  
And make in human flesh His home.

The GOD, Whose will by moon and sun  
And all things in due course is done,  
A Maiden, filled with power divine,  
Doth in her spotless bosom shrine.

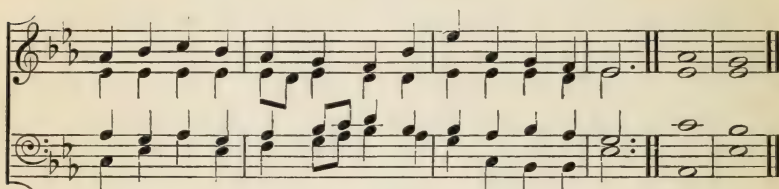
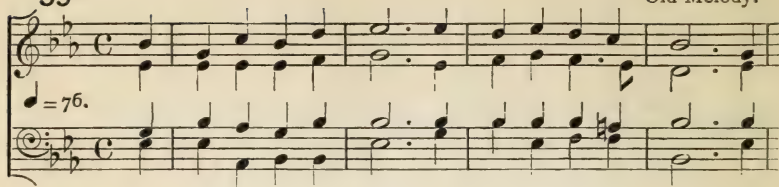
*p* How blest that Mother, in whose breast  
The world's great Maker comes to rest;  
Where He, Whose Hand grasps earth  
and sky,  
Vouchsafes, as in His ark, to lie!

*mf* Blest in the message Gabriel brought;  
Blest by the work the SPIRIT wrought;  
From whom the Great Desire of earth  
Took human flesh by human birth.

*f* All honour, praise, and glory be,  
O JESU, Virgin-born, to Thee;  
Whom with the FATHER we adore,  
And HOLY GHOST for evermore. Amen.

356

Old Melody.



*Behold, a Virgin shall be with child, and shall bring forth a Son, and they shall call His Name Emmanuel; which being interpreted is, God with us.*

*f* O PRAISE the LORD this day,  
This day so long foretold,  
Whose promise shone with cheering ray  
On waiting saints of old.

*mf* The Prophet gave the sign  
For faithful men to read;  
A Virgin, born of David's line,  
Shall bear the promised Seed.

Ask not how this should be,  
But worship and adore;  
Like her, whom heaven's majesty  
Came down to shadow o'er.

*p* She meekly bowed her head  
To hear the gracious word,  
Mary, the pure and lowly maid,  
The favoured of the LORD.

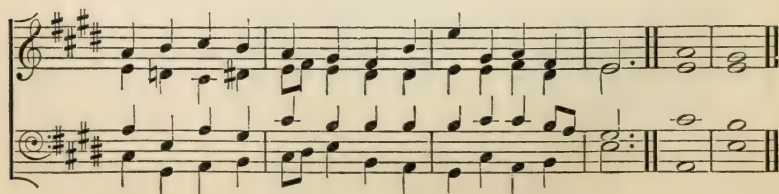
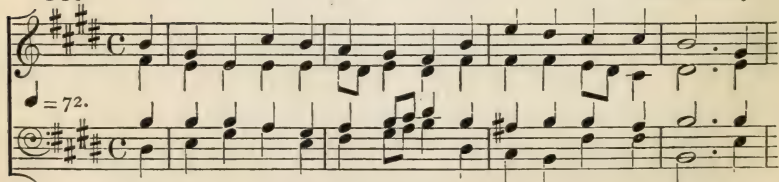
*mf* And blest shall be her name  
In all the Church on earth, [came,  
Through whom that wondrous mercy  
The Incarnate SAVIOUR's birth.

*f* JESU, the Virgin's SON,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.

S. MARK'S DAY.

357

Old Melody.





# PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

*Take Mark, and bring him with thee; for he is profitable to me for the ministry.*

*f* JESU, we praise Thee for his work  
Who bears Thy living word,  
Yoked ever in the fourfold car  
Which carries Thee, the LORD.

*mf* Taught by Saint Mark, the Morians'  
land

Now lifts her hands in prayer:  
He bears Thy light to Egypt's gloom,  
And makes a Goshen there.

He sheds Thy SPIRIT'S seven-fold  
In evangelic beams; [grace  
Like seven-fold Nile, which cheers the  
With fertilizing streams. [land

Thy living streams in Afric's sands  
He pours, a holy flood;  
And what the Evangelist had preached  
The Martyr seals with blood.

*p* We bless Thy HOLY SPIRIT'S love  
For all the gifts of grace,  
Which cheer the Saint and Martyr's  
heart,  
And speed them in their race.

Take from us fear; give power and love,  
Sound mind and constant soul;  
That we, O LORD, with them may run,  
And with them reach the goal.

*f* We praise Thee, FATHER, Thee, O SON,  
And Thee, O HOLY GHOST:  
Praise GOD, ye sons of men on earth,  
And ye, O heavenly host! Amen.

## S. PHILIP AND S. JAMES' DAY.

358

Old Melody.



*He that believeth on Me, the works that I do shall he do also; and greater works than these shall he do; because I go unto My Father.*

*f* THE LORD hath burst the bonds of  
death,  
And triumphed o'er the grave:  
Once more the Eleven their Master  
Who died the world to save. [see,  
'Twas theirs once more with joyful  
To hear His voice again, [hearts  
And listen to the wondrous things  
Of His eternal reign:

*mf* To learn how 'twas ordained for Him  
As Son of Man to die,  
That He might conquer death and rise  
By His Divinity.

The precious sheep, which He had  
To them His love assigned; [bought,  
To them He gave His kingdom's keys,  
With power to loose and bind.

And e'en upon His FATHER'S throne  
He is their constant friend;  
From Him, like fire, upon their  
hearts  
The SPIRIT will descend.

*f* Thus filled with the HOLY GHOST  
He sends them forth abroad,  
To sound the glorious trumpet note,  
And call mankind to GOD.

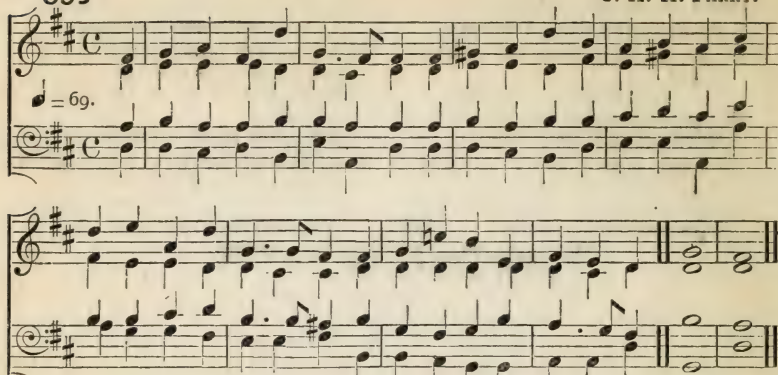
*p* O, LORD, we pray Thee, be Thou still  
Our teacher from above:  
Instruct our hearts to know Thee well,  
And, as we know, to love.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
Who calls us to the sky,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST, be praise  
To all eternity. Amen.

S. BARNABAS THE APOSTLE.

C. H. H. PARRY.

359



*Blessed is he that considereth the poor and needy: the Lord shall deliver him in the time of trouble.*

*mf* To Barnabas, Thy servant blest,  
Good LORD, Thou gavest grace this  
To pass from earthly toil away, [day  
And enter on eternal rest.

At Thy dear call he sold his fields,  
All worldly loss accounting gain,  
Contemning sorrow, want, and  
pain,

To earn the bliss heaven only yields.

Thy Church with fasting and with  
prayer

Obeys the HOLY SPIRIT's call,  
And sends him forth, forsaking all,  
Thy message through the world to bear.

When Israel's people madly spurned  
The tidings of eternal life,  
Undaunted by their hostile strife  
He to the Gentiles boldly turned.

LORD JESU, when Thy glorious light  
To cheer our darkened souls is  
brought,

Let us not set Thy gifts at nought,  
Nor blindly shroud ourselves in night.

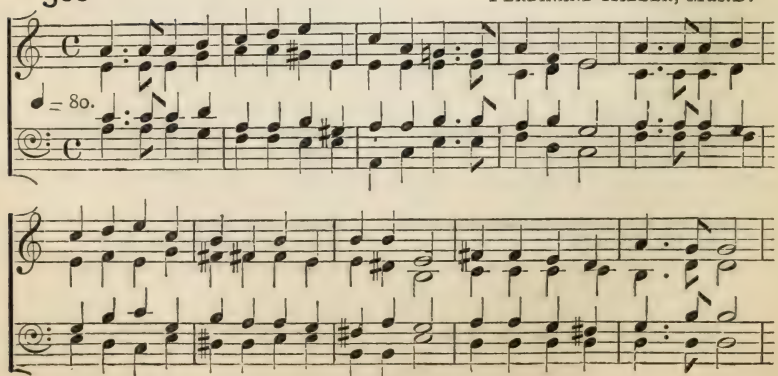
*p* O grant that we with Thee may die,  
With Thee e'en here may rise  
again;

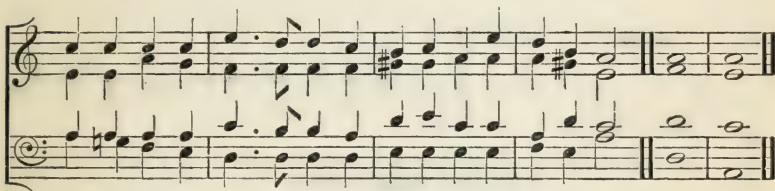
And count our dearest treasure vain,  
For love of nobler joys on high.

*f* To Thee be glory, FATHER, given;  
O SON, to Thee be praise addressed;  
And Thee, O SPIRIT ever Blessed,  
In earth and in the highest heaven. Amen.

360

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.





*The son of Consolation.*

*mf* CHRIST before thy door is waiting :

Rouse thee, slave of earthly gold !

Lo, He comes, thy pride abating,

Hungry, thirsty, homeless, cold :

Hungry, by Whom saints are fed

With the Eternal Living Bread ;

Thirsty, from Whose pierced

Side

Healing waters spring and glide.

Cold and bare He comes, Who never

Doffs His robe of heavenly light ;

Homeless, Who must dwell for ever

In the FATHER'S Bosom bright.

In kind ambush alway lying,

He besets our bed and path ;

Fain would see us hourly buying

Prayers against the time of wrath ;

Prayers of thankful mourners

here,

Prayers that in love's might ap-

pear

With the offerings of the blest,

At the shrine of perfect rest.

CHRIST before His Altar standing,

Priest of priests, in His own Day,

Calls on us, some fruit demanding

Of the week's heaven-guarded way.

Lo! the new-born Saints, assembling

Daily since the shower of fire,

To their LORD in hope and trembling

Brought the choice of earth's desire.

Never incense-cloud so sweet,

As when at the Apostles' feet

Barnabas laid down his gold,

Leaving all, by CHRIST to

hold :—

Type of poor and rich ones casting

All their gifts before the Throne,

And the treasure everlasting

Heaping in the world unknown.

*p* Grant us, LORD, to bring our treasure,

Heap it high and hide it deep ;

And to win o'erflowing measure,

And to climb where skies are steep.

For as heaven's true only light

Quickens all these forms so

bright ;

So where bounty never faints,

There art Thou, LORD, with Thy

saints ;

Mercy's wide contagion spreading

Far and wide from heart to heart ;

From Thy wounds atonement shedding

On the blessed widow's part. Amen.



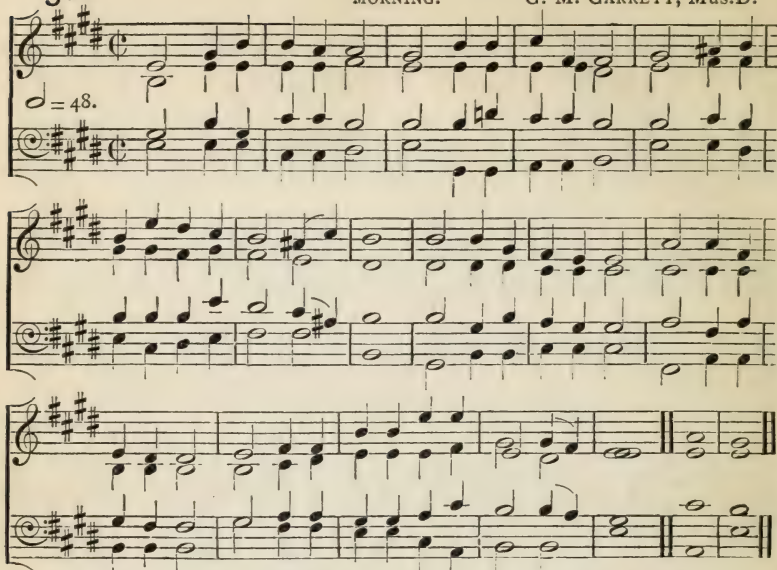
PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

S. JOHN BAPTIST'S DAY.

361

MORNING.

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*Among them that are born of women there hath not risen a greater than John the Baptist*

*f* HAIL harbinger of Morn :  
Thou that art this day born,  
And heraldest the WORD with clarion voice !  
Ye faithful ones, in him  
Behold the dawning dim  
Of the bright Day, and let your hearts rejoice.  
*mf* John ;—by that chosen name  
To call him, Gabriel came  
By GOD's appointment from his home on high :  
What deeds that babe should do  
To manhood when he grew,  
GOD sent His angel forth to testify.  
Yet in his mother's womb,  
To Him Who should illume  
With light the nations John his witness bore :  
And when He came to birth,  
John first proclaimed to earth  
That witness, and is glorious evermore.  
There is none greater, none,  
Than Zachariah's son ;  
Than this no mightier prophet hath been born  
Of woman. He may claim  
More than a prophet's fame ;  
Sublimar deeds than theirs his front adorn.  
Enough : can human speech  
Unto his glory reach,  
Meetly may mortals herald forth his praise,  
For whom, in time of old,  
GOD bade His seer unfold  
The mighty work ordained in after-days ?



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

“Lo, to prepare Thy way,”  
Did GOD the FATHER say,  
“Before Thy face My messenger I send,  
Thy coming to forerun;  
As on the orient sun  
Doth the bright day-star morn by morn attend.”

*f* Praise therefore GOD most High;  
Praise Him Who came to die  
For us, His SON That liveth evermore;  
And to the SPIRIT raise,  
The COMFORTER, like praise,  
While time endureth and when time is o'er. Amen.

362 F. R. STATHAM.

*He shall be great in the sight of the Lord.*

*mf* O HEAVENLY FATHER, cleanse our lips,  
And loosen each sin-fettered tongue,  
That all Thy wonders of this day  
May by Thy Church be fitly sung:

How from Thy throne the angel came  
To tell the marvels of the birth  
Of Thy Son's herald, give his name,  
And trace his glorious course on  
earth:

How Thou didst guard his tender youth,  
In desert wastes away from men;  
Where no light tongue with taint of sin  
His spotless innocence might stain:

How Thou didst send him to proclaim  
His advent, Who from sin sets free;  
And Him with water to baptize  
Who cleanses from iniquity.

*p* Still let his cry recall the feet  
That in the wastes of error stray;  
The heart of stone in pieces break;  
And guide our steps through life's  
rough way.

So shall our loving SAVIOUR find  
Within our souls a dwelling-place;  
Where His blest Presence shall abide,  
And perfect us with gifts of grace.

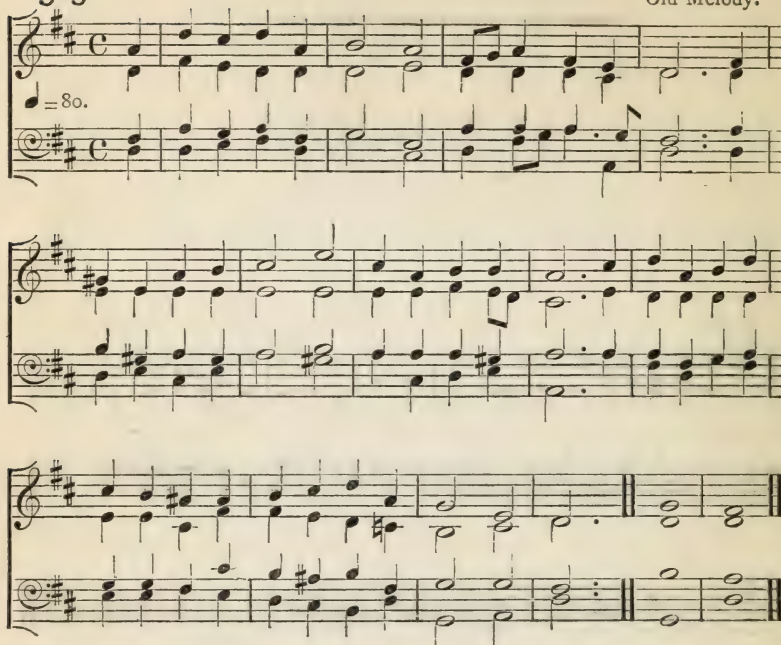
To Thee we cry, Whom angels sing  
With ceaseless hymns, O Triune GOD;  
O spare Thy people, spare us, LORD,  
Redeemed by JESUS' precious Blood. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

Old Melody.

363



*Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.*

*mf* Lo! from the desert homes,  
Where he hath hid so long,  
The new Elias comes,  
In sternest wisdom strong:  
The voice that cries  
Of CHRIST from high,  
And judgment nigh  
From opening skies.

Your GOD e'en now doth stand  
At heaven's opening door;  
His fan is in His hand,  
And He will purge His floor:  
The wheat He claims,  
And safely stows;  
The chaff He throws  
To quenchless flames.

*p* Ye haughty mountains, bow  
Your sky-aspiring heads;  
Ye valleys, hiding low,  
Lift up your gentle meads:  
*f* Make His way plain  
Your King before:  
For evermore  
He comes to reign.

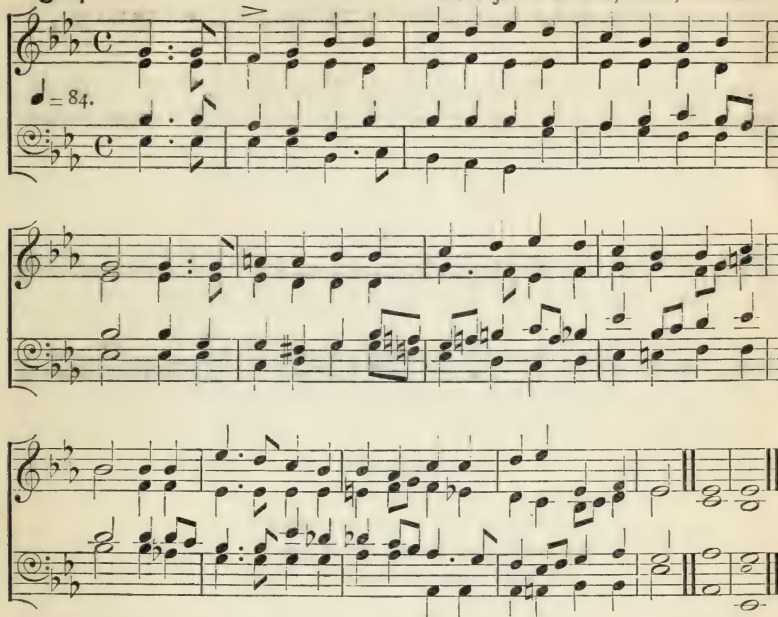
May thy dread voice around,  
Thou harbinger of Light,  
On our dull ears still sound:  
Lest here we sleep in night,  
Till judgment come,  
And on our path  
*ff* Shall burst the wrath,  
And deathless doom.

*mf* O GOD, with love's sweet might  
Who dost anoint and arm  
Thy soldiers for the fight,  
With grace that shields from harm;  
*ff* Thrice BLESSED THREE,  
Heaven's endless days  
Shall sing Thy praise  
Eternally. Amen.

S. PETER'S DAY.

364

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.



*Now I know of a surety that the Lord hath sent His angel, and hath delivered me out of the hand of Herod.*

*mf* WHERE the prison bars surround him,  
In his chains see Peter dwell;  
Where the sentinel hath bound him,  
Pacing by his gloomy cell;  
What avail, when JESUS watches,  
Prison, chains, and sentinel?

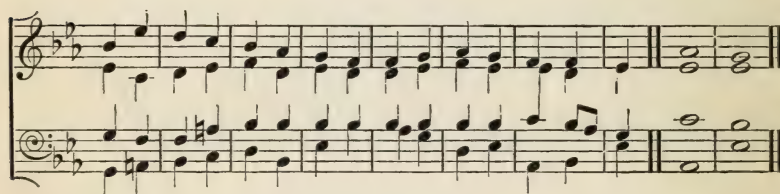
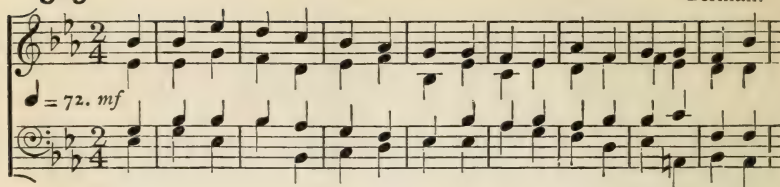
*p* Lo, a light, from heaven descending,  
Glimmers like a beauteous star;  
And an angel, o'er him bending,  
Makes the winged night flee afar;  
Bursts the iron chains asunder,  
And removes the massy bar.

*mf* We in prison-chains are sleeping,  
Chains of sin which angels see;  
Dimmest night our souls is steeping:  
CHRIST, our light, our liberty,  
Break Thou all our chains and fetters,  
Lighten us, and make us free!

*f* Highest praise to Thee, the Highest,  
Infinite, dread TRINITY;  
Who awhile our spirits tryest,  
Fitting them to dwell with Thee,  
And eternally adore Thee,  
Everlasting, ONE in THREE. Amen.

365

German.



*Feed My sheep.*

*mf* CREATOR of the rolling flood,  
On Whom Thy people hope alone ;  
Who cam'st by Water and by Blood,  
For man's offences to atone :

Who from the labours of the deep  
Didst set Thy servant Peter free,  
To feed on earth Thy chosen sheep,  
And build an endless Church for Thee ;

Grant us, devoid of worldly care,  
And leaning on Thy bounteous Hand,  
To seek Thy help in humble prayer,  
And on Thy sacred Rock to stand :

*p* And when, our life-long toil to crown,  
Thy call shall set the spirit free,  
To cast with joy our burden down,  
And rise, O LORD, and follow Thee.

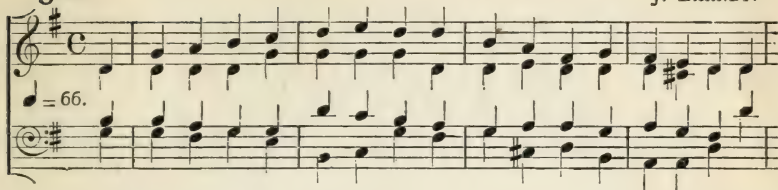
*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.



S. JAMES THE APOSTLE.

366

J. BARNEY.



*And he killed James the brother of John with the sword.*

*f* WE praise Thy Name, O LORD most High,  
Redeemer of our souls from death,  
And all Thy mercies magnify,  
In making known Thy saving faith.

*mf* Thou didst the humble fisher call,  
Beside the shores of Galilee :  
At Thy command he gave up all,  
And left his nets to follow Thee.

O happy choice, for earthly toil  
The strife to rescue souls from sin :  
For treasures that may rust and spoil,  
The crown of heavenly life to win.

O favoured one, who, ere he knew  
The sharpness of the coming Cross,  
Of Thy bright beauty caught the view  
That turns to gain all earthly loss.

Thy promise is fulfilled, and he  
Dares in Thy painful steps to go ;  
To drink Thy cup of agony,  
And drain the bitter dregs of woe.

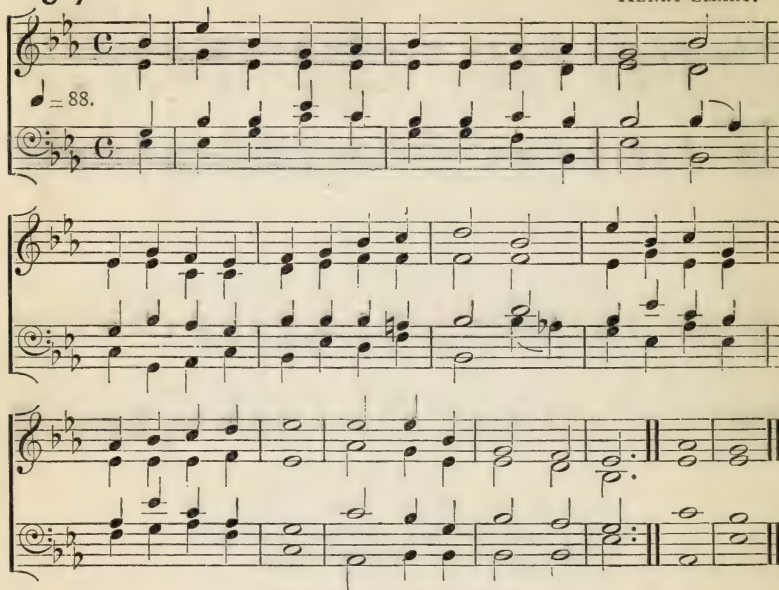
*p* Grant, LORD, that hope of seeing Thee  
In bliss may us with courage nerve,  
The world and all its pomp to flee,  
Our cross to bear, and Thee to serve. Amen.

THE TRANSFIGURATION.

MORNING.

HENRY SMART.

367



*He was transfigured before them.*

*f* THE shadow of the glory, which one day  
CHRIST'S Church on earth stands waiting to put on,  
This morn did CHRIST upon the Mount display :  
There as the sun He shone.

That tale shall ages yet unborn record,  
How those three chosen gazed with awe-struck eye,  
While Moses and Elias with the LORD  
Awhile held converse high.

The three great witnesses are gathered there  
Of Grace, Law, Prophecy : and hark, aloud  
To GOD the SON doth GOD the FATHER bear  
His witness from the cloud.

His Face aglow, His garments glistening white,  
So CHRIST foreshews what guerdon He prepares  
For faith ; so tells them who in GOD-delight  
What glory shall be theirs.

That mystery supreme, which they beheld  
Who saw the vision, lifts to heaven our gaze ;  
And year by year, O LORD, our hearts are swelled  
With wonder and with praise.

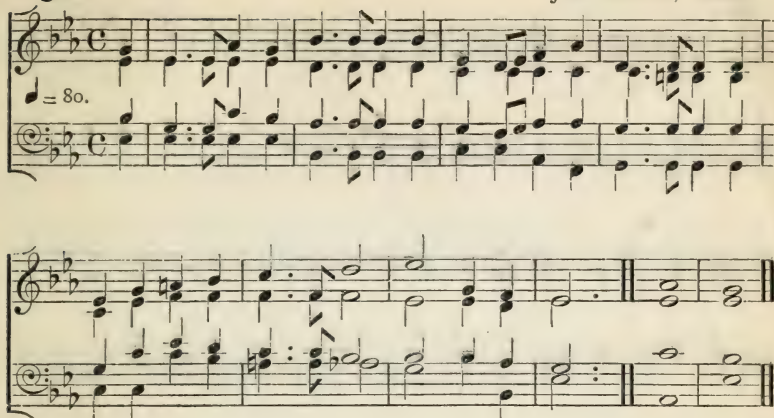
*p* O FATHER, from Thy sole-begotten SON  
And gracious SPIRIT separable ne'er ;  
Dwell Thou within us, that, the battle won,  
Thy glory we may share. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

368

JNO. NAYLOR, Mus.D.



*Behold, a bright cloud overshadowed them : and behold, a voice out of the cloud, which said,  
This is My beloved Son, in Whom I am well pleased ; hear ye Him.*

*mf* O CHRIST, how potent is Thy grace !  
Ne'er doth Thy loving-kindness fail,  
Whether we see Thee through a veil,  
Or face to face.

Now His adopted sons are we  
Who called Thee Son : our Surety thus  
Gives His unfailing pledge to us  
Of bliss to be.

O FATHER, SON, what then was shewn,  
Upon the Mount, the cloud dispelled ?  
The types are gone ; the three beheld  
Truth stand alone.

O feebly tracked by Faith's dim ray,  
LORD, may we one day share Thy bliss ;  
See Thee ; enjoy Thee ; bursting this  
Our pris'n of clay.

*f* To Him Who said, the bright cloud riven,  
" This is My SON " ; and, SON, to Thee ;  
To Thee, Blest SPIRIT ; One in Three,  
All praise be given. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS

ANY HOUR.

369

Sir JOHN GOSS.

*Master, it is good for us to be here.*

*f* O MASTER, it is good to be  
High on the mountain here with Thee:  
Where stand revealed to mortal gaze  
Those glorious saints of other days;  
Who once received on Horeb's height  
The eternal laws of truth and right;  
Or caught the still small whisper, higher  
Than storm, than earthquake, or than  
fire.

O MASTER, it is good to be  
With Thee, and with Thy faithful three:  
Here, where the apostle's heart of rock  
Is nerved against temptation's shock;  
Here, where the son of thunder learns  
The thought that breathes, and word  
that burns;  
Here, where on eagle's wings we move  
With him whose last best creed is love.

*mf* O MASTER, it is good to be  
Entranced, enwrapped, alone with Thee;  
And watch Thy glistering raiment glow,  
Whiter than Hermon's whitest snow.  
The human lineaments that shine  
Irradiant with a light divine:  
Till we too change from grace to  
grace,  
Gazing on that transfigured Face.

*f* O MASTER, it is good to be  
Here on the Holy Mount with Thee:  
When darkling in the depths of night,  
When dazzled with excess of light,  
We bow before the heavenly Voice  
That bids bewildered souls rejoice,  
Though love wax cold, and faith be  
dim—  
"This is My SON—O hear ye Him."  
Amen.



S. BARTHOLOMEW, THE APOSTLE.

370

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

*I appoint unto you a kingdom, as My Father hath appointed unto Me; that ye may sit on thrones judging the twelve tribes of Israel.*

ASSESSOR to thy KING,  
Enthroned a judge amidst thy peers, the Twelve,  
His praise, Who called thee to the Apostles' band,  
Bartholomew, we sing.

Thou didst obey: the page  
Of Holy Writ no further lifts the veil.  
Thy name and office, these alone the Church  
Reveres from age to age.

Yet all to Him is known;  
Thy gifts of grace, thy works of faith and love.  
Enough if He thy LORD remembers thee,  
And knows thee for His own.

When earth's brief day is past,  
And all shall stand before the great white throne;  
Then from the Book to angels and to men  
Shall all be known at last.

O JESU, grant that we  
May live the hidden life with Thee in GOD;  
And labour not for time or this world's fame,  
But for eternity!

In hymns of joyful praise  
To GOD the Eternal FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the HOLY SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Our heart and voice we raise. Amen.

[Hymn 631 adopts the not uncommon, but later, belief, that Bartholomew and Nathanael are the same person.]

S. MATTHEW THE APOSTLE.

371

Anonymous.

The musical score is written for two staves, Treble and Bass clef, in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of music. The first system has a treble staff with a melody and a bass staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The second and third systems continue the melody and accompaniment. The fourth system concludes with a double bar line and a 'rall.' (rallentando) marking on the bass staff, followed by a final cadence in both staves.

Follow Me.

*f* Lo, sea and land their gifts outpour,  
A tribute from their richest store,  
To lie at Levi's feet.  
But Thou, in passing, gracious LORD,  
Didst see his danger, speak Thy word;  
That word for him how meet!  
*mf* "Come, follow Me!"  
*f* To follow Thee  
He quits his wealthy seat.

*mf* But we are still in fetters bound;  
Earth's wealth and pleasures twine  
around  
Our hearts all dead and cold:  
Unyielding to the cries of grace,  
With wills too weak to seek Thy face,  
Fast tied in Satan's hold.  
*p* "Come, follow Me!"  
*mf* Ah! how are we  
To burst the chains of gold?

*f* Yet, roused by Thine Almighty Voice,  
Good LORD, we rise, and we rejoice;  
We fling the dross away.  
No diamond sparkles in the light,  
Nought ever shines so fair and bright  
As Thy celestial ray.  
*p* "Come, follow Me!"  
*f* We fly to Thee,  
O living Star of day!

*mf* Thou hadst not where to lay Thine  
Head,  
When Matthew, by Thy mercy led,  
Sought Thee to be his Guest;  
But we, O LORD, of Thee have need;  
On Thy rich bounty we must feed,  
And lean upon Thy Breast.  
*p* "Then follow Me!"  
We cling to Thee,  
Our Riches, and our Rest. Amen.

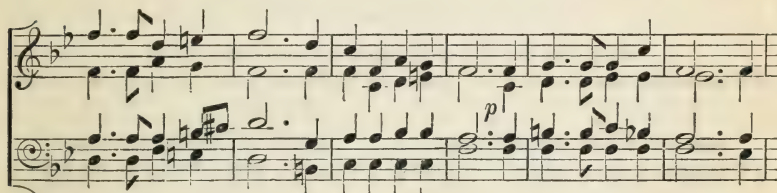
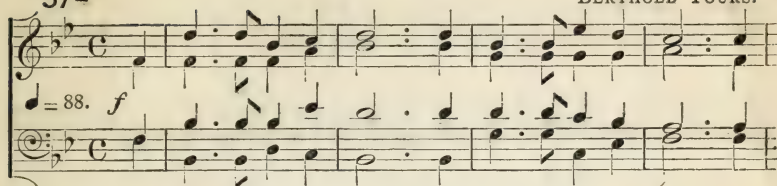
PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

S. MICHAEL AND ALL ANGELS.

MORNING.

372

BERTHOLD TOURS. °



*Thousand thousands ministered unto Him, and ten thousand times ten thousand stood before Him.*

THE mighty host on high,  
Their joys beyond compare,  
Their glories in the sky,  
The deeds they bravely dare :  
For these the Church to-day  
Pours forth her joyous lay,  
To God her bounden praise to pay.

These are the captains bright,  
Viceroy's of God's domain,  
Unwearied in their might  
The demons to restrain :  
To quell the infernal foe,  
And work their rivals woe,  
These heavenly warriors haste below.

The chiefs of mighty race,  
And noble champions, they  
The evil spirits chase,  
Undaunted in the fray :  
They speed, in ranks arrayed,  
The upright soul to aid,  
And crown him victor undismayed.

What tongue can here declare,  
Or fancy here descry,  
The joys Thou dost prepare  
For these Thine hosts on high ?  
Who, for the warfare decked,  
Their earthly friends protect,  
And in right paths to heaven direct.

To Thee, O LORD most High,  
Blest TRINITY, we pray,  
Save us from misery,  
And purge our guilt away ;  
That, after perils sore,  
Thy Name we may adore  
With holy angels evermore. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

373

German.

*Who maketh His angels spirits, and His ministers a flame of fire.*

*mf* WHERE the angel-hosts adore Thee,  
Thou, O GOD, in heaven dost reign;  
At Thy Word they rose around Thee,  
And Thy Word doth them sustain.

*f* Thousand times ten thousand, bending  
At Thy throne, their homage pay;  
Flames of fire in strength excelling,  
Swift Thy pleasure to obey.

*mf* Fashioned in a wondrous order, [KING;  
Thee they serve, their LORD and  
Grant that, in our cares and dangers,  
They to us may succour bring.

*f* Praise to Thee, Who hast created  
Earth and heaven with all their host;  
Praise to Thee, O GOD most mighty,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

374

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Anonymous.

*Ye are come to an innumerable multitude of angels.*

*f* To give Thee glory, Heavenly KING,  
With symphony and tuneful lays,  
Let all the choir united bring  
Their tribute of harmonious praise.

Again returns the festal day  
Of Michael and his hosts renowned,  
Whose mighty ministering sway  
Gives succour to the world around.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

Thou to Thyself dost consecrate,  
 O God, their thousand thousand bands;  
 Ten thousand times ten thousand wait  
 In courses ten on Thy commands.  
 Arrayed they stand Thy courts around;  
 Wherein the hundredth sheep, long sought,  
 The lost tenth piece of silver found,  
 Cause of their joy, the KING hath brought.  
 They in the heavens, a chosen choir,  
 We, earth's expanse below that tread,  
 Our votive harmonies conspire  
 With tuneful harp and lute to wed:  
 That, when their war and ours is o'er,  
 Before Thine Altar in the skies,  
 Like incense, with the songs they pour  
 Our alleluias still may rise. Amen.

EVENING.

CH. GOUNOD.

375

*There was war in heaven; Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels.*

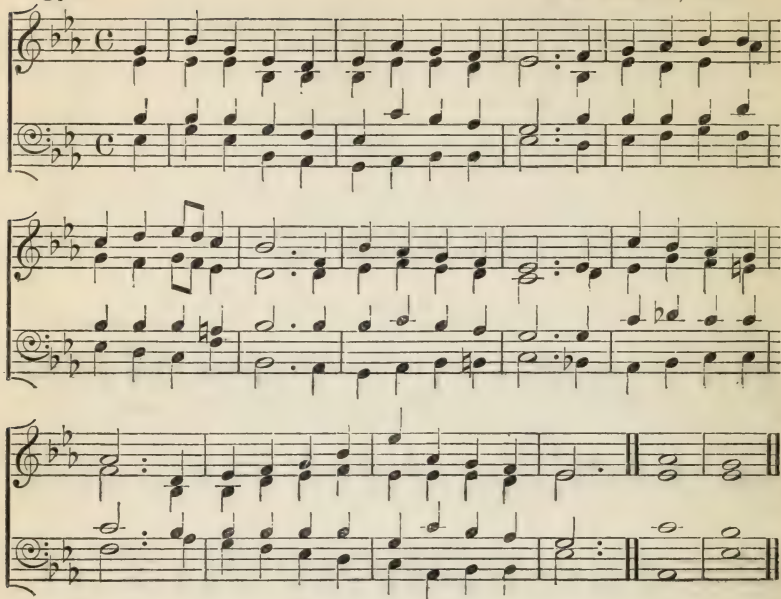
<p><i>f</i> CHRIST, in highest heaven enthronèd,                  Equal of the FATHER'S Might,                  By pure spirits, trembling, ownèd                  GOD of GOD, and LIGHT of LIGHT:                  Thee 'mid angel-hosts we sing,                  Thee their Maker and their King!                  First of all those legions glorious                  Michael waves his sword of flame,                  Who of old in war victorious                  Did the dragon's fierceness tame;                  Who with might invincible                  Thrust the rebel down to hell,</p>	<p><i>mf</i> They to aid the sick and dying                  Forth from heaven swiftly fly,                  Grace divine and strength supplying                  In their mortal agony:                  Souls released from bondage here                  They to Paradise do bear.                  ♪ JESU, with the holy angels,                  We Thy glorious Name adore;                  Thee we worship with the FATHER                  And the SPIRIT evermore:                  Guard with angels' ministry                  All who put our trust in Thee. Amen.</p>
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PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

ANY HOUR.

376

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*Angels which are greater in power and might.*

*f* O God the SON Eternal, Thy dread might  
Sent forth Saint Michael and the hosts of heaven,  
And from the realms of light  
Cast down in burning fight  
The rebel hosts, to hell and darkness given.

Thee for Thine angel-host, O LORD, we praise,  
Dwelling with Thee above yon depths of sky ;  
Who, 'mid Thy glory's blaze,  
Heaven's ceaseless anthems raise,  
And gird Thy throne in faithful ministry.

We celebrate their love, whose unseen wing  
Hath left for us so oft their mansion high,  
To mortal saints to bring  
The mercies of their King,  
Or guard the couch of slumbering infancy.

But Thee, the First and Last, we glorify,  
Who, when Thy world was sunk in death and sin,  
Cam'st down to save the lost,  
Not with Thine angel-host,  
But didst with Thine own arm the battle win.

*ff* Therefore with angels and archangels we  
To Thy dear love our thankful chorus raise,  
And tune our songs to Thee,  
Who art, and art to be ;  
And, endless as Thy mercies, sound Thy praise. Amen.

377

E. H. THORNE.

*O praise the Lord, ye angels of His, ye that fulfil His commandments and hearken unto the voice of His words.*

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright,  
Filled with celestial splendour and light,  
These that, where night never followeth day,  
Raise the "Thrice Holy" song ever and aye :

These are Thy counsellors, these dost Thou own,  
GOD of Sabaoth, the nearest Thy Throne ;  
These are Thy ministers, these dost Thou send,  
Help of the helpless ones, man to befriend.

These keep the guard amid Salem's dear bowers  
Thrones, Principalities, Virtues, and Powers,  
Where with the Living Ones, Mystical Four,  
Cherubim, Seraphim, bow and adore.

"Who like the LORD?" thunders Michael, the chief ;  
Raphael, "the Cure of God," comforteth grief ;  
And, as at Nazareth, prophet of peace,  
Gabriel, "the Might of God," bringeth release.

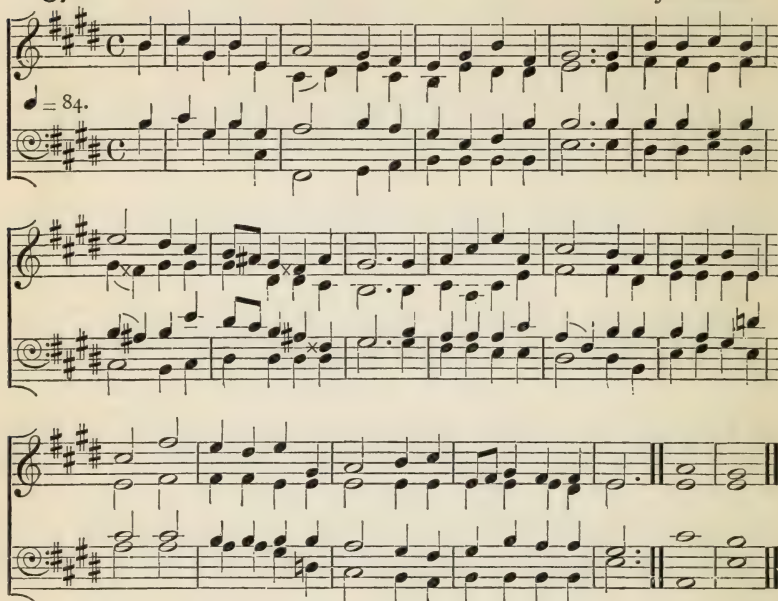
Then, when the earth was first poised in mid space,  
Then, when the planets first sped on their race,  
Then, when were ended the six days' employ,  
Then all the Sons of God shouted for joy.

Still let them succour us, still let them fight,  
LORD of angelic hosts, battling for right ;  
Till, where their anthems they ceaselessly pour,  
We with the angels may bow and adore. Amen.

S. LUKE THE EVANGELIST.

J. BARNBY.

378



*Luke, the beloved physician.*

*mf* O JESU, O REDEEMER,  
Physician of the soul,  
Receive, receive Thy people,  
And cleanse and make them whole.  
For health, for strength, for healing,  
The stream is never dry,  
Whose fountain-head flows ceaseless  
From holy Calvary.

*p* O LAMB of GOD, O JESU,  
Upon the altar slain,  
The Blood of Thine atonement  
Shall purge our guilty stain:  
Not now in type and figure  
Of bull or heifer seen,  
The Blood of the REDEEMER  
Shall sprinkle the unclean.

*mf* The guests await the summons,  
Their robes are white and fair,  
Washed in the Blood of JESUS  
From sin and from despair:  
And He, the great All-healer,  
His wine and oil shall pour  
Upon their wounds, and bear them  
From trouble evermore.

The banquet-hall is ready,  
The banquet-hall of CHRIST:  
He calls the loved physician,  
The blest Evangelist;  
The marriage feast awaits him,  
The joy of his reward:  
Receive then, faithful servant,  
The wages of thy LORD;

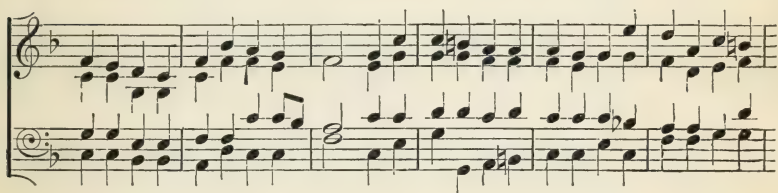
*f* Where, FATHER ever glorious,  
And everlasting SON,  
And SPIRIT all victorious,  
The Holy THREE in ONE,  
The GOD of our salvation,  
The angel-hosts adore:  
To Thee be adoration  
From earth for evermore. Amen.



S. SIMON AND S. JUDE, APOSTLES.

379

HENRY SMART.



*Ye should earnestly contend for the faith which was once delivered unto the saints.*

*mf* SAINTS of GOD, whom faith united  
In the Twelve Apostles' band :  
Who for CHRIST in pain delighted,  
Seeking place at CHRIST's Right  
Ye had many a bitter trial, [Hand :  
Ye were scorned and set at nought ;  
Fearing nothing but denial  
Of the LORD, for Whom ye fought.

Called on earth to different stations  
In the battle of the LORD,  
Ye endured through tribulations,  
Faith your shield, and truth your  
sword :  
Far apart, through toil and peril,  
Passed ye onward to your rest :  
In the streets of gold and beryl  
Ye together shall be blest.

*p* Leaves of autumn tell the story  
How our lives must also pass,  
And how this world's pomp and glory  
Fadeth like the summer grass :  
Earthly joys are vain and hollow,  
Earthly hopes but poor at best :  
CHRIST's true Martyrs, we would fol-  
In your steps and gain our rest. [low

*mf* Him, Whose love mankind created,  
Him, Who came for man to bleed,  
Him, Who hath regenerated  
Us and all His chosen seed ;  
We, as we are onward pressing  
To His glorious home on high,  
With His saints and angels blessing,  
Now and ever magnify.

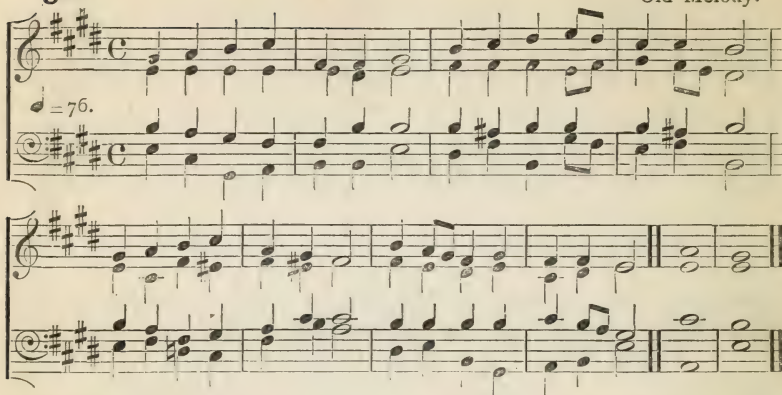
Amen.

ALL SAINTS' DAYS.

MORNING.

380

Old Melody.



*God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes : and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain.*

*f* BLESS'D souls in heaven rejoice ;  
And the Church with heart and voice  
On their holy festal days  
Echoes their glad song of praise.

*mf* Now the glorious fray is done ;  
Now the wreath of triumph won :  
Roses deck the Martyr band ;  
Lily-crowned the Virgins stand.

Theirs a bliss no heart can guess,  
Mortal tongue can ne'er express,  
Till life's hard earned victory  
Yields us immortality.

Of their days one ray divine  
Doth a thousand here outshine ;  
Glowing with a heavenly light,  
With the KING's own glory bright.

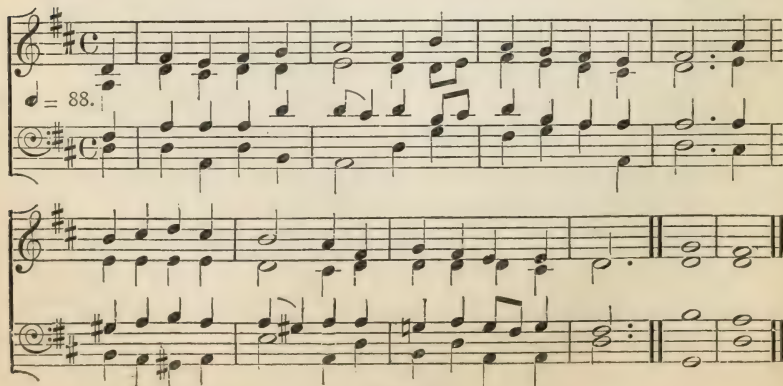
*p* May we follow where they trod ;  
Hold with them the love of God ;  
Keep with them the faith once given ;  
Dwell at last with them in heaven.

*f* Sing we to our GOD above  
Praise eternal as His love ;  
Praising with the heavenly host  
FATHER, SON and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.

381

German.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

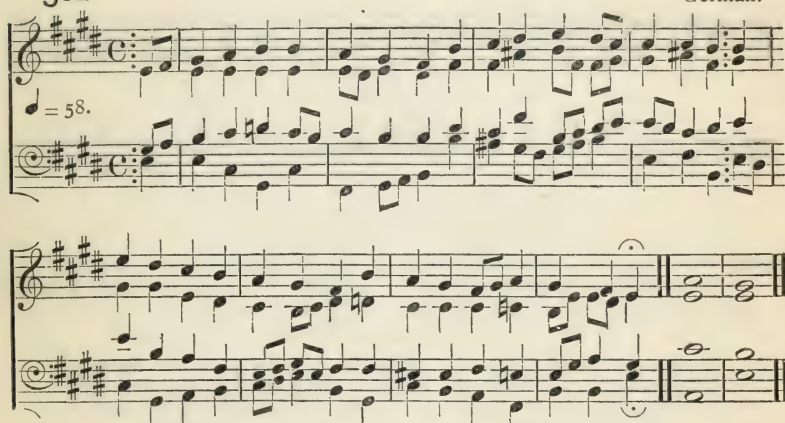
*And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the Light thereof.*

*mf* JERUSALEM the heavenly,  
Of everlasting halls,  
Thrice blessed are the people  
Thou storest in thy walls.  
  
Thou art the golden mansion,  
Where saints for ever sing ;  
The seat of GOD's own chosen,  
The palace of the KING.  
  
There GOD for ever sitteth,  
Himself of all the crown :  
The LAMB the light that shineth  
And never goeth down.

*p* Nought near this seat approacheth,  
Their sweet peace to molest ;  
They sing their GOD for ever,  
Nor day nor night they rest.  
  
Calm hope transports us thither ;  
Our longings thither bend ;  
No short-lived toil shall daunt us  
For joys that cannot end.  
  
*f* To CHRIST the Sun that lightens  
His Church, above, below,  
To FATHER, and to SPIRIT,  
All things created bow. Amen.

382

German.



*In Thy presence is the fulness of joy.*

*mf* THE strains of joy that ceaseless flow  
In heavenly regions far away  
The Church re-echoes here below  
On each recurring festal day :  
Yet, 'mid her chants of praise and love,  
She sighs for endless feasts above.  
  
From their bright home in Paradise  
Those sainted ones, whose names  
we bless,  
Watch tenderly, with pitying eyes,  
Our passage through life's wilderness:  
Near us unseen, the angel-band  
With us arrayed in battle stand.

The world, the flesh, the powers of hell  
In serried ranks our souls assail ;  
Deluding visions tempt us still ; [fail :  
Faith falters ; strength and courage  
All things are strangely mingled here ;  
We joy in sorrow, hope in fear.

How blissful is that land so fair !  
How glorious those celestial halls,  
Whose feasts are never dimmed by care,  
Where CHRIST's dear love all hearts  
enthral ;  
And His redeemed at GOD's right hand  
Arrayed in endless glory stand.

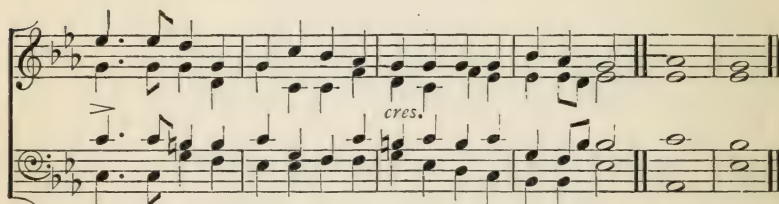
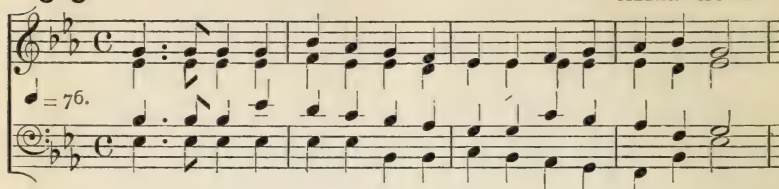
There weariness and age no more  
Bow down to earth the immortal soul ;  
Those who have reached that peaceful shore  
No foe can harm, no sin control :  
But one triumphant psalm of praise  
With love-inflamed hearts they raise. Amen.

# PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

## AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

383

ALBERT LOWE.



*Lo! Thy sons come, . . . they come gathered together from the east to the west by the word of the Holy One, rejoicing in the glory of God.*

*mf* SPOUSE of CHRIST, in arms contending  
O'er each clime beneath the sun,  
Blend with prayers for help ascending  
Notes of praise for triumphs won.

*f* As the Church to-day rejoices  
All her saints in one to join,  
So from earth let all our voices  
Rise in harmony divine.

KING of all the ransomed nation,  
Who for us the victory won,  
Who wast slain for our salvation,  
Thee we praise, Eternal SON.

*mf* Mary leads the sacred story,  
Handmaid of the LORD confest,  
Mother of the LORD of Glory,  
Ever Virgin, ever blest.

John, whose warning voice hath  
sounded,  
More than prophet owned to be;  
Patriarchs with seers surrounded  
Swell the hymn of victory.

*f* All their earthly toils completed,  
Hark! the Twelve the anthem swell,  
And on thrones of glory seated  
Judge the tribes of Israel.

*mf* They who nobly died believing,  
Martyrs purpled in their gore,  
Crowns of life by death receiving,  
Rest in joy for evermore.

Priests and Levites, Gospel Preachers,  
And Confessors numberless,  
Bishops meek, and holy Teachers,  
Bear the palm of righteousness.

All who, sin and death defying,  
JESUS faithfully confest,  
Living on, yet daily dying,  
Numbered now among the blest;

*f* All are one together praising  
God's Eternal Majesty;  
Thrice-repeated anthems raising  
To the All-Holy TRINITY.

So may we, with hearts devoted,  
Serve our God in holiness;  
So at last by God promoted  
Thrones in heaven with them possess. Amen.

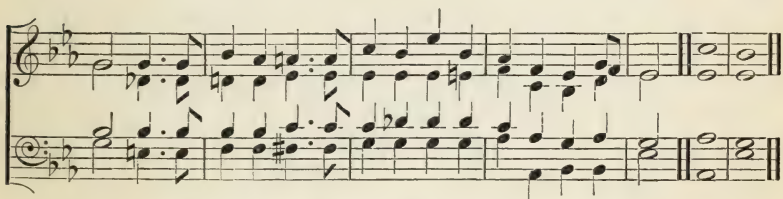
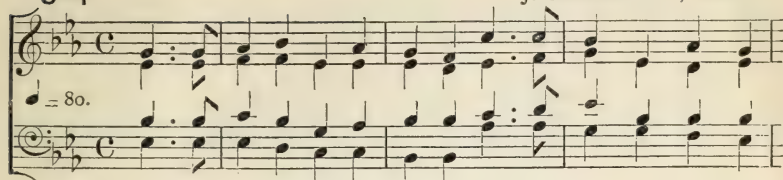


PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

384

J. STAINER M.A., Mus.D.



*Now we see through a glass darkly ; but then face to face.*

*mf* IF there be that skills to reckon  
All the number of the Blest,  
He, perchance, can weigh the gladness  
Of the everlasting rest,  
Which, their earthly warfare finished,  
They through suffering have possest.

Through the vale of lamentation  
Happily and safely past,  
Now the years of their affliction  
In their memory they recast ;  
And the end of all perfection  
They can contemplate at last.

For they see their cruel Tempter  
Suffering torments evermore ;  
To the SAVIOUR That redeemed them  
Those redeemed ones praises pour ;  
And the Monarch That rewards them  
Those rewarded saints adore.

In a glass, through types and riddles,  
Dwelling here, we see alone ;  
Then serenely, purely, clearly,  
We shall know as we are known ;  
Fixing our enlightened vision  
On the glory of the Throne.

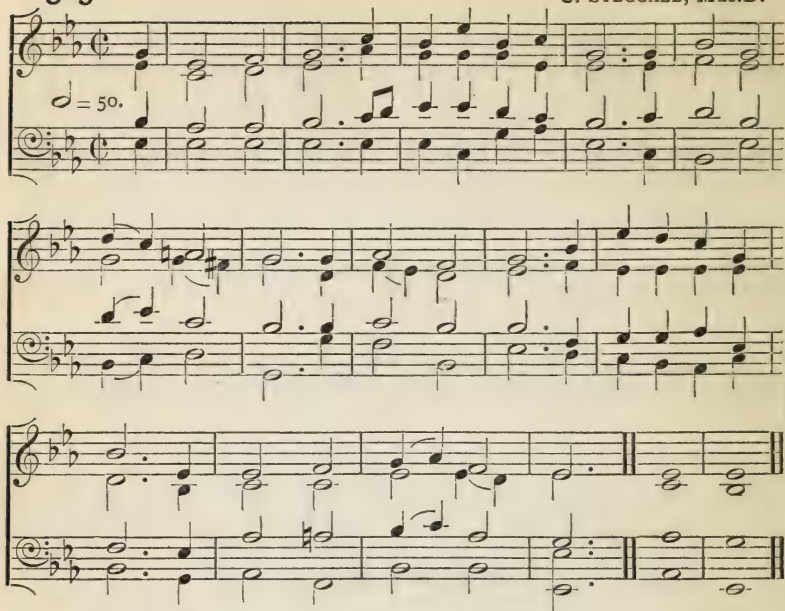
There the TRINITY of Persons  
Unbeclouded shall we see ;  
There the UNITY of Essence  
Shall revealed in glory be ;  
While we hail the Threefold GODHEAD,  
And the simple UNITY.

*mf* Wherefore, man, take heart and cour-  
Whatsoe'er thy present pain ; [age,  
Such untold reward through suffering  
Thou shalt at the last attain ;  
And for ever in His glory [reign.  
With the LIGHT of LIGHT shalt

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER ;  
Laud and honour to the SON ;  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT ;  
Ever Three, and ever One :  
Consubstantial, co-Eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

385

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*They that eat Me shall yet be hungry; and they that drink Me shall yet be thirsty.*

*f* SAINTS, whom in heaven one glory doth await,  
One day has joined on earth;  
We with one voice their victories celebrate,  
To them a heavenly birth.

*mf* 'Tis theirs, 'mid unveiled truth and love unfeigned,  
To drink from joy's deep well;  
There, thirsting ever, thirst shall never drain  
Its joys unspeakable.

He Who inhabiteth eternity  
Shall be their souls' sweet Guest;  
To them shall give Himself unsparingly,  
All-blessing, and all-blest.

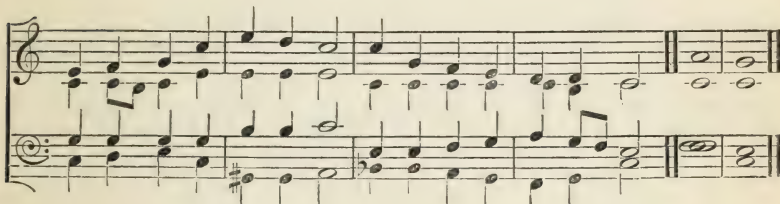
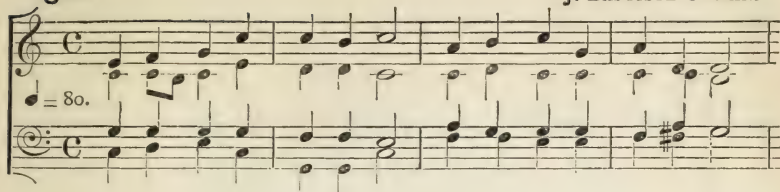
Up from the altar 'fore the throne doth rise  
The cry of JESUS' Blood;  
The LAMB, once slain, that One great Sacrifice  
Hath ever pleading stood.

*f* The lightnings gleam; the elders bow them down  
Before the mercy seat;  
Crowned by their KING, each takes his golden crown  
And casts it at His feet.

*p* O LORD, grant us, too, in that white-robed throng,  
Redeemed from every shore,  
To bear our palms, and emulate that song  
Before Thee evermore. Amen.

386

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*Now they do it to obtain a corruptible crown, but we an incorruptible.*

*f* SOLDIERS who to CHRIST belong,  
Trust ye in His word, be strong ;  
For His promises are sure,  
His rewards for aye endure.

His no crowns that pass away ;  
His no palm that sees decay ;  
His the joy that shall not fade :  
His the light that knows no shade :

*p* His the home for spirits blest,  
Where He gives them peaceful rest,  
Far above the starry skies,  
In the bliss of Paradise.

Here on earth ye can but clasp  
Things that perish in the grasp ;  
Lift your hearts then to the skies :  
God Himself shall be your prize.

*f* Praise we now with saints at rest  
FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT Blest ;  
For His promises are sure,  
His rewards shall aye endure. Amen.

387

German.

*What are these which are arrayed in white robes; and whence came they?*

*f* Who are these like stars appearing,  
These, before God's throne who  
stand?

Each a golden crown is wearing;  
Who are all this glorious band?  
Alleluia! hark they sing,  
Praising loud their heavenly KING.

*mf* Who are these in dazzling brightness,  
Clothed in God's own righteousness,  
These, whose robes of purest whiteness  
Shall their lustre still possess,  
Still untouched by time's rude  
hand? [band?]

Whence comes all this glorious  
These are they who have contended  
For their SAVIOUR's honour long,  
Wrestling on till life was ended,  
Following not the sinful throng:  
These, who well the fight sus-  
tained,  
Triumph by the LAMB have gained.

*p* These are they whose hearts were  
riven,

Sore with woe and anguish tried,  
Who in prayer full oft have striven  
With the God they glorified:  
Now, their painful conflict o'er,  
God has bid them weep no more.

*mf* These, like priests, have watched and  
waited,  
Offering up to CHRIST their will,  
Soul and body consecrated, [still:  
Day and night they serve Him  
Now in God's most holy place,  
Blest they stand before His face.

*p* Lo, the LAMB Himself now feeds them,  
On Mount Sion's pastures fair;  
From His central throne He leads them  
By the living fountains there:  
LAMB and SHEPHERD, Good Su-  
preme,  
Free He gives the cooling stream.  
Amen.

FESTIVALS OF APOSTLES.

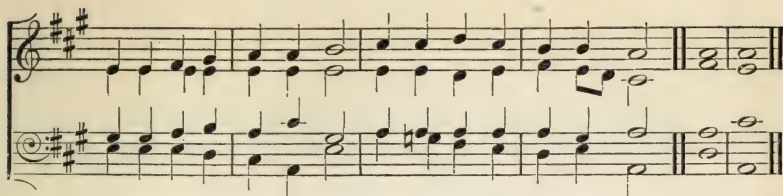
388

MORNING.

Anonymous.



PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.



*He gave some, Apostles.*

*f* PRINCES of the Court on high ;  
Leaders of God's soldiery ;  
Earth's twelve lights ; hereafter ye  
Throned with CHRIST shall judges be.

*mf* When the world in darkness lay  
Forth ye poured the Gospel day ;  
Where the lost in error strayed,  
Ye the light of truth displayed.

Not by sword, or scourging war,  
Art of speech, or human lore,  
But by JESUS' Cross of shame  
Rebel hosts to Him ye tame.

Lo ! the fetters now are burst,  
Which the groaning earth long cursed ;  
Now it basks, from bondage free,  
In GOD's law of liberty.

Ye through earth have spread abroad  
All the wondrous works of GOD :  
Every land records your fame ;  
Distant ages bless your name.

Ever to the THREE in ONE  
Be the Church's homage done ;  
Who from gloom of heathen night  
Called us to His glorious light. Amen.

389

HENRY SMART.



*God, Who commanded the light to shine out of darkness, hath shined in our hearts. But we have this treasure in earthen vessels.*

*mf* O LORD, through instruments how weak  
Thou workest out Thy sovereign will !  
Frail earthen vessels Thou dost seek,  
And with Thy choicest treasure fill.

And in due time the pitchers, charged  
With light, Thou dost in pieces dash ;  
And thence the light breaks forth, en-  
larged,

As from the cloud the prisoned flash.

O'er earth Thy messengers are heard ;  
They haste like clouds before the  
gale ; [Word,

Fraught with the Word, the sacred  
They pour forth thunder, lightning,  
hail.

CHRIST is their war-cry : at its sound  
Are hell's proud citadels laid low :  
So, while the trumpets clanged around,  
Fell once the walls of Jericho.

LORD, let a trumpet-blast divine  
From stealing sleep awake man-  
kind ;

And let these lights, lit erst at Thine,  
Disperse the darkness of our mind.

To Thee, on Thy Apostle's day,  
We pay all worship, GOD of  
might :

For Thou hast callèd us that lay  
In darkness to Thy glorious light.  
Amen.

390 Old Melody.

*And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.*

*f* THE eternal gifts of CHRIST our King,  
The Apostles' glorious deeds we sing:  
And with glad hearts and voices raise,  
As is most meet, our hymns of praise.

For they the Churches' Founders are:  
Triumphant chieftains, skilled in war;  
The warriors of the court of heaven;  
True lamps for earth's enlightening given.

*mf* THEIRS is the steadfast faith of saints,  
The unconquered hope that never faints;  
The love of CHRIST, which in them reigned,  
O'er this world's prince the victory gained.

In them the FATHER's glory shone;  
In them the will of GOD the SON;  
In them exults the HOLY GHOST;  
Through them rejoice the heavenly host.

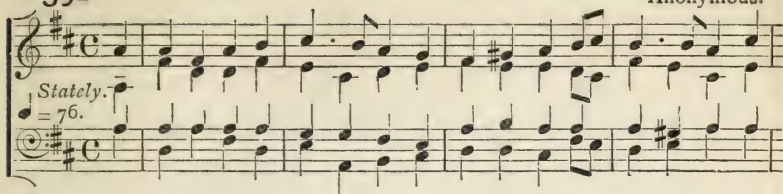
*p* REDEEMER, grant us of Thy love  
That, with this glorious band above,  
Hereafter, by Thy mighty grace,  
Thy servants also may have place. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

391

Anonymous.



*And they went forth and preached everywhere, the Lord working with them, and confirming the word with signs following.*

*f* LET all on earth with songs rejoice;  
Let heaven return the joyful voice;  
And earth and heaven unite to raise  
The great Apostles' glorious praise.

*mf* JESU, Who didst them worthy find  
To hold the keys that loose and bind:  
Our chains unbind, our sins remove,  
And raise our hearts to things above.

Thou, at Whose word they spread the light  
Of heavenly truth o'er heathen night,  
True lights to earth for evermore;  
Their light upon Thy people pour.

Thou, in Whose might they spake the word  
Which cured disease and health restored:  
To us its healing power prolong;  
Support the weak, confirm the strong:

That when in glory Thou shalt come,  
To speak the world's unerring doom,  
Thou may'st with them pronounce us blest,  
And place us in Thine endless rest.

*f* To Thee, O FATHER, SON, to Thee,  
To Thee, Blest SPIRIT, glory be;  
As ever was in ages past,  
And shall be still while ages last. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

392

(First Tune.)

BERTHOLD TOURS.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

(Second Tune.)

ALBERT LOWE.

$\text{♩} = 76.$  *mf* *cres.*

*p*

*f* *p rall.*



# PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

*The Lord gave the word: great was the company of the preachers.*

O CHRIST, Thou Lord of all,  
Thine ear to hear us bow,  
On this the festival  
Of Thine Apostle now;  
That all the weary load  
Of many a foul offence  
May, as we sing his praise,  
Be lost in penitence.

REDEEMER, save Thy work,  
Thy noble work of grace;  
And shed on us the light  
That beameth from Thy face;  
Nor suffer us to fall  
To Satan's wiles a prey,  
For whom Thou didst on earth  
Death's costly ransom pay.

Release Thy flock, enthralled  
By sin's captivity:  
Forgive each guilty soul,  
And set the bondmen free:  
And those Thou hast redeemed  
With Thine own precious Blood,  
Grant to rejoice with Thee,  
Thou SAVIOUR kind and good.  
LORD of the chosen Twelve,  
Incarnate WORD, to Thee  
All glory, virtue, power,  
And laud and empire be:  
The FATHER with like praise,  
And SPIRIT we adore:  
With Whom Thou reignest God  
For ages evermore. Amen.

## FESTIVALS OF EVANGELISTS.

MORNING.

393

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*He gave some, Evangelists.*

*f* BEHOLD CHRIST's heralds through all  
Who, speaking day by day, [time;  
Have scattered wide, through every  
clime, [lime  
Those truths that in the depths sub-  
Of olden scripture lay.

*mf* What under night's mysterious screen,  
Veiled in a shadowy hue,  
Was by the Prophets dimly seen,  
Was their's without a veil between  
In naked day to view.

What CHRIST, as Man, in Godhead,  
wrought,

As GOD, in Manhood, bore;  
Their pens to every age have taught,  
In words with inspiration fraught,  
That live for evermore.

Although in space and time apart,  
Yet by one SPIRIT swayed,  
One were the Four in mind and  
heart;  
And, with a more than human art,  
One perfect CHRIST portrayed.

*p* Wrapt in a voice of mortal mould,  
The uncreated WORD  
To them His truths eternal told:  
And still, as we their page unfold  
That self-same voice is heard

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Whom angel-hosts adore,  
Be glory, as in ages past,  
As now it is, and so shall last,  
When time shall be no more.

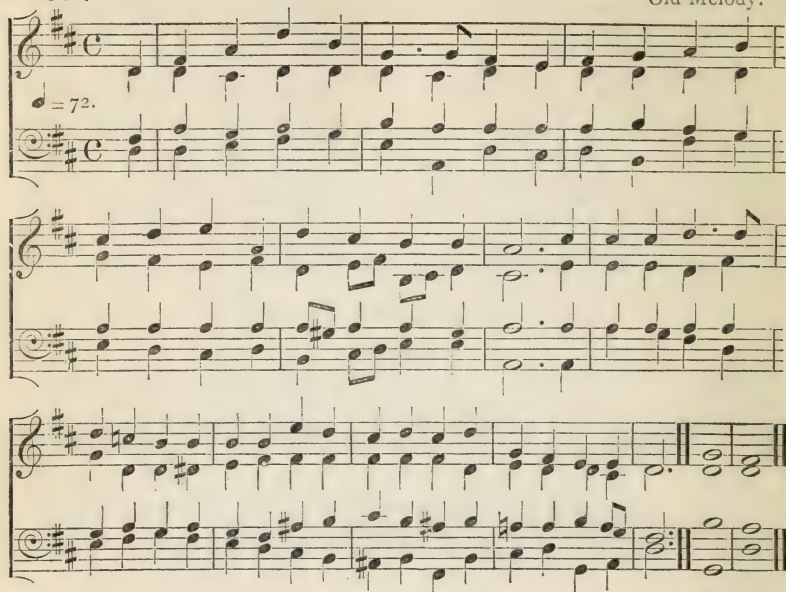
Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

394

Old Melody.



*I will open rivers in high places, and fountains in the midst of the valleys.*

*f* WAKE hearts devout whom love inspires;  
Your voices raise, ye tuneful choirs,  
Give glory to the LORD:  
Sing praise to Him Who deigned to pour  
His grace upon the chosen Four,  
Who chronicle His Word.

The LORD, Whose most transcendent might  
Dispels the gloomy shades of night  
With His dread lightning's glow,  
These Blessèd Four in wisdom chose  
To overwhelm His Church's foes  
And human pride lay low.

*mf* The LORD hath made them fountains four,  
Through which He deigns a stream to pour  
O'er hill and dale abroad;  
In Paradise it has its spring,  
In fourfold channel watering  
The world,—one stream, His Word.

Whilst they in blissful realms above  
Bow down in rapt ecstatic love  
Before CHRIST's awful throne:  
Based on their word His Church below  
Shall brave each storm, subdue each foe,  
Till He His Bride shall crown.

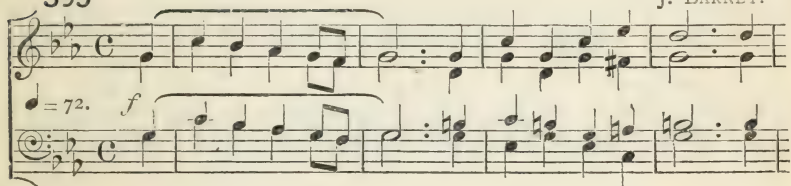
PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

*f* O GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, Three in One,  
We praise Thee, and implore  
That by the holy word they teach  
We too a resting-place may reach  
On heaven's eternal shore. Amen.

EVENING.

395

J. BARNEY.



*Our God shall come, and shall not keep silence.*

*f* FROM Sinai's trembling peak,  
In trumpet blasts from heaven  
And thunders of GOD's threatening wrath,  
The olden Law was given.

*mf* To us the self-same LORD,  
Attended to our gaze  
Beneath the veil of flesh, Himself  
In love and grace displays.

On stony tables graved,  
The Law from Sinai's hill  
Gave precepts, but no strength supplied  
Those precepts to fulfil.

Writ on the heart, the Law,  
Which CHRIST proclaimed anew,  
With its commandments gives the grace  
And strength to will and do.

This law with faithful pen  
They wrote, the scribes of GOD:  
Preached it by holiest word and deed,  
And sealed it with their blood.

*p* O may that SPIRIT Blest,  
Who touched their lips with fire,  
Those same eternal words of life  
Deep in our hearts inspire. Amen.

396

German.

*And a river went out of Eden to water the garden; and from thence it was parted, and became into four heads.*

*mf* COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measures,  
Sing of those who spread the treasures,  
In the holy Gospel shrined:  
Blessèd tidings of salvation,  
Peace on earth their declaration,  
Love from GOD to lost mankind.

See the Rivers four that gladden  
With their streams the better Eden,  
Planted by our SAVIOUR dear:  
CHRIST the Fountain, these the Waters;  
Drink, O Sion's sons and daughters,  
Drink, and find salvation here.

*p* Here our souls, by JESUS sated,  
More and more shall be translated  
Earth's temptations far above:  
Freed from sin's abhorred dominion,  
Soaring on angelic pinion,  
They shall reach the Source of love.

*f* Then shall thanks and praise ascending,  
For Thy mercies without ending,  
Rise to Thee, O SAVIOUR Blest:  
With Thy gracious aid defend us;  
Let Thy guiding light attend us;  
Bring us to Thy place of rest. Amen.



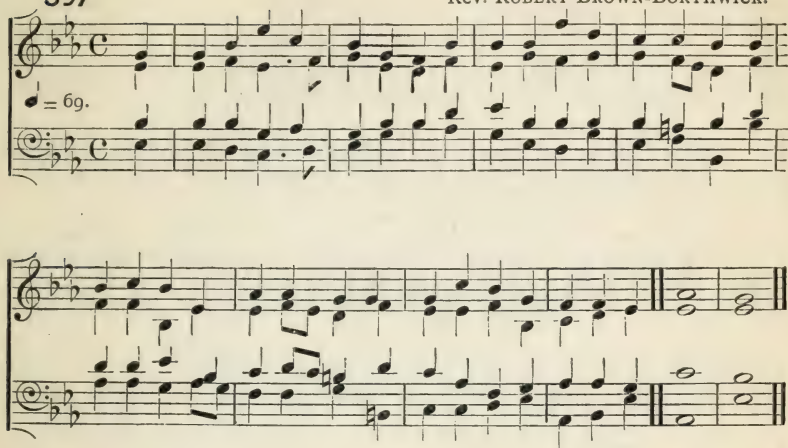
PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

FESTIVALS OF MARTYRS.

MORNING.

397

REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.



*Have not I commanded thee? be strong and of a good courage: . . . for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*

*f* O GOD, the Christian soldier's Might,  
His Crown, his Glory, and Delight,  
From all transgressions set us free,  
Who sing Thy Martyr's victory.

*mf* O truly wise, he learned to know  
The vanity of all below;  
From fleeting joys he turned away,  
And reached the realms of heavenly day.

For Thee he ran through many a woe;  
In many a fight o'ercame the foe;  
For Thee his blood he dared to pour;  
In Thee he joys for evermore.

*p* To Thee we therefore make our prayer:  
Most Merciful, Thy people spare;  
On this Thy Martyr's triumph-day,  
Wash every stain of sin away.

*mf* O FATHER, that we ask be done  
Through JESUS CHRIST, Thine only SON:  
Who **with** the HOLY GHOST, and **Thee**,  
Doth live and reign eternally. Amen.

398

MENDELSSOHN.

*Whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the gospel's, the same shall save it.*

*f* PRAISE to Thee, O LORD most  
Holy,  
King of earth and sea and sky;  
Be Thy Name adorèd solely  
For each Martyr's victory.  
Let the voice of praise and bless-  
ing  
Evermore to Thee ascend,  
For Thy glories everlasting,  
For Thy mercies without end:

*mf* For the Saints of every nation  
Who with joy their blood outpoured;  
Gave themselves a pure oblation  
In the service of their LORD:  
Who in life and death undaunted  
By their faith the world o'ercame;  
Scorned alike its pleasures vaunted,  
And its doom of sword and flame.

Fearless, though by foes surrounded,  
Threats and bribes unmoved they  
heard;  
And the hearts of kings confounded  
By the Truth's soul-piercing word.  
Therefore heaven's bright crown of  
laurel  
Decks each calm and sainted brow;  
Therefore clothed in white apparel  
With the LAMB they triumph now.

*f* In His sacred footsteps treading  
They His glorious Throne will share;  
And with anthems never-ending  
Praise Him in heaven's mansions fair.  
In our joyful celebration  
Of the martyr-host above,  
May our hearts' deep adoration  
Mingle with their songs of love.

Amen.

399 Old Melody.

*Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed, for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.*

*f* THE eternal gifts of CHRIST our King,  
The Martyrs' victories we sing;  
And with glad hearts and voices raise,  
As is most meet, our hymns of praise.

They vanquished every worldly fear,  
Made light of pain and anguish here:  
The bitterness of death is o'er,  
And theirs is bliss for evermore.

*mf* The flame may scorch, the knife lay bare,  
And cruel beasts their limbs may tear:  
No powers of earth, no powers of hell,  
The soul that loves Thee, LORD, can quell.

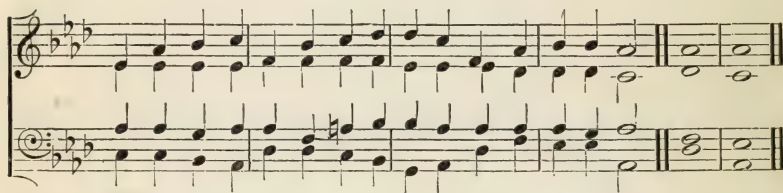
*p* O SAVIOUR, may our portion be  
With those who gave themselves to Thee,  
Through all eternity to sing  
All praise to Thee, the Martyrs' King. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

AT THE HOLY COMMUNION.

400

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*They were stoned, they were sawn asunder, were tempted, were slain with the sword : being destitute, afflicted, tormented ; of whom the world was not worthy.*

*mf* BLESSÈD feasts of blessed Martyrs,

Holy days of holy men,  
With affection's recollections  
Greet we your return again.

Worthy deeds they wrought and wonders,  
Worthy of the Name they bore :  
We with meetest praise and sweetest  
Honour them for evermore.

Faith prevailing, hope unfailing,  
JESUS loved with single heart :  
Thus they glorious and victorious  
Bravely bore the Martyrs' part.

Racked with torture, haled to slaughter,  
Fire, and axe, and murderous sword,  
Chains and prison, foes' derision,  
They endured for CHRIST the LORD.

*p* So they passed through pain and sorrow,  
Till they sank in death to rest ;  
Earth's rejected, God's elected,  
Gained a portion with the blest.

*mf* By contempt of worldly pleasures,  
And by deeds of valour done,  
They have reached the land of angels,  
And with them are knit in one.

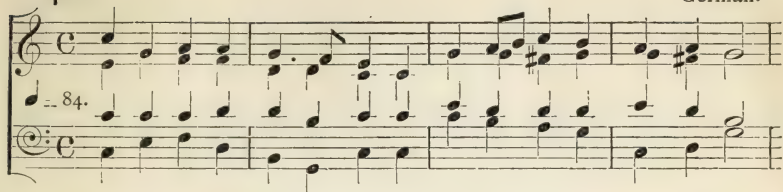
Made co-heirs with CHRIST in glory,  
His celestial bliss they share ;  
O ! that as He heard their weeping,  
He may listen to our prayer.

*p* That, this weary life completed,  
And our fleeting trials past,  
We may win eternal glory  
In our FATHER'S home at last. Amen.



401

German.



*He that overcometh, the same shall be clothed in white raiment.*

*f* HEAVEN with alleluias ringing  
Greets the Martyrs' Festal Days:  
Hark, the Holy Angels singing  
Their eternal hymn of praise  
Holy, Holy, Holy, cry,  
Glory to the LORD most high.

*mf* Those who scorned the world's temptations,  
Met its wiles with calm disdain,  
With the Twelve, of tribes and nations  
Judges, now triumphant reign;  
Clothed in white as stars they shine  
In the firmament divine.

Ever for the faith contending,  
CHRIST's true warriors they stood;  
To the death His word defending  
Sealed their witness with their blood;  
Joyfully their lives laid down  
For the Martyrs' glorious crown.

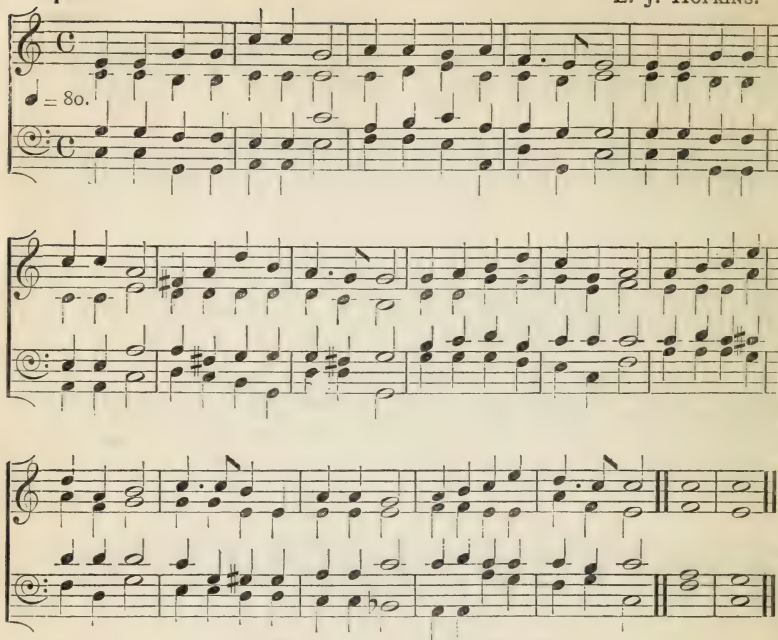
Now they dwell with CHRIST in glory;  
With the countless sainted train  
Hymn salvation's wondrous story,  
Bless the LAMB for sinners slain;  
Bow before His awful throne,  
And His power and mercy own.

*f* Yea, to Thee be glory given  
WORD Incarnate, evermore;  
Thee the spirits blest in heaven  
Thee the virgin choirs adore;  
Still their alleluias rise  
Midst the anthems of the skies.

*p* We too falling down before Thee,  
LORD of All, Blest TRINITY,  
Of Thy mercy now implore Thee,  
That throughout eternity  
*cres.* In Thy Kingdom we may raise  
*f* Alleluias to Thy praise. Amen.

402

E. J. HOPKINS.



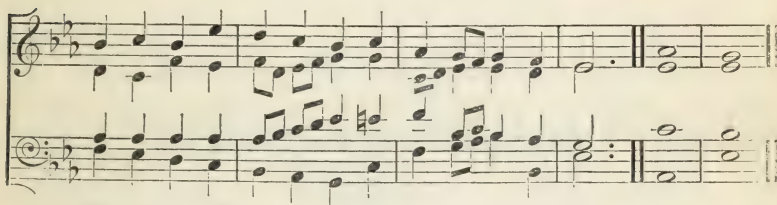
*That the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ may be glorified in you, and ye in Him.*

*mf* God is much to be admired  
 In the saints His grace inspired :  
 Great and wondrous acts they wrought ;  
 Firm against the world they fought ;  
 Judges' threatenings they o'ercame ;  
 Stripes could not their courage tame ;  
 Vain, too, each cajoling breath ;  
 For their KING they welcomed death.

*f* Therefore now they triumph high  
 Laurel-crowned in victory :  
 Following with duteous heed  
 Where CHRIST's holy footsteps lead.  
 To the LAMB's most holy Name  
 Hymns they pour with sweet acclaim :  
 O may we who keep their day  
 Join through Him their bright array. Amen.

403

J. BARNEY.



*For as the sufferings of Christ abound in us, so our consolation also aboundeth by Christ.*

*f* CHRIST's Church in heaven is glad to-day :  
And we are glad, CHRIST's Church on earth.  
We have our times of grief or mirth;  
Their tears are wiped away.

*mf* Succour Thine own, Thy Church, O LORD,  
That in this joyless valley dwells :  
Peopling the air, let sentinels  
Unseen keep watch and ward.

The world, the flesh, hell's utmost powers  
Wage war around us; aye upstart  
New hosts; the sabbath of the heart,  
O LORD, it is not ours.

On earth we know not any calm :  
Fear follows Hope, and Grief Delight  
In heaven they sing, by day and night,  
Their never-ending psalm.

O happy City! Life is there  
But one long day of jubilee !  
O happy people, ever free  
From turmoil and from care.

They grow not old, they wax not faint :  
They fear no traitor, fly no foe ;  
One joy doth in the bosom glow  
Of each accepted saint.

That blest one whom to-day we sing,  
Now into Paradise received,  
Sees Him in Whom he hath believed,  
Beholds, unveiled, his KING.

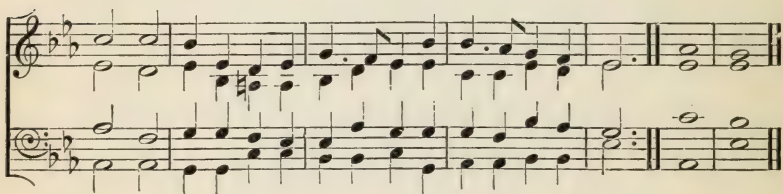
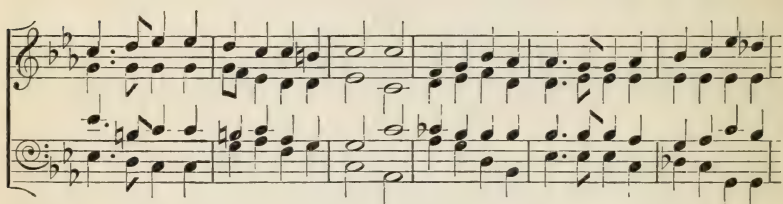
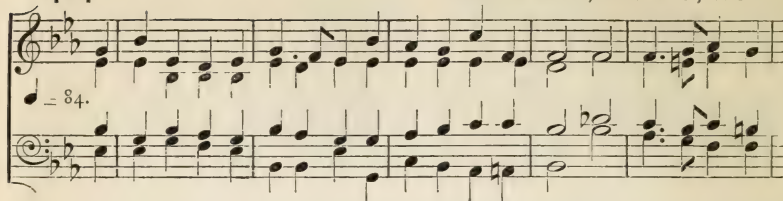
*p* May we too one day find a place  
Among the dwellings of the just,  
This anguish over; as our trust,  
O LORD, is in Thy grace. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

404

SAMUEL REAY, Mus. Bac., Oxon.



*Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness sake : for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.*

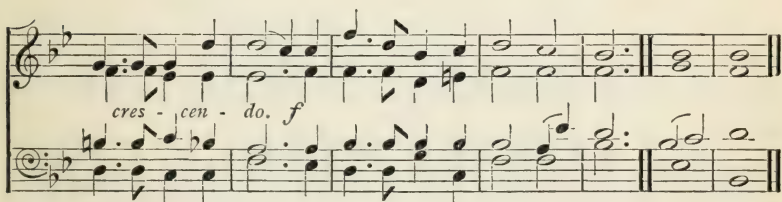
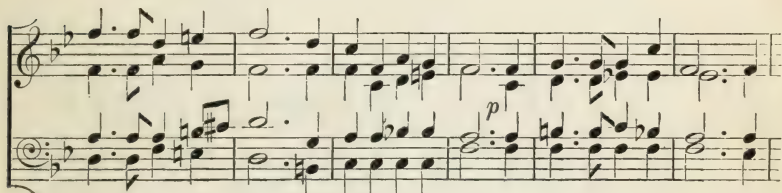
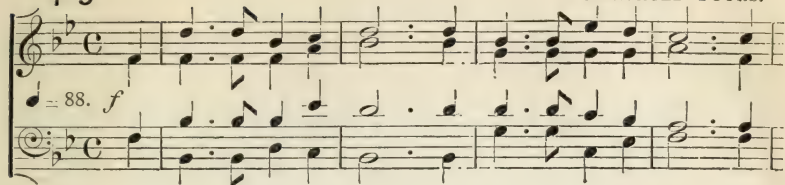
<p><b>f</b> THE triumphs of the martyred Saints          The joyous lay demand;          The heart delights in song to dwell          On that victorious band : [red,          Those whom the senseless world abhor-          Who cast the world aside, [sake          Deemed fruitless, worthless, for the          Of CHRIST, their LORD and Guide.</p>	<p><b>mf</b> For Him they braved the tyrant's rage,          The scourge's cruel smart;          The wild beast's claw their bodies tore,          But vanquished not the heart :          Like lambs before the sword they fell,          Nor cry nor plaint expressed :          For patience kept the conscious mind,          And armed the fearless breast.</p>
---	--

What tongue can tell Thy crown prepared  
 To wreathe the martyr's head ?  
 What voice Thy robe of white to clothe  
 His limbs with torture red ?  
**p** Vouchsafe us, LORD, if such Thy will,  
 Clear skies and seasons calm :  
 If not, the martyr's cross to bear,  
 And win the martyr's palm. Amen.



405

BERTHOLD TOURS.



*He hath prepared for them a city.*

*f* THE triumphs of the Saints,  
Now blest for evermore,  
Their love that never faints,  
The toils they bravely bore;  
For these the Church to-day  
Pours forth her joyous lay,  
And crowns them with the noblest bay.

*mf* They, whom this world of ill,  
While it yet held, abhorred:  
Its withering flowers that still  
They spurned with one accord:  
They knew them short-lived all,  
And followed at Thy call,  
KING JESU, to Thy Heavenly Hall.

For Thee all pangs they bare,  
And rage and mortal hate,  
The cruel scourge to tear,  
The hook to lacerate:  
But vain their foes' intent;  
For, every torment spent,  
Their valiant spirits stood unbent.

Like sheep their blood they poured;  
And without groan or tear  
They bent before the sword,  
For CHRIST their KING most dear;  
Their souls, serenely blest,  
In patience they possessed,  
And looked in hope towards their rest.

What tongue may here declare,  
Or fancy here descry,  
The joys Thou dost prepare  
For these Thy Saints on high!  
Empurpled in the flood  
Of their victorious blood,  
They won the laurel from their God.

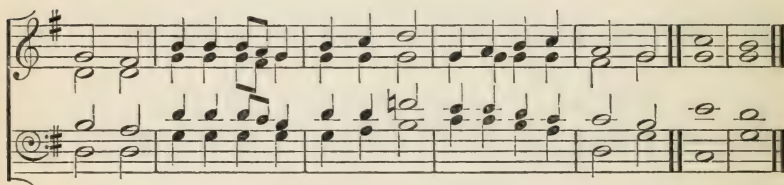
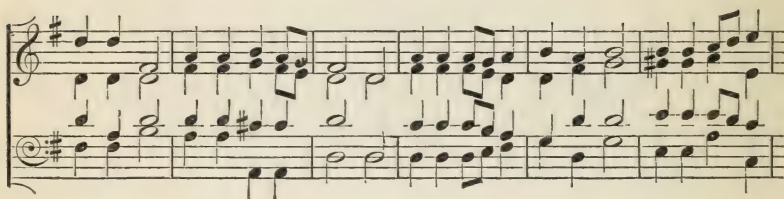
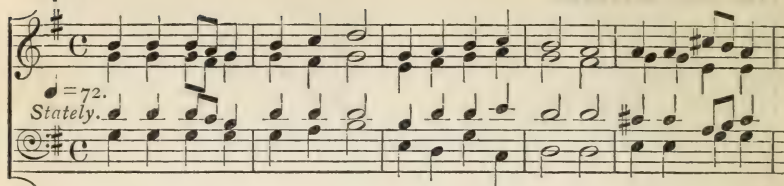
*p* To Thee, O LORD, Most High,  
ONE in THREE Persons still,  
To pardon us we cry,  
And to preserve from ill:  
Here give Thy servants peace;  
Hereafter glad release,  
And pleasures that shall never cease.  
Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

ANY HOUR.

406

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, . . for great is your reward in heaven.*

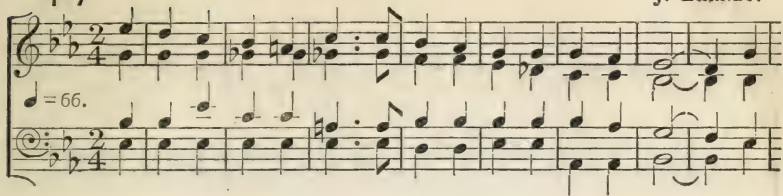
*f* LET our Choir new anthems raise;  
Wake the song of gladness;  
God Himself to joy and praise  
Turns the martyrs' sadness:  
Bright the day that won their crown,  
Opened heaven's bright portal,  
As they laid the mortal down  
To put on the immortal.

Never flinched they from the flame,  
From the torture never;  
Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,  
Satan's best endeavour:  
For by faith they saw the land  
Decked in all its glory,  
Where triumphant now they stand  
With the victor's story.

Up and follow, Christian men!  
Press through toil and sorrow;  
Spurn the night of fear, and then,  
O, the glorious morrow!  
Who will venture on the strife?  
Blest who first begin it;  
Who will grasp the Land of Life?  
Warriors, up and win it! Amen.

407

J. BARNBY.



*These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the Blood of the Lamb.*

*mf* How bright those glorious spirits shine,  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the blissful seats  
Of everlasting day?

Lo, these are they from sufferings great  
Who came to realms of light,  
And in the Blood of CHRIST have washed  
Those robes which shine so bright.

*f* Now with triumphal palms they stand  
Before the Throne on high,  
And serve the GOD they love amidst  
The glories of the sky.

His Presence fills each heart with joy,  
Tunes every mouth to sing:  
By day, by night, the sacred courts  
With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,  
Nor sun with scorching ray:  
God is their Sun, Whose cheering beams  
Diffuse eternal day.

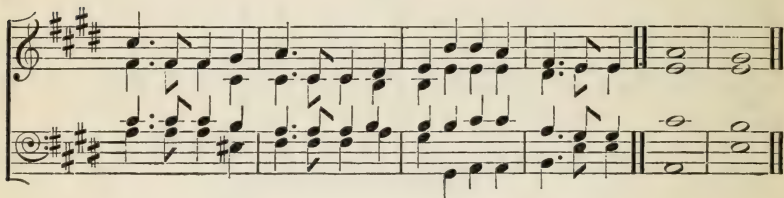
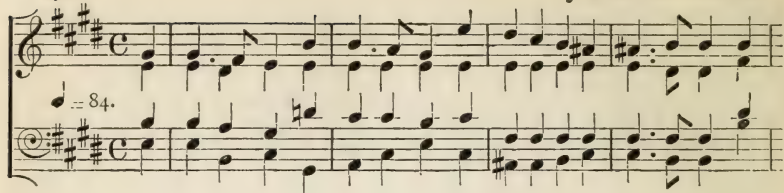
*mf* The LAMB, Who reigns upon the throne,  
Shall o'er them still preside,  
Feed them with nourishment divine,  
And all their footsteps guide.

*p* 'Mid pastures green He'll lead His flock,  
Where living streams appear;  
And GOD the LORD from every eye  
Shall wipe off every tear.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

408

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve Him day and night in His temple.*

*f* Lo, round the Throne, a glorious band,  
The saints in countless myriads stand;  
Of every tongue redeemed to God,  
Arrayed in garments washed in Blood.

*p* Through tribulation great they came,  
They bore the cross, despised the shame;  
From all their labours now they rest,  
In God's eternal glory blest.

*f* They see their SAVIOUR face to face,  
And sing the triumphs of His grace;  
Him day and night they ceaseless praise,  
To Him the loud thanksgiving raise.

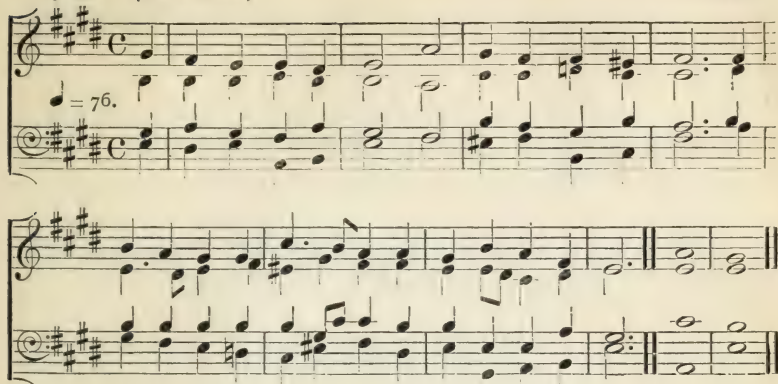
*mf* "Worthy the LAMB, for sinners slain,  
Through endless years to live and reign;  
Thou hast redeemed us by Thy Blood,  
And made us kings and priests to God."

*p* O may we tread the sacred road,  
That holy saints and martyrs trod;  
Wage to the end the glorious strife,  
And win, like them, a crown of life. Amen.



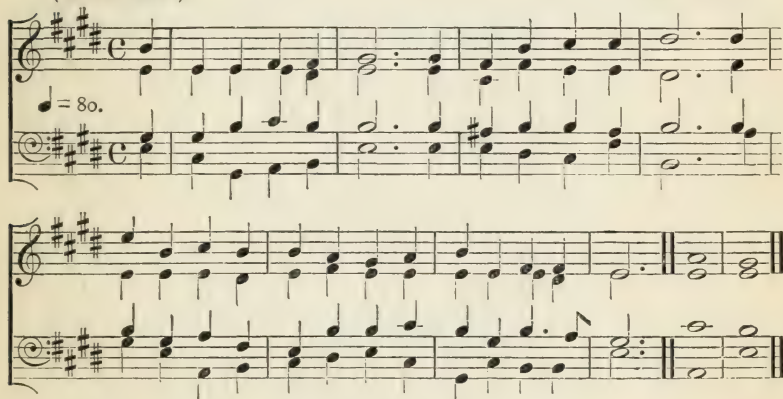
409 (First Tune.)

F. R. STATHAM.



(Second Tune.)

SAMUEL GEE.



*Ye shall indeed drink of the cup that I drink of: and with the baptism that I am baptized withal, shall be baptized.*

*f* O CHRIST, Thy soldiers' crown,  
Their portion and reward,  
All glory for Thy Martyr-band,  
To Thee we give, Good LORD.

*mf* The pomp and joys of earth;  
The mad delights of sin,  
Yea, all things here they counted loss,  
The joys of heaven to win.

They trod their Master's steps;  
From toil to toil they past;  
Drank of the Cup of which He drank;  
And reached their rest at last.

*p* Give us the grace to bear  
Like them our cross of shame,  
To do and suffer what Thou wilt,  
For love of Thy great Name;

*f* That we with all Thy saints  
May praise Thee; and adore  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD, for evermore. Amen.

410

Old Melody.



*Fight the good fight of faith.*

*f* THE SON of GOD goes forth to war,  
A kingly crown to gain;  
His blood-red banner streams afar;  
Who follows in His train?

*mf* Who best can drink his cup of woe  
Triumphant over pain,  
Who patient bears his cross below,  
He follows in His train.

The martyr first, whose eagle eye  
Could pierce beyond the grave,  
Who saw his Master in the sky,  
And called on Him to save.

Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,  
In midst of mortal pain,  
He prayed for them that did the wrong:  
Who follows in his train?

*cres.* A glorious band, the chosen few,  
On whom the SPIRIT came,  
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they knew,  
And mocked the cross and flame.

*f* They met the tyrant's brandished steel,  
The lion's gory mane,  
They bowed their necks, the death to feel:  
Who follows in their train?

*mf* A noble army, men and boys,  
The matron and the maid,  
Around the SAVIOUR'S throne rejoice  
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven:  
Through peril, toil, and pain:

*p* O GOD, to us may grace be given  
To follow in their train. Amen.

411

J. BARNBY.

*After this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands.*

*f* HARK! the sound of holy voices  
 Chanting, at the crystal sea,  
 Alleluia, Alleluia,  
 Alleluia, LORD, to Thee :  
 Multitude, which none can number,  
 Like the stars in glory stands,  
 Clothed in white apparel, holding  
 Palms of victory in their hands.

*mf* Patriarch and holy Prophet,  
 Who prepared the way of CHRIST,  
 King, Apostle, Saint, Confessor,  
 Martyr, and Evangelist,  
 Saintly Maiden, godly Matron,  
 Widows who have watched to prayer,  
 Joined in holy concert, singing  
 To the LORD of all are there.

*p* They have come from tribulation,  
 And have washed their robes in blood,  
 Washed them in the blood of JESUS :  
 Tried they were, and firm they stood ;  
 Mocked, imprisoned, stoned, torment-  
 Sawn asunder, slain with sword, [ed,  
 They have conquered death and Satan  
 By the might of CHRIST the LORD.

*f* Marching with Thy cross their banner,  
 They have triumphed following  
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,  
 Thee their SAVIOUR, and their KING :  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they suffered ;  
 Gladly, LORD, with Thee they died ;  
 And by death to life immortal  
 They were born, and glorified.

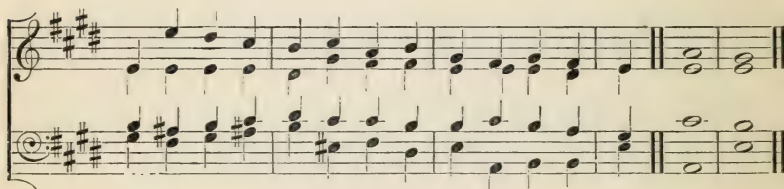
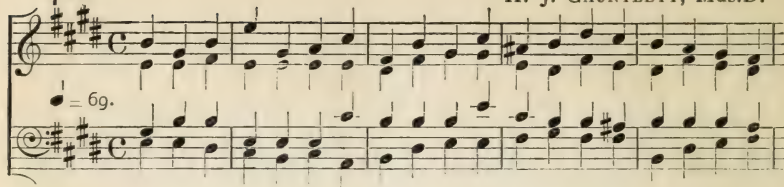
*p* Now they reign in heavenly glory,  
 Now they walk in golden light,  
 Now they drink, as from a river,  
 Holy bliss and infinite :  
 Love and peace they taste for ever,  
 And all truth and knowledge see  
 In the Beatific Vision  
 Of the Blessed TRINITY.

*mf* GOD of GOD, the One-begotten,  
 LIGHT of LIGHT, IMMANUEL,  
 In Whose Body joined together  
 All the saints for ever dwell ;  
 Pour upon us of Thy fulness,  
 That we may for evermore  
 Thee with Thine Eternal FATHER  
 And the HOLY GHOST adore. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

412

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*A Bishop then must be blameless.*

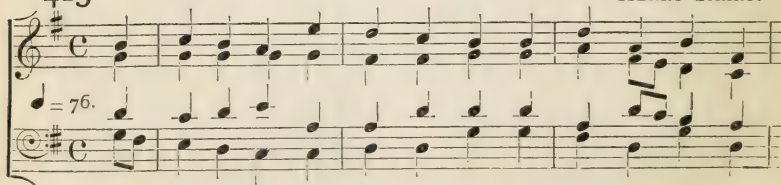
*mf* JESU, the world's REDEEMER hear;  
Thy Bishops' fadeless crown, draw  
Accept with tender love to-day [near:  
The prayers and praises that we pay:—  
The day that crowned with deathless  
fame  
This meek Confessor of Thy Name;  
Whose yearly feast, in solemn state,  
Thy faithful people celebrate.

The world, and all its boasted good,  
As vain and passing, he eschewed;  
And therefore, with the angelic band,  
In endless joys Thy saint shall stand.  
*p* Grant then that we, O gracious  
God,  
May follow in the steps he trod;  
And freed from every stain of sin,  
As he hath won, may also win.

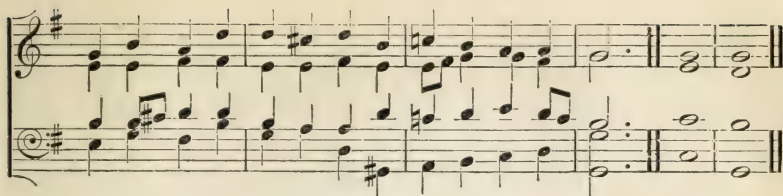
To Thee, O CHRIST, our loving KING,  
All glory, praise, and thanks we bring:  
All glory, as is ever meet,  
To FATHER and to PARACLETE. Amen.

413

HENRY SMART.







*He gave some, teachers.*

*mf* O JESU CHRIST, Incarnate WORD,  
What though on earth Thy voice is  
No longer, as of yore? [heard  
Still, age by age, Thou dost supply  
With holy teachers from on high,  
Thy Church for evermore.

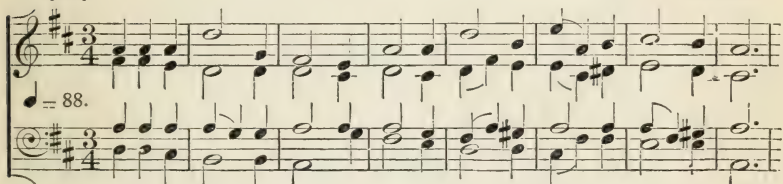
They, in Thy stead, the truth maintain,  
And guard the Christian Faith from  
Against its deadly foes; [stain,  
Which, under such protecting care,  
For ever fresh, for ever fair,  
In virgin beauty glows.

They, to the long hoar-headed line  
Of Fathers pointing, as they shine  
Far in the ages deep,  
Preserve the ancient doctrines pure;  
Confute new errors; and secure  
The great deposit keep.

*f* All praise to Thee, Who by the pen  
Of saintly Doctors, teaching men  
Thy truths, O TRUTH sublime,  
Without a voice, without a sound,  
Thy grace diffusest all around,  
Thy glory through all time. Amen.

414

F. R. STATHAM.



*Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven.*

*mf* Not by the martyr's death alone, [won:  
O LORD, Thy saints their crown have  
Thou hast a triumph-robe on high  
For bloodless fields of victory.

What though Thy saint escaped the  
cross, [force?  
The flame, the beast, the torturer's  
Yet self-condemned to sin he died;  
The flesh he daily crucified.

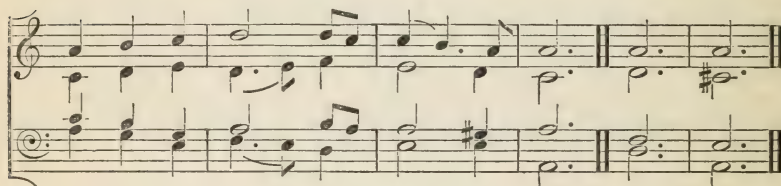
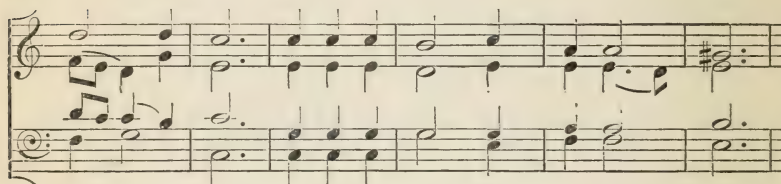
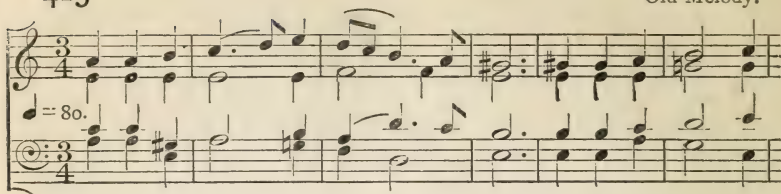
What though he was not called to feel  
The lash, the dungeon, or the wheel,  
Nor e'en a martyr's pains to prove?  
Thou gavest him a martyr's love.

When self-control the flesh subdues,  
And faith the wayward soul imbues,  
Love, with her torch-light from the  
skies,  
Shall fire the holy sacrifice.

*p* LORD, grant us so to Thee to turn,  
That we to die through life may learn;  
And when this fleeting life is o'er  
May live with Thee for evermore. Amen.

415

Old Melody.



*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth, therefore do the virgins love Thee.*

*mf* O JESU, Crown of Virgins, Thou  
Wilt hear us, as in prayer we bow;  
Thou Child of Mary, whom alone  
The Mother and the Maid we own.

Amongst the lilies Thou dost feed,  
With Virgin choirs accompanied:  
The Bridegroom's glory decks the  
brides;  
Thy love the bridal gifts provides.

They, wheresoe'er Thy footsteps bend,  
With hymns and praises still attend;  
In blessed troops they follow Thee,  
With dance, and song, and melody.

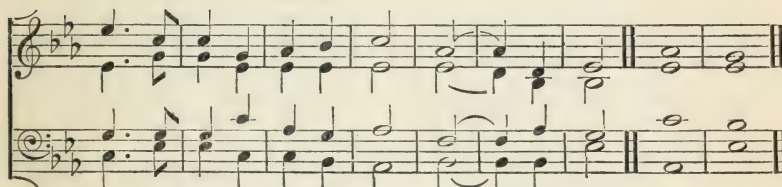
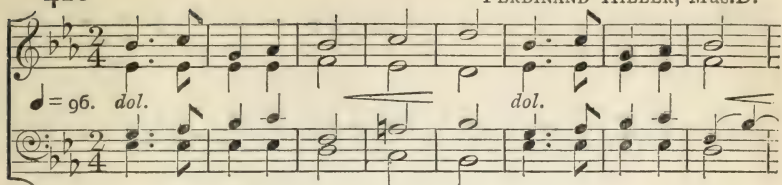
*p* LORD of the pure in heart, Thy  
power  
Alone can shield in danger's hour:  
O guard from sin that may allure,  
And keep our souls and bodies pure.

*f* All laud to GOD the FATHER be;  
All laud, O GOD the SON, to Thee:  
All laud, as is for ever meet,  
To GOD the Holy PARACLETE. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

416

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.



*Blessed are they which are called to the marriage supper of the Lamb.*

OPEN is the starry hall:  
Hear ye? 'tis the Bridegroom's call.  
Holy virgins, one and all,  
Ready stand;  
For the heavenly festival  
Is at hand.

Now has come the nuptial day,  
Tears for aye are past away,  
Fled the prison-house, the clay,  
And the thrall:  
God for ever is your stay,  
God your all.

In His presence is the store  
Of pure joy for evermore,  
And the fountain flowing o'er.  
No more night:  
Safe ye reach the happy shore  
Of the light.

What was royalty's short flower?  
What the triumph of an hour?  
What fleet pleasure's fading bower,  
Wealth, control?  
God's sole Presence is the dower  
Of the soul.

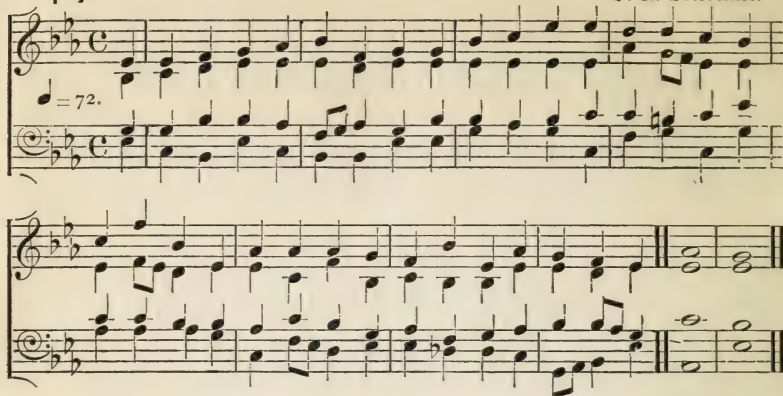
Wondrous, glorious mystery,  
When the soul from flesh is free!  
Bond of gladness which shall be,  
When the heart  
Joinèd is to DEITY,  
Ne'er to part!

Praise to Thee, Almighty ONE,  
God Thrice HOLY, FATHER, SON,  
SPIRIT, by Whose grace alone  
Spirits know  
Heaven's immortal union  
E'en below. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

417

F. R. STATHAM.



*Who can find a virtuous woman? for her price is far above rubies. The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her.*

*mf* To share the LAMB's high marriage rites

The FATHER matron-guests invites :  
How blest is she who hears the call,  
And seeks to keep the festival.

O'er all the Church her praise be told,  
Whom JESUS' grace has made so bold  
To choose with Him the better part,  
On Him alone to fix the heart.

The wound of love her spirit felt,  
And on the earth no longer dwelt ;  
But strove to climb the rugged way,  
That leads to joys which ne'er decay.

The flesh to tame, her daily care :  
The daily banquet, holy prayer ;  
Awaiting in the realms above  
The LAMB's eternal feast of love.

*p* Vouchsafe that we, O gracious GOD,  
May follow in the steps she trod ;  
And free from every stain of sin  
As she hath won, may also win.

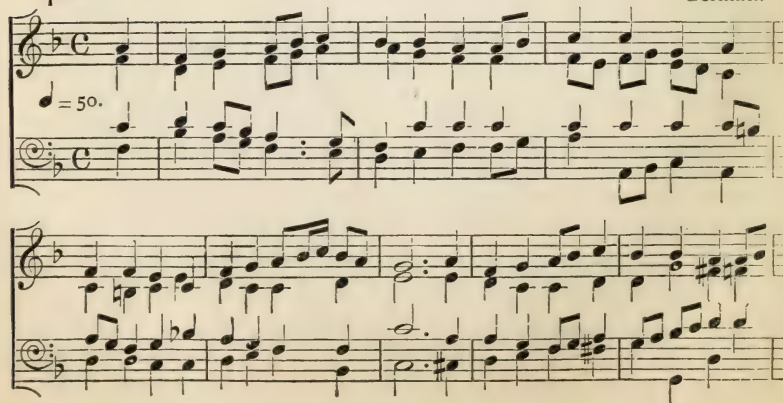
*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be ;  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee ;  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore,  
One GOD and LORD for evermore.

Amen.

EMBER DAYS.

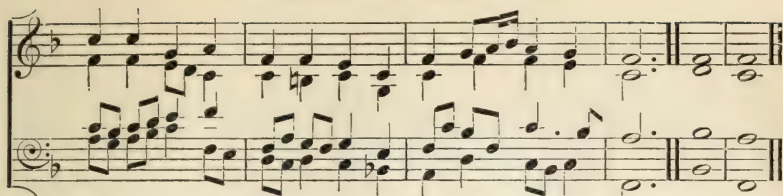
418

German.





PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.



*Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administrations, but the same Lord.*

*mf* O HOLY GHOST, Who with the SON

And FATHER art for ever One,

In nature as in Name;

Of Both alike the SPIRIT blest,

In Person different, but confest

In Deity the same;

O inexhaustive Fount of light,

Thy blessed radiance puts to flight

The darkness of the mind;

The pure are only pure through Thee;

And Thou the guilty dost set free,

And cheer with light the blind.

Thy grace eternal truth instils;

The ignorant with knowledge fills;

Awakens those who sleep;

Inspires the tongue; informs the eye;

Expands the heart with charity;

And comforts all who weep.

Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,  
And for its glory to despise

The world and all below;

Cleanse us from sin; direct us right;

Illuminate us with Thy light;

Thy peace on us bestow.

And as Thou didst in days of old

On the first Shepherds of the Fold

In tongues of flame descend:

Now also on its Pastors shine,

And flood with fire of grace divine

The world from end to end.

*f* LORD of all sanctity and might,

Immense, immortal, infinite,

The Life of earth and heaven;

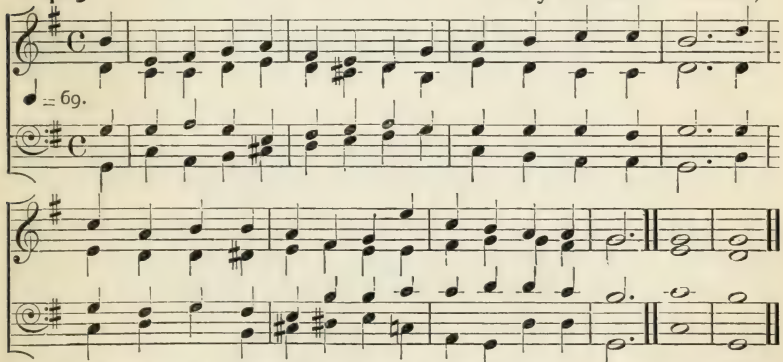
To Thee, with FATHER, and with SON,

Be endless adoration done,

And praise eternal given. Amen

419

H. J. GAUNTLETT Mus.D,



*And the things that thou hast heard of me among many witnesses, the same commit thou to faithful men, who shall be able to teach others also.*

*f* CHRIST is gone up: yet ere He passed

From earth, in heaven to reign,

He formed One holy Church to last

Till He should come again.

So age by age, and year by year,

The stream of grace flows on;

And still the holy Church is here,

Although her LORD is gone.

*mf* His twelve Apostles first He made

His ministers of grace:

And they their hands on others laid,

To fill in turn their place.

*p* Let those find pardon, LORD, from Thee

Whose faith and love are cold:

Bring wanderers in, and let there be

One Shepherd and one Fold.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,

And GOD the HOLY GHOST,

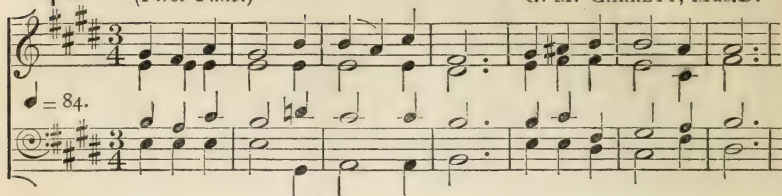
By Thy whole Church be glory done

And by the angel-host. Amen.

420

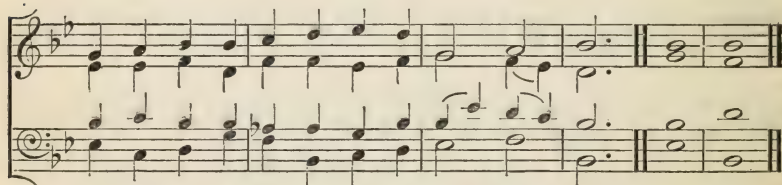
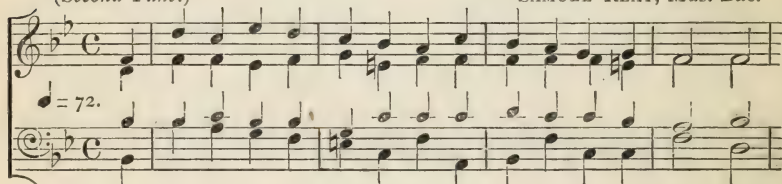
(First Tune.)

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

SAMUEL REAY, Mus. Bac.



*Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.*

*mf* GUIDE Thou, O God, the guardian  
hands,  
Which rule Thy ransomed sheep;  
And may they still fit shepherds choose  
The flock to keep.

We pray Thee, JESU, Who didst first  
The sacred band ordain,  
In order due and holy life  
Thy Church sustain.

We pray Thee, JESU, with Thy gifts  
Thy chosen servants bless,  
With doctrine incorrupt and pure,  
And righteousness.

We pray Thee, JESU, that their  
course  
May still be clothed with power,  
With miracles of love and strength  
Meet for the hour.

*p* O HOLY GHOST, Anointer, come,  
Both priest and people fill,  
That all the happy tribes of earth  
May do God's will.

*f* And then to Thee, O FATHER, SON,  
And HOLY GHOST, her praise  
One living undivided Church  
Shall ever raise. Amen.

421

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. D.



*Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness.*

*mf* LORD, pour Thy SPIRIT from on high,  
And Thine ordained servants bless;  
And grace and gifts to each supply;  
And clothe them all with righteousness.

Within Thy temple when they stand,  
To teach the truth as taught by Thee,  
Like shining stars in Thy right hand,  
Let all Thy Church's pastors be.

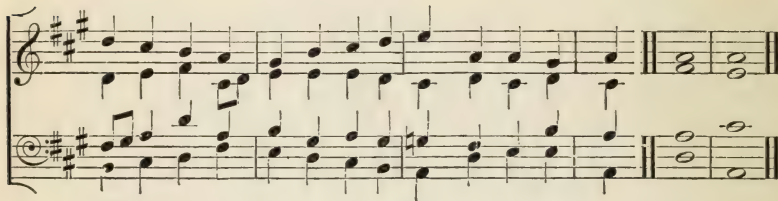
True wisdom, firmness, love impart,  
And zeal and meekness from above,  
To bear Thy people in their heart,  
And love the souls whom Thou dost love:

To love, and pray, and never faint,  
By day and night their guard to keep,  
To warn the sinner, form the saint,  
To feed Thy lambs and tend Thy sheep.

♩ So, when their work is finished here,  
They may in hope their charge resign;  
So, when their Master shall appear,  
They may with crowns of glory shine. Amen

422

Old Melody



*Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ.*

*mf* O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,  
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,  
And kindled by Thy hidden fires  
The soul to highest aims aspires.

SPIRIT of Truth, on us bestow  
The faith in all its power to know;  
That with the saints of ages gone,  
And those to come, we may be one.

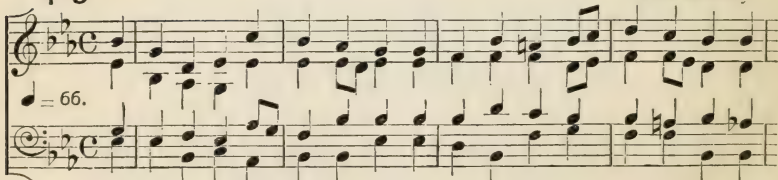
Thy priests with wisdom, LORD, endue,  
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;  
Turn all their weakness into might,  
O Thou the source of life and light.

*p* Protect Thy Church from every foe,  
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;  
Convert the world, make all confess  
The glories of Thy righteousness.

*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever, and for evermore. Amen.

423

Old Melody.





# PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

*He gave some, Apostles, and some, Pastors and Teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the Body of Christ.*

*mf* O THOU Who makest souls to shine  
With light from lighter worlds above,  
And droppest glistening dew divine  
On all who seek a SAVIOUR'S love :

Do Thou Thy benediction give  
On all who teach, on all who learn,  
That so Thy Church may holier live,  
And every lamp more brightly burn.

Give those who teach pure hearts and  
wise, [prayer;  
Faith, hope, and love, all warmed by  
Themselves first training for the skies,  
They best will raise their people there.

Give those who learn the willing ear,  
The spirit meek, the guileless mind :  
Such gifts will make the lowliest here  
Far better than a kingdom find.

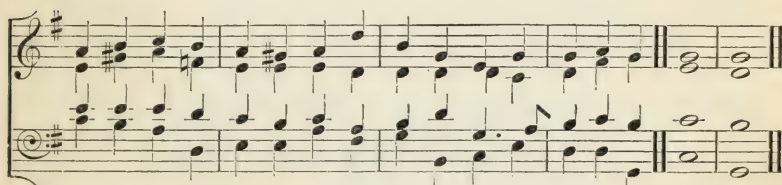
*p* O bless the shepherd ; bless the sheep ;  
That guide and guided both be one,  
One in the faithful watch they keep,  
Until this hurrying life be done.

*mf* If thus, Good LORD, Thy grace be  
given,  
In Thee to live, in Thee to die,  
Before we upward pass to heaven  
We taste our immortality. Amen.

## LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF A CHURCH.

424

J. BARNBY.



*The glory of Lebanon shall come unto Thee, the fir tree, the pine tree, and the box tree together, to beautify the place of My sanctuary.*

*f* O LORD of hosts, Whose glory fills  
The bounds of the eternal hills,  
And yet vouchsafes, in Christian lands,  
To dwell in temples made with hands ;

O grant that we, who here to-day  
Rejoicing this foundation lay,  
May be in very deed Thine own,  
Built on the precious Corner-Stone.

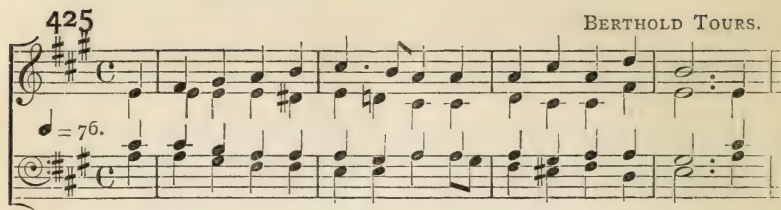
*mf* Endue the creatures with Thy grace,  
That shall adorn Thy dwelling-place ;  
The beauty of the oak and pine,  
The gold and silver, make them Thine.

To Thee they all pertain ; to Thee  
The treasures of the earth and sea :  
And when we bring them to Thy throne,  
We but present Thee with Thine own.

The heads that guide endue with skill ;  
The hands that work preserve from ill ;  
That we who these foundations lay  
May raise the top-stone in its day.

*p* Both now and ever, LORD, protect  
The temple of Thine own elect ;  
Be Thou in them, and they in Thee,  
O ever-blessèd TRINITY. Amen.

CONSECRATION OF A CHURCH.



*The Lord loveth the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob.*

*mf* O God, Who lovest to abide,  
 In Sion's chosen gate,  
 More than the thousand tents beside,  
 Where Israel's faithful wait;  
 Accept our works, and hear our vows,  
 Unworthy though we be;  
 And look in mercy on the House  
 We dedicate to Thee.

Here answer Thou, as Thou art wont,  
 Thy people when they pray;  
 Here in the waters of Thy font  
 Let sin be washed away;

Here set Thy Confirmation's seal  
 For ghostly strength and good;  
 Here give Thy people, as they kneel,  
 Their SAVIOUR'S Flesh and Blood;

If after sin they seek Thy Face,  
 And by Thy precepts live,  
 Hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling-place,  
 And when Thou hear'st, forgive!

If there be famine in the land,  
 Or pestilence, or foe,  
 Stretch out from heaven Thy strong right hand,  
 When here Thy flock fall low.

*p* Bless those, O LORD, and hear their cry,  
 That raised Thy Temple here:  
 That in Thy House beyond the sky,  
 With joy they may appear!

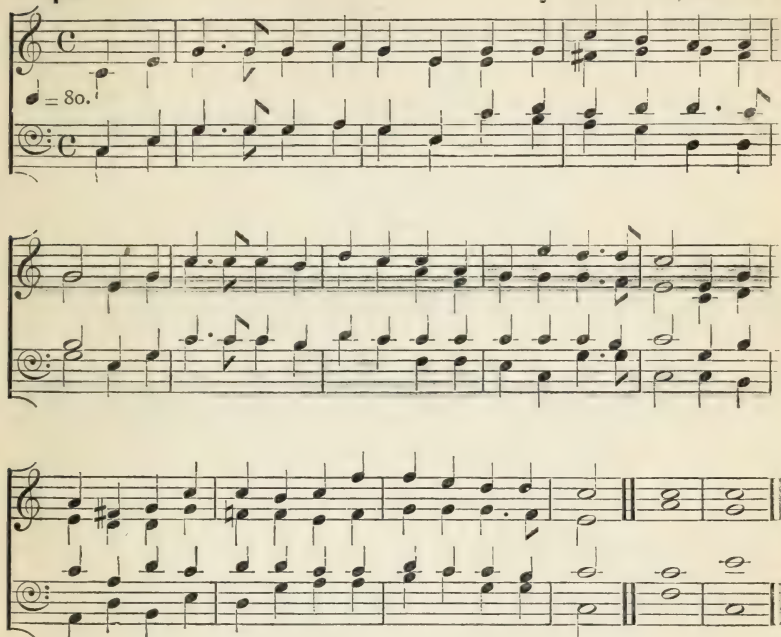
*f* All worship be to GOD alone;  
 Praise to the FATHER be,  
 To CHRIST, the precious CORNER-STONE,  
 And, HOLY GHOST, to Thee. Amen.

FEAST OF THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH.

MORNING.

426

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D.



*Jesus Christ Himself being the chief Corner-Stone.*

*mf* CHRIST is made the sure Foundation,  
And the precious Corner-Stone,  
Who, the twofold walls surmounting,  
Binds them closely into one:  
Holy Sion's help for ever,  
And her confidence alone.

All that dedicated City,  
Dearly loved by GOD on high,  
In exultant jubilation  
Pours perpetual melody;  
GOD the One, and GOD the Trinal,  
Singing everlastingly.

To this temple, where we call Thee,  
Come, O LORD of Hosts, to-day!  
With Thy wonted loving-kindness  
Hear Thy people as they pray;  
And Thy fullest benediction  
Shed within its walls for aye.

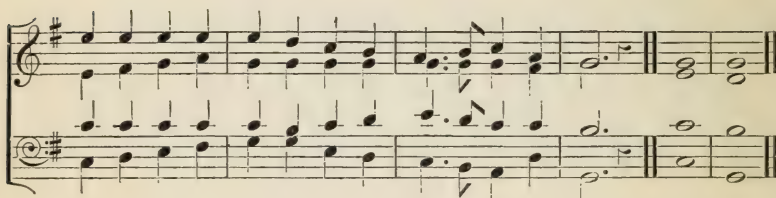
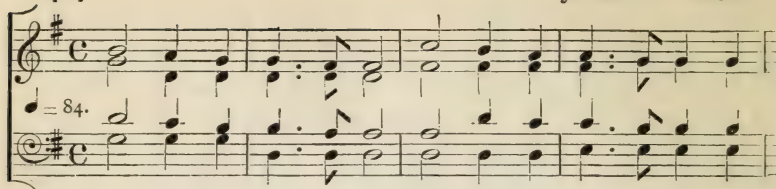
*p* Here vouchsafe to all Thy servants  
That they supplicate to gain:  
Here to have and hold for ever  
Those good things their prayers obtain.  
And hereafter in Thy glory [tain]  
With Thy blessed ones to reign.

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER;  
Laud and honour to the SON;  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT;  
Ever THREE, and ever ONE:  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

427

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



*This is none other but the house of God.*

*f* JESU, most loving God,  
Bless us, who now rejoice  
The glories of this hallowed house  
To tell with gladsome voice.

*mf* Here in the Font are streams  
To cleanse the sin-defiled :  
Here GOD the SPIRIT with His strength  
Endows the new-born child.

Here JESUS to His own  
His Body gives for food ; [divine  
And stays their thirst with draughts  
Of His most precious Blood.

For sick and guilty souls  
Sure mercies here abound :  
The Judge in tenderness acquits ;  
Grace heals the deadly wound.

Yea, God, Whose throne is heaven,  
Deigns here to dwell, and train  
The souls that worship Him, and strive  
His home above to gain.

No storm, no tempest blast  
Can shake that holy home -  
In vain shall hell against it rage,  
And Satan's legions come.

*f* All might, all praise be Thine,  
The God Whom we adore,  
O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Both now and evermore. Amen.

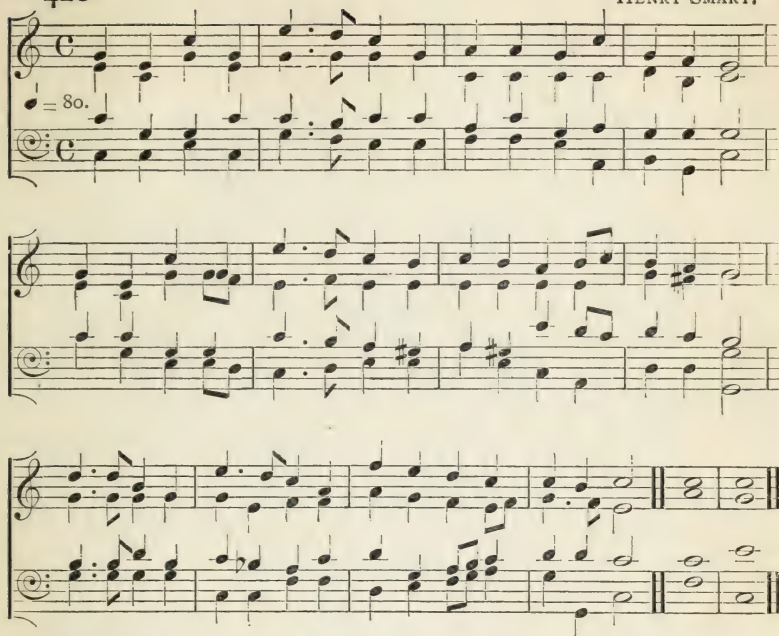


PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

EVENING.

428

HENRY SMART.



*And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.*

*mf* BLESSÈD City, heavenly Salem,  
Vision dear of peace and love,  
Who, of living stones compacted,  
Art the joy of heaven above,  
And with angel cohorts circled,  
As a Bride to earth dost move!

From celestial realms descending,  
Ready for the nuptial bed,  
To His Presence, decked with jewels,  
By her LORD shall she be led:  
All her streets and all her bulwarks  
Of pure gold are fashioned.

Bright with pearls her portal glitters:  
It is open evermore;  
And, by virtue of His merits,  
Thither faithful souls may soar,  
Who, for CHRIST's dear Name, in this  
Pain and tribulation bore. [world

Many a blow and biting sculpture  
Polished well those stones elect,  
In their places now cemented  
By the Heavenly Architect,  
Who therewith hath willed for ever  
That His palace should be decked.

*f* Laud and honour to the FATHER;

Laud and honour to the SON;

Laud and honour to the SPIRIT;

Ever THREE, and ever ONE:

Consubstantial, Co-eternal,

While unending ages run. Amen.

PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

429

(First Tune.)

JAMES TURLE.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

(Second Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

# PROPER FOR HOLY DAYS.

*Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle: or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill? Even he that leadeth an uncorrupt life: and doeth the thing which is right, and speaketh the truth from his heart.*

*mf* THIS is the house where God doth dwell;  
This is the gate of heaven;  
The shrine of the Invisible,  
The Priest, the Victim given,  
Incarnate God, content to die  
In boundless charity.

*p* O holy seat, O holy fane,  
Where dwells the Omnipotent,  
Whom earth's expanse cannot contain,  
Nor heaven's vast firmament:  
He stoops to visit this poor cell;  
And here He deigns to dwell.

*mf* Here CHRIST a gladsome Guest descends  
To hearts of innocence;  
And all His sacred love extends,

And holiest influence;  
And 'mid His children loves to be  
In lowly majesty.

*p* Let no unhallowed thought be here  
Within the sacred door;  
Let nought polluted dare draw near,  
Nor tread the awful floor.  
The Purifier is at hand,  
And at the door doth stand.

*f* To Thee, ne'er ending, ne'er begun,  
Thrice HOLY TRINITY,  
O FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT, One,  
For ever glory be;  
Anointing for Thy dwelling-place  
The living shrines of grace. Amen.

430

ANY HOUR.

F. A. W. DOCKER.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The tempo/mood is marked '♩ = 88'. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The third system concludes the piece with a double bar line. The piano part features a steady accompaniment of eighth and sixteenth notes.

*Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them.*

*f* PRAISE the Rock of our salvation,  
Laud His Name from zone to zone;  
On that Rock the Church is builded,  
CHRIST Himself the Corner-stone;  
Vain against our rock-built Sion  
Winds and waters, fire and hail;  
CHRIST is in her midst; against her  
Sin and hell shall not prevail.

*mf* Framed of living stones, cemented  
By the SPIRIT's unity,  
Based on Prophets and Apostles,  
Firm in faith, and stayed on Thee,  
*p* May Thy Church, O LORD Incarnate,  
Grow in grace, in peace, in love;  
Emblem of the heavenly Sion,  
The Jerusalem above.

*mf* Stands four-square that heavenly City;  
Paved with gold like crystal bright;  
Gates of pearl, and walls of jasper,  
Emerald and chrysolite.

Broad and lofty tower its ramparts;  
At its gates twelve angels stand;  
On its walls twelve names are graven,  
Of the Apostles' chosen band.

Where Thou reignest, KING of glory,  
Throned in everlasting light,  
Midst Thy saints, no more is needed  
Sun by day, nor moon by night:

*p* Soon may we those portals enter  
When this earthly strife is o'er;  
There to dwell with saints and angels  
In Thy Presence evermore.

*f* Join we now the voice of triumph  
To the Throne of glory sent,  
Alleluia, Alleluia,

To the LORD Omnipotent;  
*ff* Praise to Thee, Eternal FATHER,  
Praise to Thee, Eternal SON,  
Praise to Thee, Eternal SPIRIT,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

43<sup>I</sup>

(First Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.

♩ = 80.

(Second Tune.)

HENRY LAHEE.

♩ = 72.



# HOLY COMMUNION.

*The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?*

*f* Of the glorious Body telling,  
O my tongue, the Mystery sing;  
And the Blood, all price exceeding,  
Which our LORD, the Gentiles' King,  
In the Virgin's womb incarnate,  
Shed for this world's ransoming.

*mf* Giv'n for us, for us proceeding  
Of a Virgin pure as snow,  
He, as Man with man conversing,  
Dwelt the word of life to sow;  
Closing with a wondrous ending  
That His sojourn here below.  
That last night, at supper seated,  
Circled by His brethren's band;  
Fully with the Law complying  
In the meats its rites demand;  
He, a richer meat bestowing,  
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

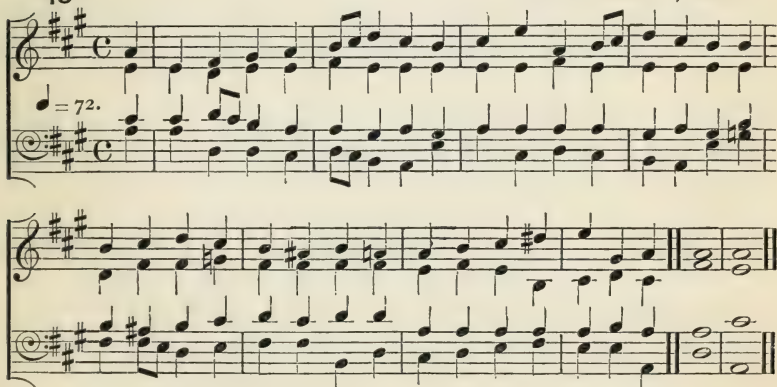
Word made Flesh, by word He maketh  
Very bread His Flesh to be;  
Wine the Blood of CHRIST becometh:  
What though sense no change can  
Faith the guileless soul enableth [see?  
To behold the verity.

*p* Thus in thankful love adoring  
We His unseen Presence hail;  
Older forms their place resigning,  
Newer rites of grace prevail:  
Willing faith all want supplying  
Where our feebleness fail.

*f* Praise to God, the Eternal FATHER,  
Praise to God, the Eternal SON,  
Praise to God, the Eternal SPIRIT,  
ONE in THREE, and THREE in ONE:  
Honour, praise, salvation, blessing,  
Now and evermore be done. Amen.

432

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*Jesus took bread, and blessed it, and brake it, and gave it to the disciples, and said, Take, eat; this is My Body. And He took the cup, and gave thanks, and gave it to them, saying, Drink ye all of it; for this is My Blood of the New Testament, which is shed for many for the remission of sins.*

*mf* THE Word of GOD proceeding forth,  
Yet leaving not the FATHER'S side,  
And going to His work on earth, [tide.  
Had reached at length Life's even-  
By false Disciple to be given  
To rivals, for His Blood athirst:  
Himself, the Very Bread of Heaven,  
He gave to His Disciples first.

He gave Himself in either kind,  
His precious Flesh; His precious  
Blood:  
Of flesh and blood is man combined,  
And He of man would be the food.

In Birth, man's fellow Man was He;  
His Meat, while sitting at the board;  
He died, his Ransomer to be;  
He reigns, to be his great Reward.

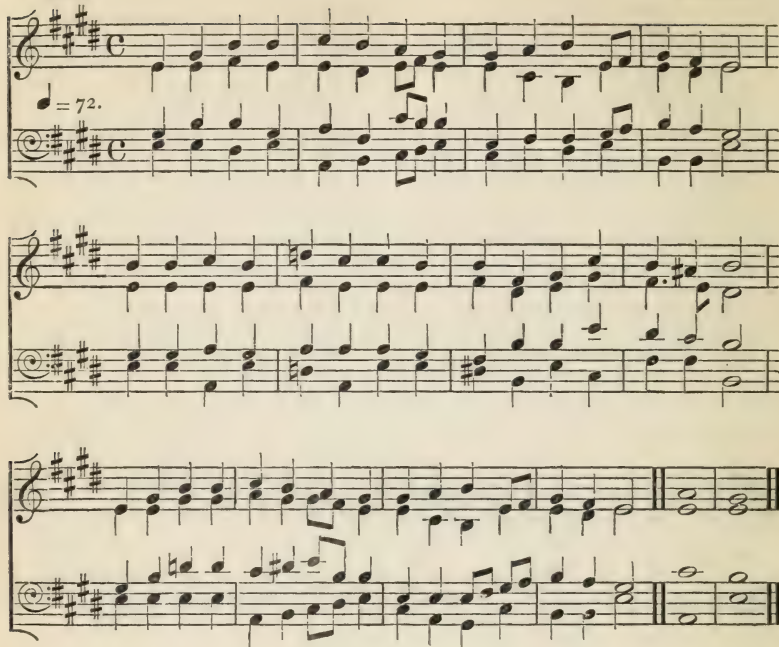
*p* O Saving Victim, opening wide  
The gate of heaven to man below,  
Our foes press on from every side;  
Thine aid supply; Thy strength be-  
stow.

*f* To GOD, the THREE in ONE, ascend  
All thanks and praise for evermore;  
O grant us life that shall not end  
Upon the heavenly country's shore.  
Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

433

German.



*I have received of the Lord that which also I delivered unto you, that the Lord Jesus, the same night in which He was betrayed, took bread. After the same manner also He took the cup.*

*mf* O THE Mystery, passing wonder,  
When, reclining at the board,  
Eat, Thou saidst to Thy disciples,  
That True Bread with quickening  
stored;  
Drink in faith the healing Chalice,  
From a dying God outpoured.

Then the glorious upper chamber  
A celestial tent was made,  
When the Bloodless Rite was offered,  
And the soul's true service paid,  
And the table of the feasters  
As an Altar stood displayed.

CHRIST is now our Paschal Victim,  
Eaten for our mystic Bread;  
As a Lamb led out to slaughter,  
And for this world offered:  
Take we of His broken Body,  
Drink we of the Blood He shed.

To the twelve spake Truth Eternal;  
To the branches spake the Vine;  
Never more from this day forward  
Shall I taste again this Wine,  
Till I drink it in the kingdom  
Of My FATHER, and with Mine.

CHRIST to all the world gives banquet  
On that most celestial Meat;  
Him, albeit with lips all earthly,  
Yet with holy hearts we greet;  
Him, the LAMB of GOD, we worship;  
Priest and Victim all complete. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

434

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.

*As often as ye eat this bread, and drink this cup, ye do show the Lord's death till He come.*

*f* ALL hail, REDEEMER of mankind;  
Thy life on Calvary resigned  
Did fully once for all atone:  
Thy Blood hath paid our utmost price;  
Thine all-sufficient Sacrifice  
Remains eternally alone.

*mf* Yet we may celebrate below,  
And daily thus Thine Offering show,  
Set forth before the FATHER's eye:  
In this tremendous mystery  
Present Thee, bleeding on the Tree,  
Our everlasting Sacrifice.

Almighty GOD, behold Thy SON:  
E'en now He lays our ransom down,  
E'en now declares our sins forgiven.  
His Flesh is rent; the living Way  
Is opened to eternal day:  
And lo, through Him we pass to heaven.

Acceptance in His Holy Name,  
And more abundant life we claim  
Through Him Who died our souls to save:  
O feed us with His Flesh and Blood,  
And fill us with the life of GOD,  
And give us victory o'er the grave. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

435

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

*For the law maketh men high priests, which have infirmity; but the word of the oath, which was since the law, maketh the Son, Who is consecrated for evermore.*

*f* HAIL, Thou Eternal Priest  
By men and angels blest!  
JESUS CHRIST, the Crucified,  
He Who for us did atone,  
From the Cross, whereon He died,  
Up to heaven now is gone.

*mf* His Flesh as torn and rent  
He doth to GOD present!  
In the holiest place above  
As our Advocate He prays,  
Pleads the sacrifice of love,  
Made for Adam's sinful race.

JESUS, we here beneath  
Present Thy precious Death;  
Do as Thou hast bade us do,  
Represent Thy Flesh and Blood:  
Thee in this dread mystery show;  
Offer up the LAMB to GOD.

*p* O GOD, for us He bleeds;  
For us He intercedes;  
Look upon the Incarnate SON:  
Hear His Blood that cries above;  
Let Thy grace on us be shewn,  
Peace, and righteousness, and love.  
Amen.

436

F. R. STATHAM.



# HOLY COMMUNION.

*We have an altar.*

*mf* ONCE, only once, and once for all,  
His precious life He gave;  
Before the Cross our spirits fall,  
And own it strong to save.

“One offering, single and complete,”  
With lips and heart we say;  
But what He never can repeat  
He shows forth day by day.

For, as the priest of Aaron's line  
Within the Holiest stood,  
And sprinkled all the mercy-shrine  
With sacrificial blood:

So He, Who once atonement wrought  
Our Priest of endless power,  
Presents Himself for those He bought  
In that dark noontide hour.

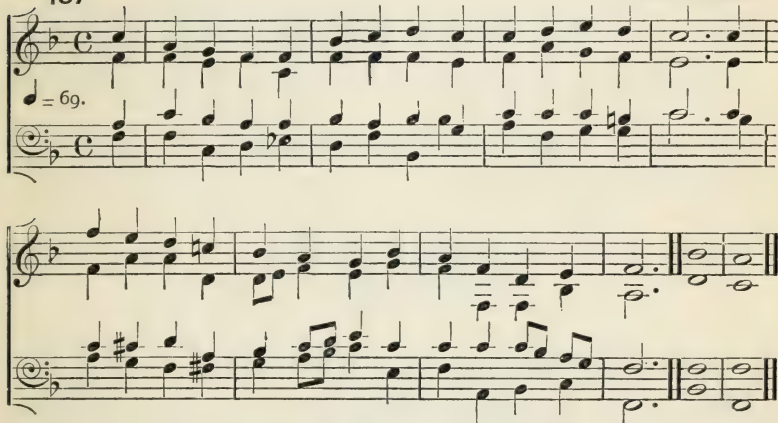
His Manhood pleads where now It lives  
On heaven's eternal throne,  
And where in mystic rite He gives  
Its Presence to His own.

*p* And so we show Thy Death, O LORD,  
Till Thou again appear;  
And feel, when we approach Thy Board,  
We have an Altar here.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory, HOLY GHOST, to Thee  
While endless ages run. Amen.

437

W. METCALFE.



*He is the Mediator of the New Testament.*

*mf* Jesu, by Thy supreme command,  
We thus draw nigh to GOD, [slain,  
Through Thee, the LAMB as It was  
Thy vesture dipped in Blood:

Obedient to Thy word, we pour  
The wine and break the bread;  
Thy Death and Passion plead to GOD;  
And trust on Thee to feed.

O blest that love, for ever blest,  
Which bought us with a price;  
And bade Thy ransomed sinners feast  
On Thy great Sacrifice.

Thy Blood was shed upon the Cross  
To wash us white as snow:  
Thy Body for us broken was,  
To feed our souls below.

The cup of blessing, blest by Thee,  
Thy sacred Blood imparts;  
The bread, Thy Flesh in mystery,  
Conveys Thee to our hearts.

That virtue, which salvation brings,  
Let us with Thee receive:  
O fill the hungry with good things;  
Thy lasting Presence give.

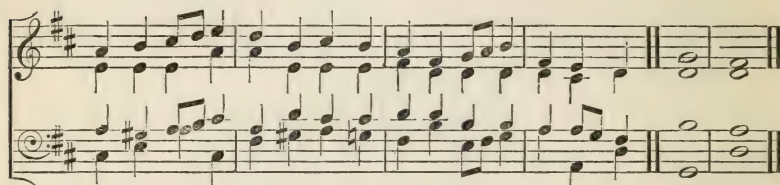
*cres.* Fed with Thy Body and Thy Blood,  
From strength to strength we rise;  
Built into Thee, our Rock, and led  
To meet Thee in the skies.

*f* All glory to the FATHER be,  
All glory to the SON,  
All glory to the HOLY GHOST,  
While endless ages run. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

438

HENRY SMART.



*This is the bread which cometh down from heaven, that a man may eat thereof, and not die.*

*mf* O JESU, LORD, gone up on high  
Rich gifts for mortals to receive :  
Send down Thy blessings from the sky ;  
To us Thyself in mercy give.

Thy Sacrifice, without the gate  
Once offered, we in symbol plead ;  
And humbly at Thine Altar wait,  
Upon Thy Sacrifice to feed.

We hunger for immortal food ;  
We languish in Thy wounds to rest ;  
We thirst to drink Thy precious Blood ;  
And on Thy Body long to feast.

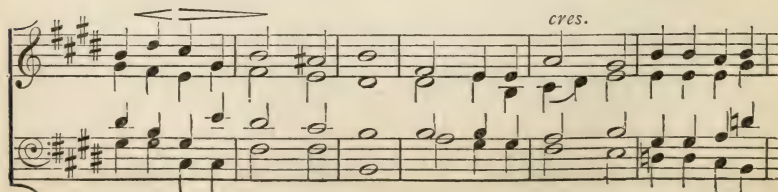
O grant us so Thy Flesh to eat,  
As all its virtue to receive :  
Empowered by this immortal meat  
The life of holiness to live.

Partakers of Thy Sacrifice,  
O may we ever live in Thee,  
Till to the holiest place we rise,  
And feast with Thee eternally. Amen.

439

(First Tune.)

J. BARNBY.

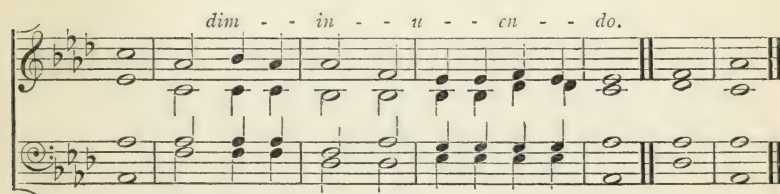
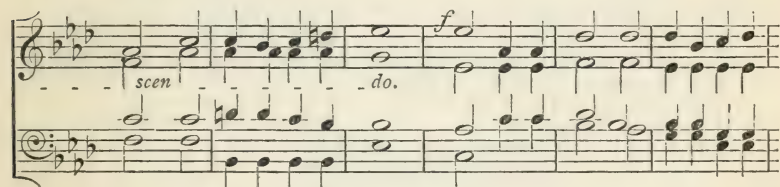


# HOLY COMMUNION



(Second Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Jesus said unto them, I am the Bread of Life.*

*p* THEE we adore, O hidden SAVIOUR, Thee,  
Who in Thy Sacrament dost deign to be :  
Both flesh and spirit at Thy presence fail,  
Yet here Thy presence we devoutly hail.

O blest Memorial of our dying LORD,  
Who living Bread to men dost here afford !  
O may our souls for ever feed on Thee ;  
May'st Thou, O CHRIST, for ever precious be.

O Fount of Goodness, JESU, LORD and GOD,  
Cleanse us, unclean, with Thy most cleansing Blood ;  
Increase our faith and love, that we may know  
The hope and peace which from Thy presence flow.

O CHRIST, Whom now beneath a veil we see,  
May what we thirst for soon our portion be,  
To gaze on Thee, and see with unveiled face  
The vision of Thy glory and Thy grace. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

440

Old Melody.

*My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed.*

♩ O God, unseen yet ever near,  
Thy presence may we feel ;  
And, thus inspired with holy fear,  
Before Thine altar kneel.  
Here may Thy faithful people know  
The blessings of Thy love, [flow,  
The streams that through the desert  
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,  
To feast on heavenly Food :  
Our meat, the Body of the LORD,  
Our drink, His precious Blood.  
*mf* Thus may we all Thy words obey,  
For we, O GOD, are Thine,  
And go rejoicing on our way,  
Renewed with strength divine.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be glory evermore. Amen.

441

Old Melody.



# HOLY COMMUNION.

*Come; for all things are now ready.*

*p* O God, and is Thy table spread,  
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?  
Be all Thy children thither led,  
And let them all its sweetness know.

*mf* Hail, sacred feast, which JESUS makes,  
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!  
Thrice happy he who here partakes  
That sacred stream, that heavenly  
food.

Why are its dainties all in vain  
Before unwilling hearts displayed?  
Was not for you the Victim slain?  
Are you forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,  
And furnished well with joyful  
guests;  
And may each soul salvation see,  
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

442

J. BARNBY.

*Eat, O friends, drink, yea, drink abundantly, O beloved.*

*p* O FOOD, the pilgrim needeth,  
O Bread, which angels feedeth,  
O Manna from above!  
The souls that hunger feed Thou  
The hearts that seek Thee lead Thou  
With Thy sweet, tender love.

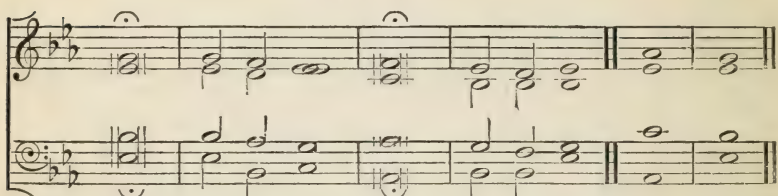
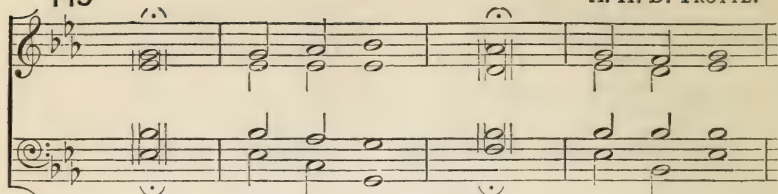
O Fount of love redeeming,  
O River ever streaming  
From JESUS' holy Side;  
Come Thou, Thyself bestowing  
On thirsty souls, and flowing  
Till all are satisfied.

JESU, this feast receiving,  
Thy word of truth believing,  
We Thee unseen adore:  
Grant, when the veil is rended,  
That we, to heaven ascended,  
May see Thee evermore. Amen.

# HOLY COMMUNION.

443

A. H. D. TROYTE.



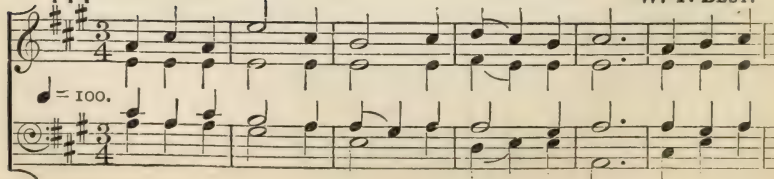
*And the very God of peace sanctify you wholly; and I pray God your whole spirit and soul and body be preserved blameless unto the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ.*

*p* SPIRIT of CHRIST, my | soul make pure;  
 Body of CHRIST, my | body cure :  
 Blood of CHRIST JESUS, | aye endure  
 Quenching the | soul's thirst.  
 Bathe me, O CHRIST, in the | hallowed tide,  
 Flowing from out Thy | wounded Side;  
 Comfort me; in Thy | Passion hide  
 Sin that | is accurst.

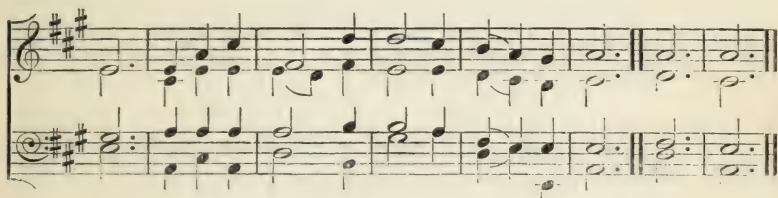
There in Thy deep wounds | bury me;  
 There never let me | part from Thee;  
 There from the Tempter | keep me free :  
 JESU, | hear my prayer.  
*pp* In the last hour of | death and doom,  
 Bid me to Thy blest | Presence come,  
 Ever to find with | saints a home,  
 Endless | ages there. Amen.

444

W. T. BEST.



# HOLY COMMUNION.



*Come eat of my bread, and drink of the wine which I have mingled.*

*p* DRAW nigh and take the Body of the LORD,  
And drink the holy Blood for you outpoured.  
Saved by that Body and that holy Blood,  
With souls refreshed, we render thanks to GOD.

Salvation's Giver, CHRIST, GOD's only SON,  
By His dear Cross and Blood the victory won.  
Offered was He for greatest and for least,  
Himself the Victim and Himself the Priest.

Victims were offered by the law of old,  
Which in a type this heavenly mystery told.  
He, Ransomer from death, and Light from shade,  
Now gives His holy grace His saints to aid.

Approach ye then with faithful hearts sincere,  
And take the safeguard of salvation here.  
He, That in this world rules His saints and shields,  
To all believers life eternal yields ;

With heavenly bread makes them that hunger whole,  
Gives living waters to the thirsting soul.  
Alpha and Omega, to Whom shall bow  
All nations at the Doom, be with us now. Amen

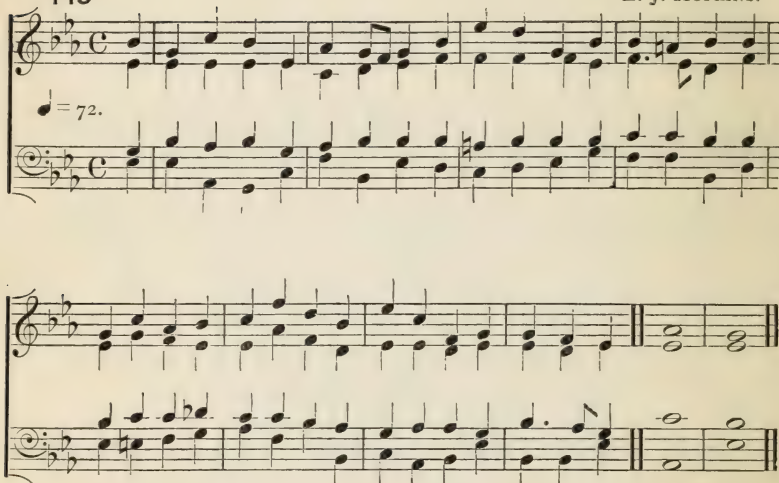
# PRAYERS AND THANKSGIVINGS UPON SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

## PRAYERS.

### FOR RAIN.

445

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Judah mourneth, and the gates thereof languish; because the ground is chapt, for there was no rain in the earth. O Lord, though our iniquities testify against us, do Thou it for Thy name's sake.*

*p* O God of mercy, God of love,  
Who hearkenest when we complain:  
Send down upon us from above  
The blessing of Thy gracious rain.

The fruitful land is barren now  
Because of us who dwell therein:  
O LORD, Thine ear in pity bow,  
And punish not Thy children's  
sin.

As in the rocky wilderness  
Thou madest springs abundant flow,  
So visit us, O LORD, and bless,  
And pour Thy waters here below.

*mf* Send forth, we pray, Thy Mighty Voice,  
And bid the rains Thy mandate hear:  
So make the vales and hills rejoice;  
So with Thy goodness crown the year.

*f* Then shall Thine own no longer weep,  
But home their sheaves in gladness  
bring:  
The folds shall then be full of sheep,  
The vales with corn shall laugh and  
sing.

Then shall Thy mercies be confessed;  
Then shall Thy joyful people raise  
To FATHER, SON, and SPIRIT Blest,  
The sweet and thankful song of praise.  
Amen.

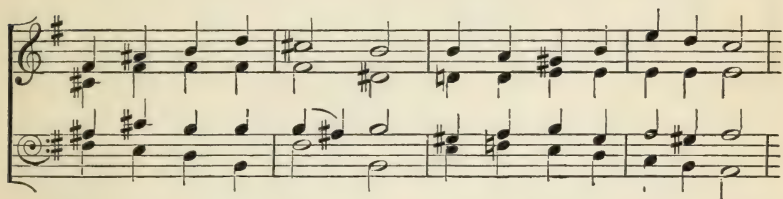
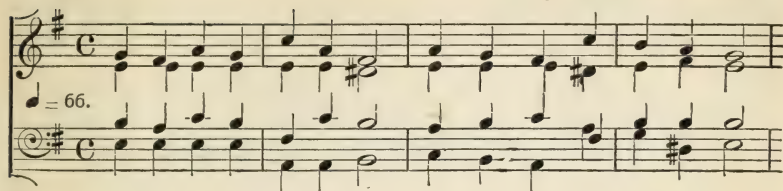


# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

## FOR FAIR WEATHER.

446

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Elias was a man subject to like passions as we are, and he prayed earnestly that it might not rain; and it rained not on the earth.*

*p* In the hollow of Thy Hand,  
Maker of the sea and land,  
Thou dost hold the waters:  
FATHER, in our sore distress,  
Seal the open heavens, and bless  
Sion's sons and daughters.

Evermore Thy words remain:  
Ne'er again shall floods and rain  
Overwhelm in sadness.  
Merciful, receive our cry;  
By Thy Covenant, Most High,  
Visit us with gladness.

*mf* Then our land shall laugh and sing,  
Then the valleys increase bring,  
Fear no more oppress us:  
Sunlight fall on field and wold,  
On the stall and on the fold,  
GOD, our own GOD, bless us.

We are set the Ark within,  
We whom water cleansed from sin,  
Whom the waters chasten:  
Better rite than Noah paid  
In our Sacrifice is made;  
Let deliverance hasten.

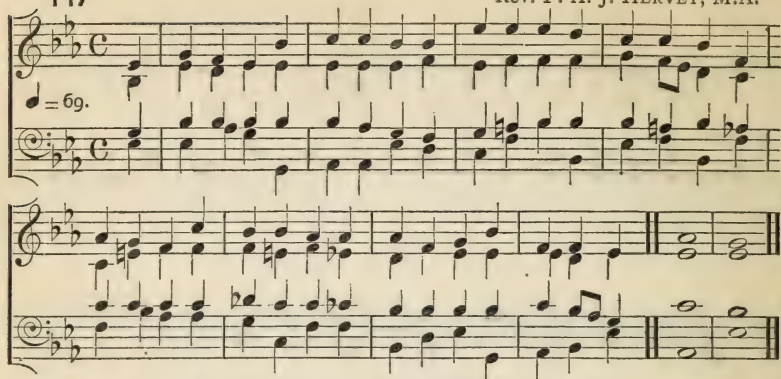
*f* Once the waters of the flood,  
Once the Red Sea, red with blood,  
Whelmed a sinful nation.  
By the mystic cleansing flood,  
By the tide of JESUS' Blood,  
Give to us salvation. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

## IN THE TIME OF FAMINE.

447

Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.



*He doth not afflict willingly, nor grieve the children of men.*

*mf* LORD, Whose good-will is ever sure,  
Who fillest all things from Thy  
Hand,  
Whose love prepareth for the poor,  
And sets them in a fruitful land;  
Whose care sent Joseph on before,  
And drew him from the prison cell  
That through the years of famine sore  
He might sustain Thine Israel;  
Whose bounty in the desert spread  
A table for the fainting host,  
And with the food of angels fed  
The pilgrims from the Red Sea coast;

Who, when the husbandmen in vain  
Through parched-up Canaan plied  
their toil,  
What time the skies refused their rain,  
Didst swell the widow's meal and oil;  
Who, in Thy sojourn here on earth,  
Five loaves and fishes two didst bless,  
And feddest, in their time of dearth,  
Five thousand in the wilderness;  
p O hearken as in prayer we bow.  
O Food Divine, O KING of kings,  
And satisfy Thy people now,  
And fill the hungry with good things:

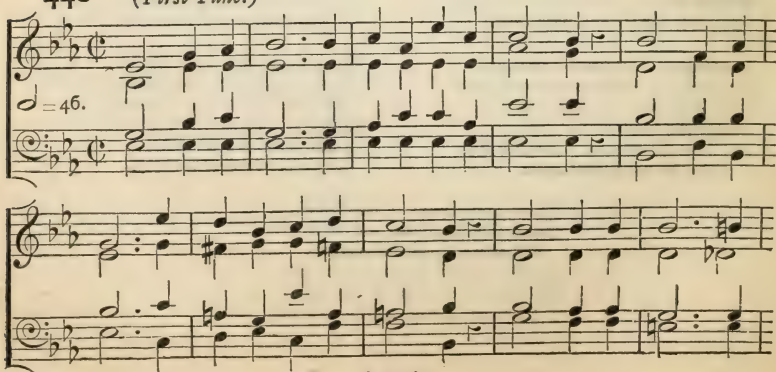
But not with earthly bread alone,  
Nor with the meat which must decay;  
We ask that we, before Thy throne,  
May feed upon Thyself for aye. Amen.

## FOR PEACE.

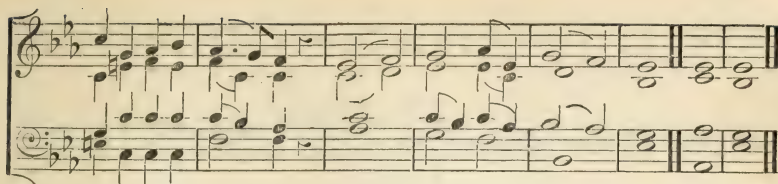
448

(First Tune.)

E. SILAS.

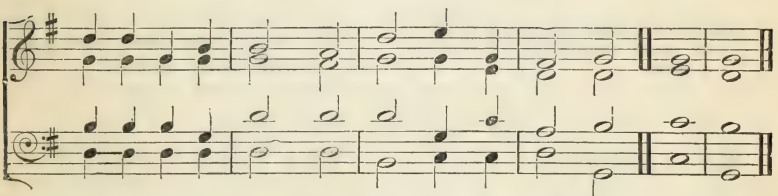
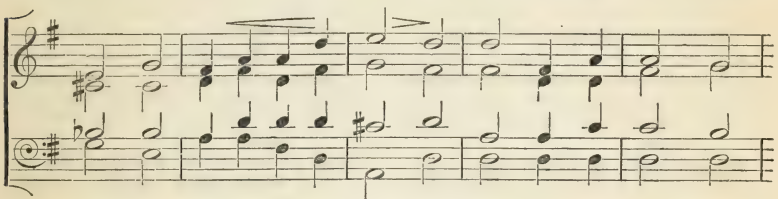


# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.



(Second Tune.)

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*And when the even was come, the ship was in the midst of the sea, and He alone on the land.*

*p* LORD of our life, and GOD of our salvation,  
Star of our night, and Hope of every nation,  
Hear and receive Thy Church's supplication,  
LORD GOD Almighty.

*mf* See round Thine ark the hungry billows curling,  
See how Thy foes their banners are unfurling;  
LORD, while their darts envenomed they are hurling,  
Thou canst preserve us.

LORD, Thou canst help when earthly armour faileth,  
LORD, Thou canst save when deadly sin assaileth,  
LORD, o'er Thy rock nor death nor hell prevai-leth :  
Grant us Thy peace, LORD :

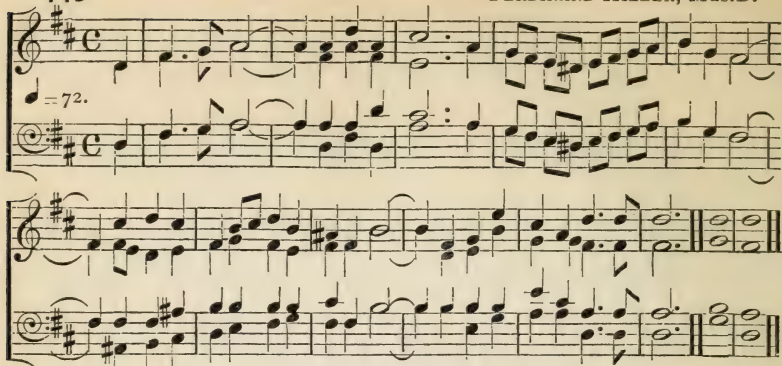
*p* Peace in our hearts, our evil thoughts assuaging,  
Peace in Thy Church, where brothers are engaging,  
Peace, when the world its busy war is waging;  
Calm Thy foes raging.

Grant us Thy help till backward they are driven,  
Grant them Thy truth, that they may be forgiven,  
Grant peace on earth, and after we have striven  
Peace in Thy heaven, Amen.

# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

449

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.



*He maketh wars to cease in all the world.*

*f* THE LORD is King : ye saints rejoice,  
And ceaseless alleluia sing ;  
The angry floods lift up their voice  
In vain, for lo, the LORD is King !

All ocean's waves may swell and roar, *mf*  
They cannot break their sandy chain :  
Supreme in majesty and power,  
The LORD shall o'er them rule and reign.

Though war's devouring surges rise,  
Beyond their bounds they cannot go :

The LORD is King above the skies,  
And rules the embattled hosts below.

'Tis GOD the LORD, Whose mighty will  
Makes angry war's contentions cease ;  
And bids the maddened world be still,  
And brings the joyous gift of peace.

*mf* To Thee, O LORD, our souls we raise  
Our souls are in Thy mighty hand :  
Keep us beneath Thy secret place,  
And bid us 'neath Thy shadow stand.

*f* JESU, we plead Thy Name alone,  
That Name which peace to mortals gave :  
LORD, for His Name's sake, hear Thine [own ;  
The world from war's fierce judgment save. Amen.

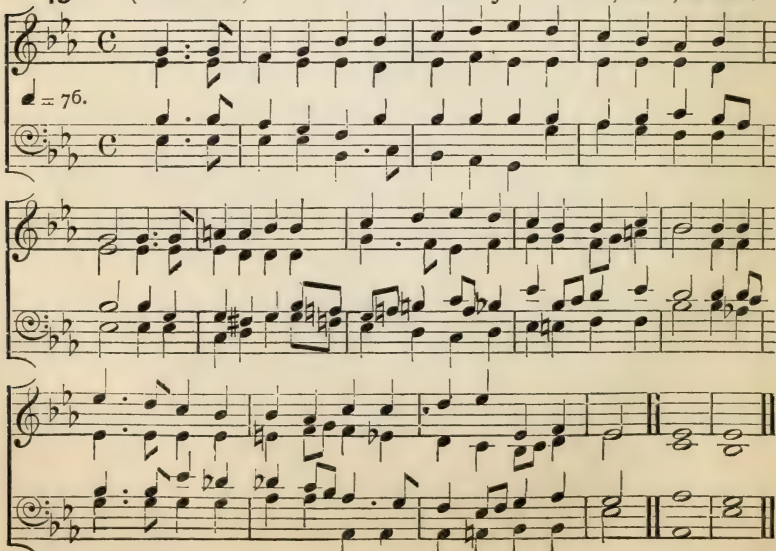
NOTE.—The first two words of the last line of each verse should be repeated.

## IN THE TIME OF PESTILENCE.

450

(First Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.

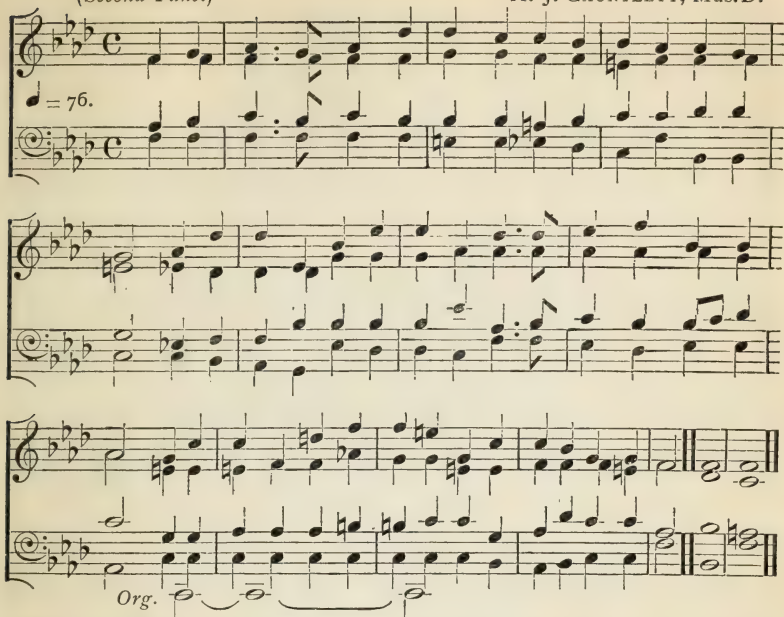




# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS

(Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*If there be pestilence, what prayer and supplication soever be made by any man, or by all Thy people Israel, which shall know every man the plague of his own heart, and spread forth his hands toward this house: then hear Thou in heaven Thy dwelling place, and forgive, and do.*

*p* HOLY TRINITY, before Thee  
Lo, Thy people prostrate fall:  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,  
LORD, have mercy now on all:  
Helper of the poor and helpless,  
On Thy Name Thy servants call.

For our hearts are torn with anguish;  
All around are fear and woe;  
And the stoutest hearts are failing,  
As the dread insidious foe,  
Spreading far and near contagion,  
Lays our best and fairest low.

JESU, though our foul transgressions  
Hide from us Thy glorious face;  
Though Thy wrath, our sins pursuing,  
Justly whelms our guilty race;  
Yet in wrath remember mercy;  
Loving SAVIOUR, shed Thy grace.

*mf* All creation owns Thy bidding;  
At Thy word the tempests cease;  
Fiercest winds are hushed and silent,  
And the raging floods decrease;  
Thou dost tread the storm-tossed  
waters,  
And in heaven and earth is peace.  
When, of old, to erring David  
God's sure word of prophecy  
Brought his sin's deserved sentence,  
To his supplicating cry,  
To his hearty true repentance [*die.*  
Came the word, "Thou shalt not  
Hezekiah mourned full sorely,  
Weeping penitential tears;  
Then God looked upon his sorrow,  
Healed his sickness, stilled his fears;  
Brought him back, from death's dark  
portal,  
To the hope of lengthened years.

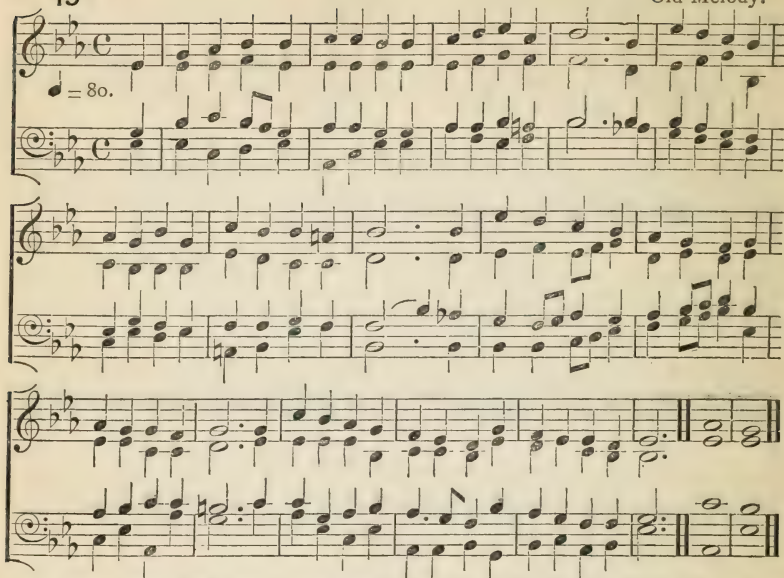
*f* TRIUNE GOD, the Fount of blessing,  
Grant us health and joy once more;  
Guide us to our distant haven,  
On Thy kingdom's stormless shore;  
Where from sin and pain delivered  
We shall praise Thee evermore. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

## FOR HOSPITALS.

451

Old Melody.



*They brought unto Him all that were diseased: and besought Him that they might only touch the hem of His garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole.*

*mf* THINE arm, O LORD, in days of old  
Was strong to heal and save:  
It triumphed o'er disease and death,  
O'er darkness and the grave:  
To Thee they went, the blind, the dumb,  
The palsied and the lame,  
The leper with his tainted life,  
The sick with fevered frame.

And lo, Thy touch brought life and health,  
Gave speech, and strength, and sight;  
And youth renewed and frenzy calmed  
Owned Thee, the LORD of Light:  
*p* And now, O LORD, be near to bless,  
Almighty as of yore,  
In crowded street, by restless couch,  
As by Gennesareth's shore.

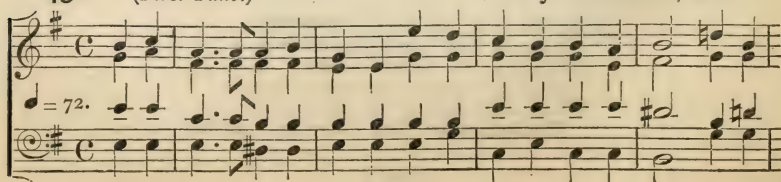
Be Thou our great Deliverer still,  
Thou LORD of life and death;  
Restore and quicken, soothe and bless  
With Thine almighty breath.  
To hands that work and eyes that see  
Give wisdom's heavenly lore,  
*f* That whole and sick, and weak and strong,  
May praise Thee evermore. Amen.

## IN THE TIME OF CATTLE PLAGUE.

452

(First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

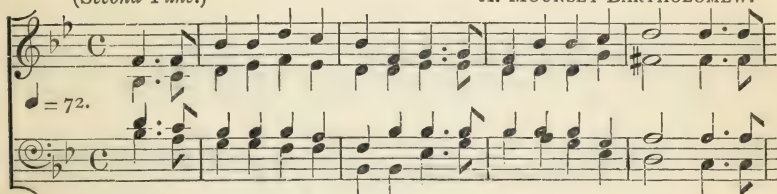


# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.



(Second Tune.)

A. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.



*Thou, Lord, shalt save both man and beast.*

*p* ALL creation groans and travails ;  
Thou, O God, shalt hear its groan :  
For of man and all creation  
Thou alike art LORD alone.

Pity then Thy guiltless creatures,  
Who, not less, man's sufferings  
For our sins it is they perish : [share :  
Let them profit by our prayer.

Cast Thine eye of love and mercy  
On the misery of the land :  
Say to the destroying Angel,  
" 'Tis enough : stay now thine  
hand."

In our homesteads, in our valleys,  
Through our pasture-lands give  
peace :

Through the Goshen of Thine Israel  
Bid the grievous murrain cease.

*pp* But with deeper, tenderer pity,  
Call to mind, O SON of God,  
Those in Thine own Image fashioned :  
Ransomed with Thy precious blood :

Hear and grant the supplications,  
Like a cloud of incense, borne  
Up toward Thy Seat of Mercy  
From Thy people's hearts forlorn ;

For the widow, for the orphan,  
For the helpless, hopeless poor :  
Helpless, hopeless, if Thou spare not  
Of their basket and their store.

*mf* So—while these her earnest accents  
Day by day Thy Church repeats,—  
That our sheep may bring forth thou-  
sands

And ten thousands in our streets ;

That our oxen, strong to labour,  
May not know nor fear decay :  
That there be no more complaining,  
And the plague have passed away.

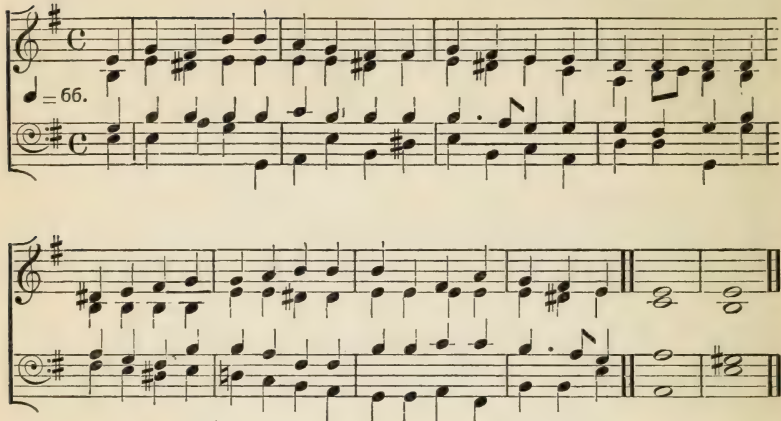
And, at last, to all Thy servants,  
When earth's troubles shall be o'er,  
Give, O TRIUNE GOD, a portion  
With Thyself for evermore. Amen.

OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

IN ANY TIME OF TROUBLE.

453

Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.



*Thou that hearest the prayer : unto Thee shall all flesh come.*

*mf* WHEN in the hour of utmost need  
We know not where to look for aid ;  
When days and nights of anxious thought  
Nor help nor counsel yet have brought ;

Then this our comfort is alone,  
That we may meet before Thy throne  
And cry, O faithful God, to Thee  
For rescue from our misery :

To Thee may raise our hearts and eyes,  
Repenting sore, with bitter sighs,  
And seek Thy pardon for our sin,  
And respite from our griefs within.

For Thou hast promised graciously  
To hear all those who cry to Thee  
Through Him, Whose Name alone is great,  
Our SAVIOUR and our Advocate.

*p* Oh, hide not, for our sins, Thy face ;  
Absolve us through Thy boundless grace ;  
Be with us in our anguish still ;  
Free us at last from every ill :

*mf* That so with all our hearts we may  
To Thee our glad thanksgiving pay,  
And walk obedient to Thy word,  
And now and ever praise the LORD. Amen.

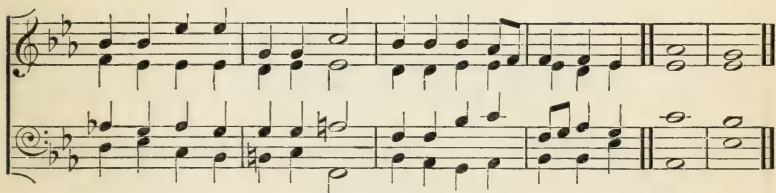


OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

FOR TRAVELLERS BY LAND.

454

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*He shall give His angels charge over thee: to keep thee in all thy ways.*

*mf* O FATHER, Who the traveller's way  
Dost order in Thy Providence;  
And lest his feet should go astray  
Dost send Thy angel for defence:  
*p* Hear Thy servants when they cry;  
In their journey be Thou nigh!

*mf* O JESU, Who in weariness  
Didst sit at noon by Jacob's well;  
Who helpedst, in his sore distress,  
Him who among the robbers fell:  
*p* O refresh them on their way,  
Guide and guard them lest they  
stray.

*mf* O PARACLETE, Whose holy light  
Alone can guide, alone can cheer;  
Our only Safety in the night  
By day our only Shield from fear:  
*p* Shelter them from noonday heat;  
In the darkness lead their feet.

*mf* O ever blessèd TRINITY!  
Whose love alone our life sustains:  
Who keep'st our soul from evil free,  
Our body from mischance and pains:  
*p* Bring them when life's journey's  
o'er,  
Where are sin and pain no more.

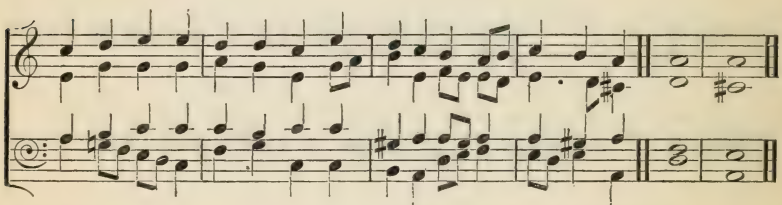
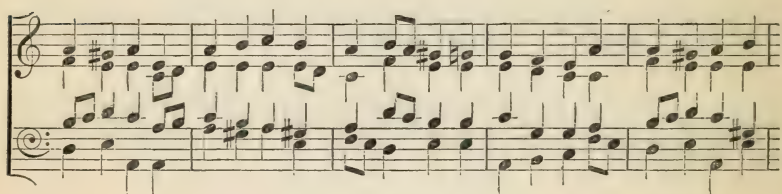
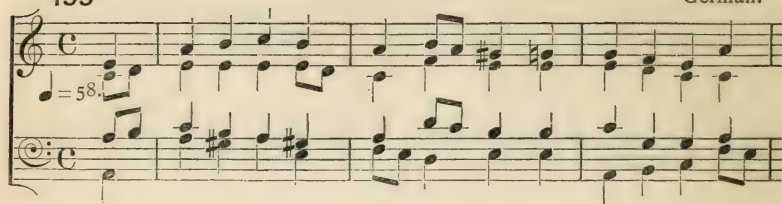
*f* O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Blest THREE in ONE and ONE in THREE;  
Thy ransomed sons, Thy heavenly host,  
Their life and being have in Thee:  
Thee they worship, Thee they laud,  
One, eternal, Holy God. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

## FOR TRAVELLERS BY WATER.

455

German.



*They that go down to the sea in ships : and occupy their business in great waters ; these men see the works of the Lord : and His wonders in the deep.*

*mf* ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,  
Whose arm doth bind the restless wave ;  
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep  
Its own appointed limits keep :  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For all in peril on the sea.

O SAVIOUR, Whose Almighty word  
The winds and waves submissive heard ;  
Who walkedst on the foaming deep,  
And calm amid its rage did sleep :  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For all in peril on the sea.

O HOLY SPIRIT, Who didst brood  
Upon the chaos dark and rude ;  
And bid its angry tumult cease,  
And give the light and life and peace :  
O hear us when we cry to Thee  
For all in peril on the sea.

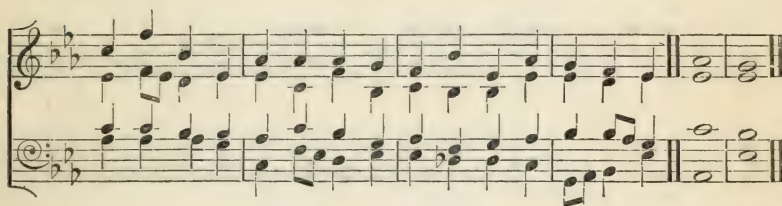
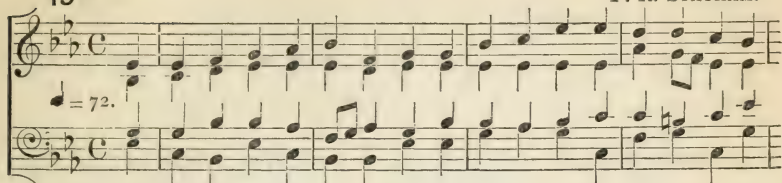
O TRINITY of love and power,  
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;  
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,  
Protect them wheresoe'er they go :  
And ever let there rise to Thee  
Glad hymns of praise from land  
and sea. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL PRAYERS.

## FOR A PRISONER CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

456

F. R. STATHAM.



*O let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before Thee: according to the greatness of Thy power, preserve Thou those that are appointed to die.*

*mf* O THOU, Who hangedst on the Tree  
The curse and guilt of man to bear,  
Look now on us who look to Thee,  
And in Thy mercy hear our prayer.

To Thee, the sinner's hope, we cry,  
To Thee Who didst the worst receive:  
Forgive, and make *him* fit to die,  
Whom Thine own law forbids to live.

Canst Thou reject our earnest prayer?  
Or cast off those that cry to Thee?  
Man's sin, ah, wherefore didst Thou bear?  
JESU, remember Calvary.

For *him* wast Thou not crucified  
Between the thieves, as felon made?  
That e'en the outcast might have hope,  
Thou hast for all the ransom paid.

O SAVIOUR, Prince enthroned on high,  
Remission of our sins to give;  
On *this* Thy lost *one* cast Thine eye;  
Give penitence, and bid *him* live.

Thy SPIRIT, like the hammer's blow,  
Can make the hardened heart relent;  
And tears from out the rock to flow;  
And worst of sinners to repent.

Raise up Thy power; and cleanse *his* eyes  
Thee on the blood-stained Cross to see,  
To cast *him* on Thy sacrifice,  
And seek remission, LORD, in Thee.

*p* O GOD of grace, reverse *his* doom,  
The fearful gulf that yawns beneath;  
O snatch *him* from the wrath to come;  
And save from everlasting death. Amen.

# THANKSGIVINGS.

## GENERAL.

457

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

80.

*Ascribe unto the Lord the honour due unto His Name.*

*f* ALL praise and thanks to God most High,  
The God of power, the God of love,  
The God Who doeth wondrously;  
The God Who from His throne above  
The soul with richest solace fills;  
The God Who every sorrow stills;  
All praise and thanks to Him, our God.

*mf* The host of heaven Thy praises tell;  
All powers and thrones bow down to Thee;  
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,  
Alike in earth and air and sea,  
Declare and laud their Maker's might,  
Whose wisdom orders all things right:  
All praise and thanks to Him, our God.

And for the creatures He has made  
Our God will ceaselessly provide;  
His grace will be their constant aid,  
And guard them round on every side;  
His Kingdom we can surely trust;  
There all is right, and all is just;  
All praise and thanks to Him, our God.

*p* We sought Him in our hour of need;  
We cried, LORD GOD, now hear our prayer:  
*mf* For death He gave us life indeed,  
And hope and comfort for despair:  
*f* For this our thanks shall endless be;  
With heart and voice we sing to Thee;  
All praise and thanks to Thee, our God.

Amen.

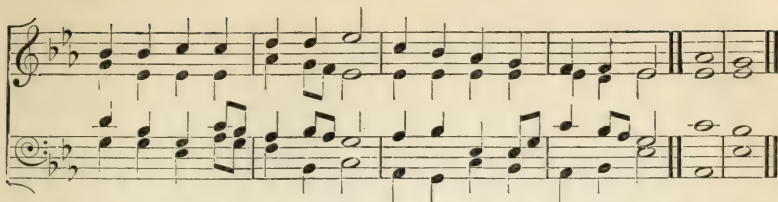
458

HENRY SMART.

76.



# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.



*I will worship towards Thy holy temple, and praise Thy Name, because of Thy loving-kindness and truth.*

*mf* GOD the LORD hath heard our prayer,  
 GOD has lightened all our care:  
 To His glorious throne on high  
 Rose His children's mournful cry.  
*f* Alleluia: praises sing,  
 To our FATHER and our King.

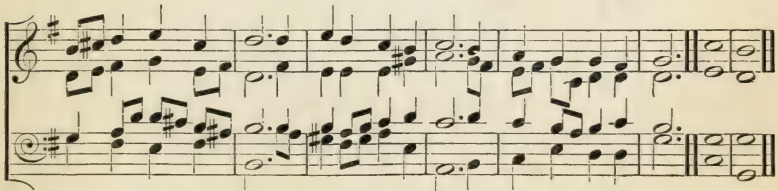
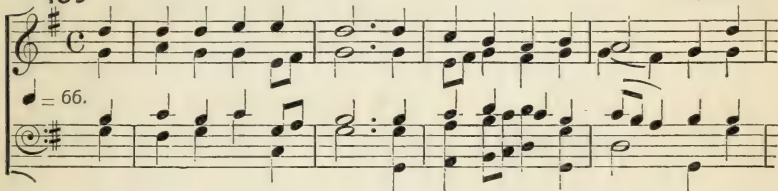
*mf* Heipless, LORD, Thy Face we sought,  
 Thou hast our deliverance wrought:  
 GOD, Who gave us faith to pray,  
 Gives us thankful hearts to-day.  
*f* Alleluia: LORD, to Thee  
 Sing we, though unworthily.

Now the night of grief is gone,  
 Now with joy breaks forth the morn:  
 Trust in GOD if ye would prove  
 All the riches of His love.  
*ff* Alleluia: praise the LORD,  
 Trust His love, and plead His Word.

*ff* Praise to GOD, Who heard our cry;  
 Praise to CHRIST, Who pleads on high;  
 Praise the SPIRIT Blest, Who gave  
 Strength our FATHER's help to crave!  
 Alleluia: glory be  
 To the Eternal TRINITY. Amen.

459

German.



*O praise the Lord, all ye nations: praise Him, all ye people. For His merciful kindness is great towards us.*

*ff* Now thank we all our God,  
 With heart and hands and voices,  
 Who wondrous things hath done,  
 In Whom His world rejoices;  
 Who from our mother's arms  
 Hath blessed us on our way  
 With countless gifts of love,  
 And still is ours to-day.

*mf* O may this bounteous GOD  
 Through all our life be near us,  
 With ever joyful hearts  
 And blessed peace to cheer us;

And keep us in His grace,  
 And guide us when perplexed,  
 And free us from all ills  
 In this world and the next.

*f* All praise and thanks to GOD  
 The FATHER now be given,  
 The SON, and Him Who reigns  
 With Them in highest heaven,  
 The One Eternal GOD,  
 Whom heaven and earth adore;  
 For thus it was, is now,  
 And shall be evermore. Amen.

OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

460

(First Tune.)

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

First system of musical notation. The key signature is two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is 3/4. The tempo is marked with a quarter note equal to 72 (♩ = 72). The dynamics are marked with a forte 'f' and a piano 'p'.

Second system of musical notation, continuing the piece.

Third system of musical notation. The dynamics are marked with a mezzo-forte 'mf' and a piano 'p'.

Fourth system of musical notation, continuing the piece.

Fifth system of musical notation. The dynamics are marked with a piano 'p' and a 'poco rit.' (poco ritardando) marking.

# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

(Second Tune.)

Anonymous.

*All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord: and Thy saints give thanks unto Thee.*

*f* O GOD the LORD, to Thee we raise  
Our thankful melody of praise;  
The whole creation sings to Thee,  
Throughout the earth, the sky, the  
sea.  
Before Thy throne, in homage  
low,  
The mighty angel-armies bow,  
Archangels, Powers, Seraphim,  
Thrones, Dominations, Cherubim.  
O GOD the LORD, to Thee we raise  
Our thankful melody of praise.

The heavens with music loudly ring,  
While all the Saints Thy glory sing,  
Where they in perfect bliss abide,  
Apostles, Prophets, Martyrs tried.  
For evermore Thy praise they sound;  
And all the suns which sweep around,  
And earth, with lovely flowers bright,  
Are tokens of Thy wondrous might.  
O GOD the LORD, to Thee we raise  
Our thankful melody of praise.

The Church below, with answering  
strain,  
Each hour uplifts Thy praise again:  
The FATHER, full of majesty;  
The SON, of equal dignity,  
The Sole-begotten, ere all time,  
Who ransomed us from death and  
crime;  
The HOLY GHOST proceeding forth,  
Who comforts weary souls on earth.  
O GOD the LORD, to Thee we raise  
Our thankful melody of praise.

*p* Then hear, O GOD, Thy children's cry,  
For whom Thy SON vouchsafed to die,  
To win them pardon and release:  
Bless Thou Thy people with Thy  
peace; [Hand,  
And, guiding them with Thy right  
O bring them to the happy land,  
Far from all sin, to perfect rest;  
So shall Thy Name be ever blest.  
*f* O GOD the LORD, to Thee we raise  
Our thankful melody of praise. Amen.

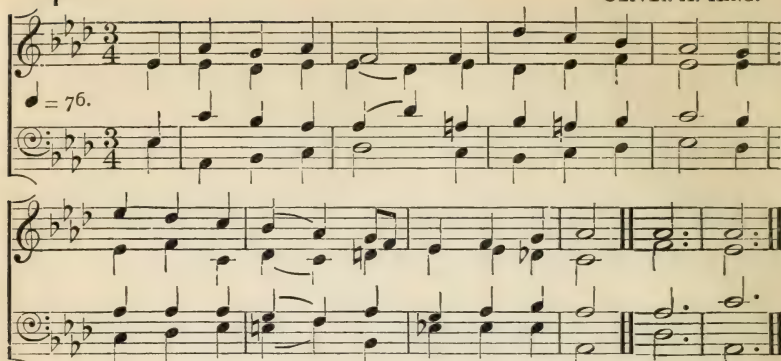


# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

461

FOR RAIN.

OLIVER A. KING.



*O sing unto the Lord with thanksgiving: sing praises upon the harp unto our God; Who covereth the heaven with clouds, and prepareth rain for the earth.*

*f* O SING to the LORD,  
Whose bountiful hand  
Again doth accord  
His gifts to the land.

*mf* His clouds have shed down  
Their plenteousness here:  
His goodness shall crown  
The hopes of the year.

In clefts of the hills  
The founts He hath burst,  
And poureth their rills  
Through valleys athirst.

The merciful KING,  
Of pure Maiden born,  
Makes herbage to spring,  
Prepareth the corn.

The River of God  
The pastures hath blest;

The dry withered sod  
In greenness is drest.

And every fold  
Shall teem with its sheep;  
With harvests of gold  
The fields shall be deep.

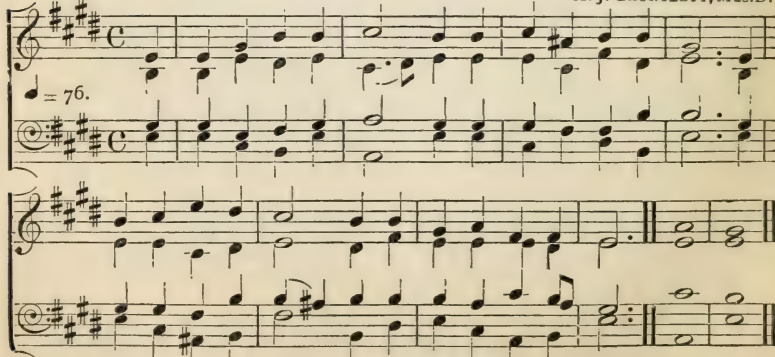
The vales shall rejoice  
With laughter and song,  
And man's grateful voice  
The music prolong.

*p* So too may He pour,  
The LAST and the FIRST,  
His graces in store  
On spirits athirst,  
Till, when the great Day  
Of harvest hath come,  
He takes us away  
To garner at home. Amen.

462

FOR FAIR WEATHER.

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*The rain is over and gone.*

*f* THE wintry time hath ended,  
The rain is past and gone;  
With genial glory splendid  
Once more shines out the sun.

The chill and wasting showers  
Yield now to radiant morn;  
The earth is gay with flowers,  
The fields are thick with corn.



# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

We praise Thee, Sun unsetting,  
Whose bountiful Right Hand  
In mercy unforgetting  
Hath blest again the land.

*mf* Shine evermore, we pray Thee,  
Upon our spirit's night,  
And in Thy mid-course stay Thee  
Till we have won the fight.

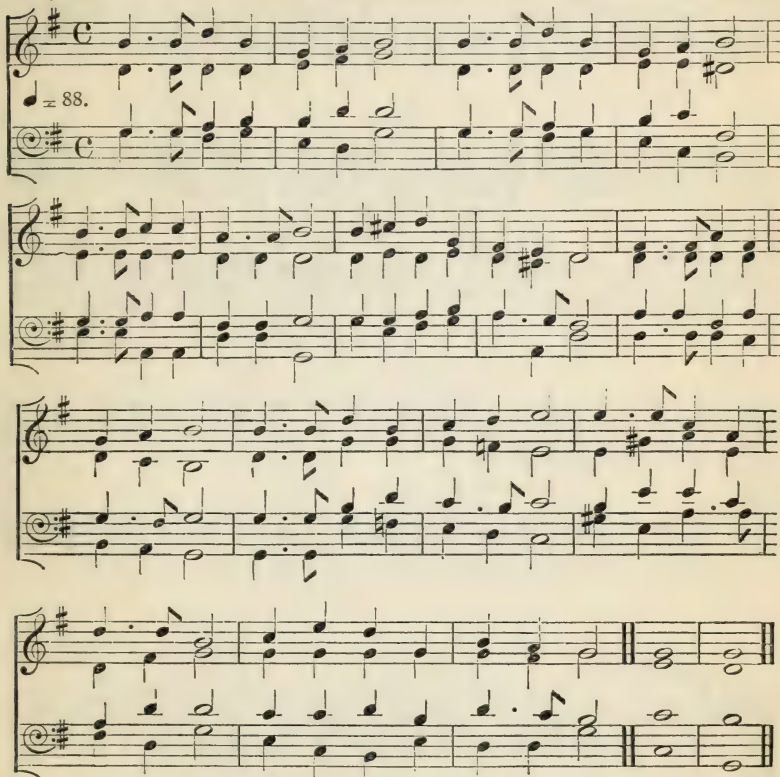
*p* And when sin's flood tremendous  
Around Thy servants rolls,  
Thy Dove from heaven send us  
To speak peace to our souls;

*pp* And when is closed earth's story,  
And past its rain and storm,  
Illume us with the glory  
Of Thine all-beauteous Form. Amen.

463

FOR PLENTY.

Sir GEORGE ELVEY.



*They joy before Thee, according to the joy in harvest.*

*f* COME, ye thankful people, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home:  
All is safely gathered in,  
Ere the winter storms begin.  
God our Maker doth provide  
For our wants to be supplied.  
Come to God's own temple, come,  
Raise the song of harvest-home.

*mf* All the world is God's own field,  
Fruit unto His praise to yield;  
Wheat and tares together sown,  
Unto joy or sorrow grown:  
First the blade, and then the ear,  
Then the full corn shall appear:  
LORD of harvest, grant that we  
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

*p* For the LORD our GOD shall come,  
And shall take His harvest home;  
From His field shall in that day  
All offences purge away;  
Give His angels charge at last  
In the fire the tares to cast;  
But the fruitful ears to store  
In His garner evermore.

*mf* Even so, LORD, quickly come,  
To Thy final Harvest-home;  
Gather Thou Thy people in,  
Free from sorrow, free from sin,  
There for ever purified,  
In Thy presence to abide:

*f* Come, with all Thine angels, come;  
Raise the glorious Harvest-home.

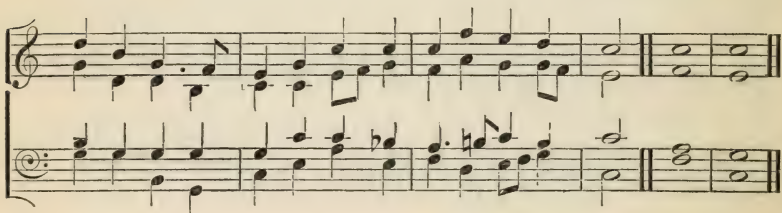
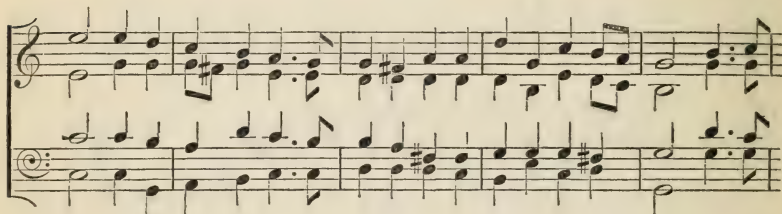
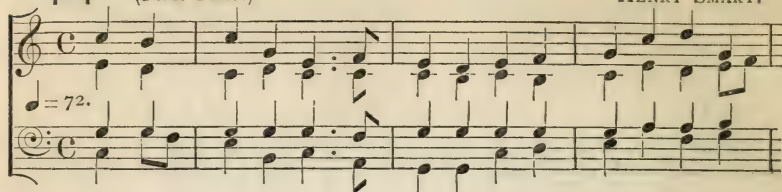
Amen.

OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

464

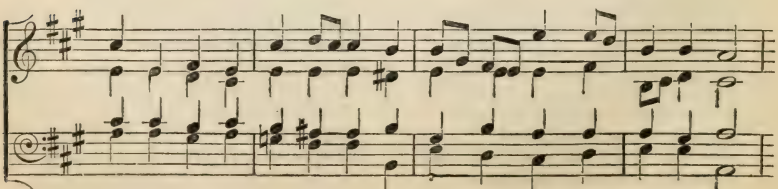
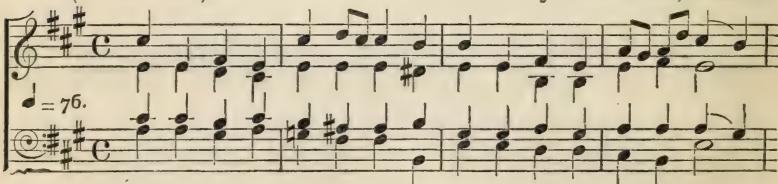
(First Tune.)

HENRY SMART.

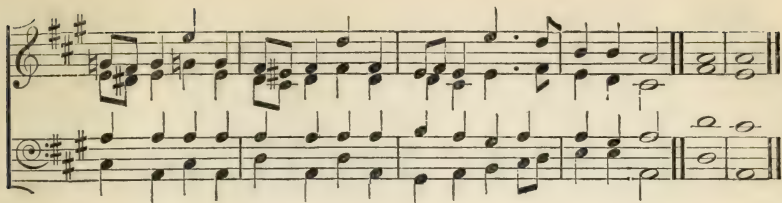


(Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.



*Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.*

*f* GOD the FATHER, Whose creation  
Gives to flowers and fruits their birth,  
Thou Whose yearly operation  
Brings the hour of harvest-mirth,  
Here to Thee we make oblation  
Of the August-gold of earth.

GOD the WORD; the sun, maturing  
With his blessed ray the corn,  
Spake of Thee, O Sun enduring,  
Thee, O everlasting Morn:  
Thee, in Whom our wounds find curing,  
Thee, That liftest up our horn.

GOD the HOLY GHOST; the showers  
That have fattened out the grain,  
Types of Thy celestial powers,  
Symbols of baptismal rain,  
Shadowed out the grace that dowers  
All the faithful of Thy train.

*mf* When the harvest of each nation  
Severs righteousness from sin,  
And archangel's proclamation  
Bids to put the sickle in,  
And each age and generation  
Sink to woe, or glory win;

*p* Grant that we, or young or hoary,  
Lengthened be our span or brief,  
Whatsoe'er the life-long story  
Of our joys or of our grief,  
May be garnered up in glory  
As Thine own elected Sheaf.

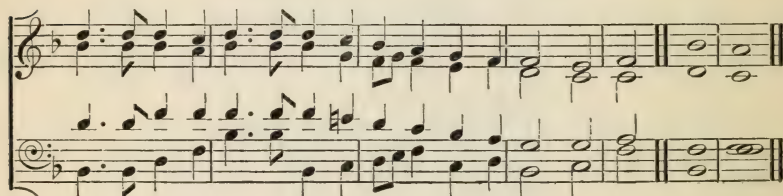
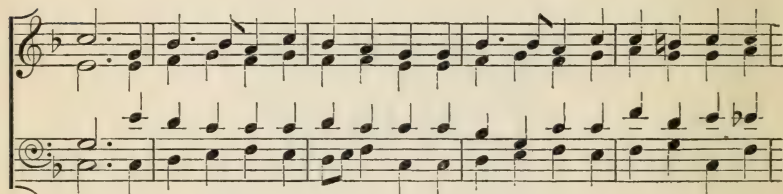
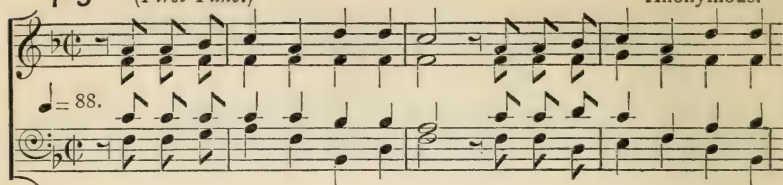
*ff* Laud to Him, to Whom supernal  
Thrones and Virtues bend the knee;  
Laud to Him, from Whom infernal  
Powers and Dominations flee;  
Laud to Him, the Co-Eternal  
PARACLETE, for ever be. Amen.

OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

465

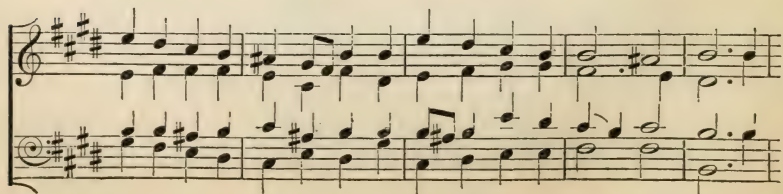
(First Tune.)

Anonymous.



(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.





# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.



*I will bless her victuals with increase : and will satisfy her poor with bread.*

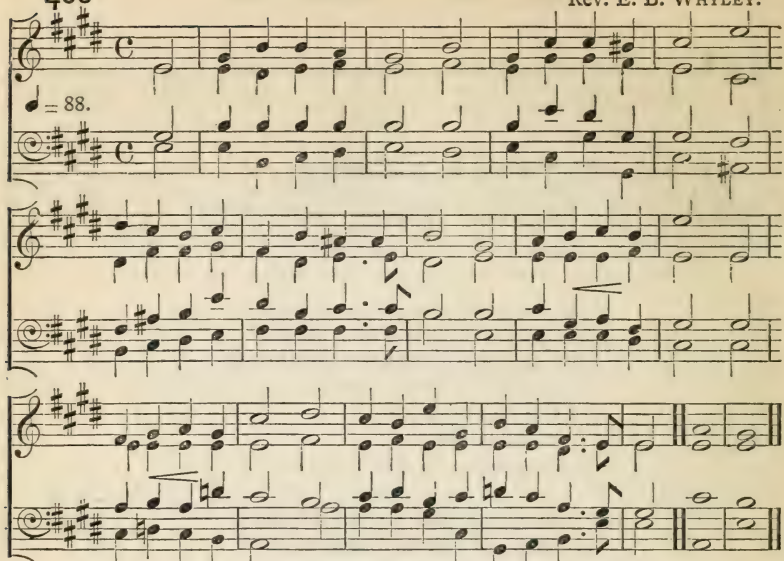
*f* LORD of the harvest, Thee we hail ;  
 Thine ancient promise doth not fail ;  
 The varying seasons haste their round,  
 With goodness all our years are crowned:  
*ff* Our thanks we pay,  
 This holy day ;  
 O let our hearts in tune be found.

*mf* If spring doth wake the song of mirth ;  
 If summer warms the fruitful earth ;  
 When winter sweeps the naked plain,  
 Or autumn yields its ripened grain,  
*f* We still do sing  
 To Thee our KING ;  
 Through all their changes Thou dost reign.

*mf* But chiefly when Thy liberal hand  
 Bestows new plenty o'er the land,  
 When sounds of music fill the air,  
 As homeward all their treasures bear;  
*f* We too will raise  
 Our hymn of praise,  
 For we Thy common bounties share.

*mf* LORD of the harvest, all is Thine :  
 The rains that fall, the suns that shine,  
 The seed once hidden in the ground,  
 The skill that makes our fruits abound :  
*f* New every year  
 Thy gifts appear ;  
 New praises from our lips shall sound.

*f* Immortal honour, endless fame  
 Attend the Almighty FATHER'S Name ;  
 Like honour to the Incarnate SON,  
 Who for lost man redemption won ;  
*ff* And equal praise  
 We thankful raise  
 To Thee, Blest SPIRIT, with Them One. Amen.



*The merciful goodness of the Lord endureth for ever and ever upon them that fear Him.*

*mf* Lo! summer comes again;

And after spring-tide rain,

The quickening sun-beams flood the world with light:

See, high in night's clear skies,

The joy of longing eyes,

The moon of harvest shines serenely bright.

*f* O LORD of heaven and earth,

Who givest joy and mirth,

Open our lips to shew Thy wondrous praise:

Our hearts are dull and cold,

We leave Thy love untold;

O give us strength our anthems glad to raise.

*mf* Each month we sow or reap,

Each hour we toil or sleep,

Thou givest life and joy, and Thou alone:

*p* O grant to each and all,

When death's dark shadows fall,

To stand true workers round our Master's throne.

So, life's long task-work o'er,

Set free for evermore

We shall sit down at Thy great harvest feast;

Reaper and sower met,

The burning heat forget,

And taste GOD's love, the greatest as the least.

*mf* Yea, LORD, Thou too dost claim,

The Sower's mystic name;

Thou sendest forth Thy reapers to their field;

O be it theirs to bear

The full corn in the ear,

When Thy true seed its hundred-fold shall yield.

Root out the evil tares,

Earth's vexing griefs and cares,

Bind the hot blasts that wither and destroy:

*cres.* And when the hour is come

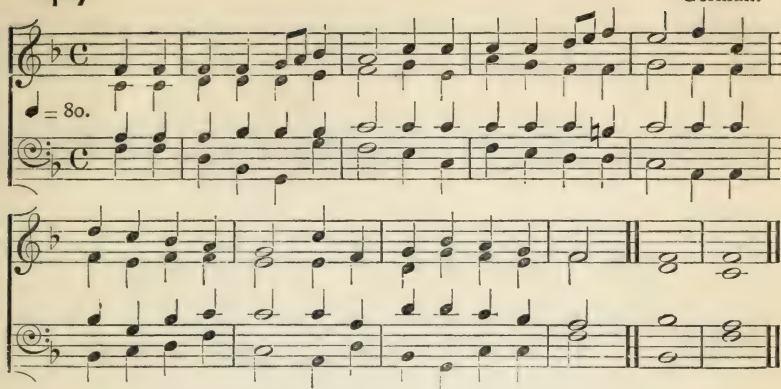
To bring the full sheaves home,

*f* Bid men and angels share Thy harvest joy. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

467

German.



*Who giveth food to all flesh : for His mercy endureth for ever.*

*f* PRAISE, O praise our Heavenly KING,  
Grateful alleluias sing;  
For His mercies aye endure,  
Ever faithful, ever sure.

Praise Him, that His love appears  
Crowning our revolving years;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him, that the sun by day  
Pours on all his golden ray;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him, that the moon by night  
Gives the world her silver light;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him that the stars appear  
Glittering in the mighty sphere;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him that the rain-cloud drops  
Fatness on the ripening crops;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him, that the country round  
Rich with waving ears is found;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him that the barns contain  
Precious stores of gathered grain;  
For His mercies, &c.

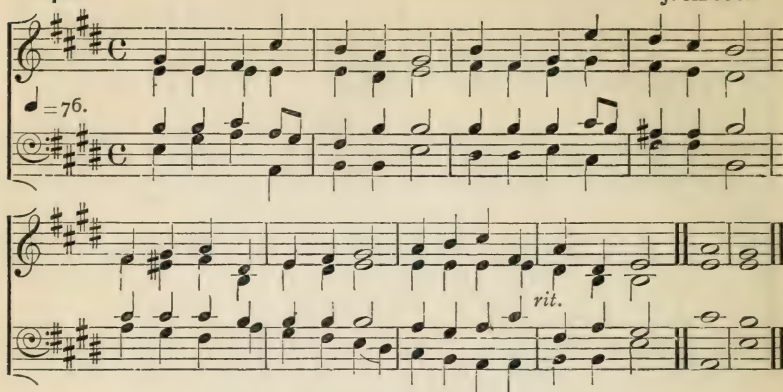
Praise Him, that with Living Bread  
Our immortal souls are fed;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise Him, that He grants in this  
Earnest of eternal bliss;  
For His mercies, &c.

Praise to our all-bounteous KING;  
Praise for ever let us sing:  
Praise Him, ye angelic host,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

468

J. ADCOCK.

*He reserveth unto us the appointed weeks of the harvest.*

*f* SUMMER ended, harvest o'er,  
 LORD, to Thee our song we pour,  
 For the valley's golden yield,  
 For the fruits of tree and field ;

For the promise ever sure,  
 That while heaven and earth endure  
 Seed-time, harvest, cold and heat  
 Shall their yearly round complete ;

For the care which, while we slept,  
 Watch o'er field and furrow kept,  
 Watch o'er all the buried grain,  
 Soon to burst to life again.

*p* When all earthly gifts must fail  
 And our years have told their tale,  
 When in death our flesh is sown,  
 Watch, LORD JESU, o'er Thine own.

When the unknown hour is come,  
 And the last great harvest-home ;  
 And the reaping angels bring  
 Tares and wheat before the King ;

When the tribes of earth shall weep,  
 And the goats shall leave the sheep,  
 JESU, may we gathered be  
 In the heavenly barn to Thee.

*f* Then the angel-cry shall sound,  
 Praise the LAMB ; the lost are found :  
 And the answering song shall be  
 Alleluia, praise to Thee ;

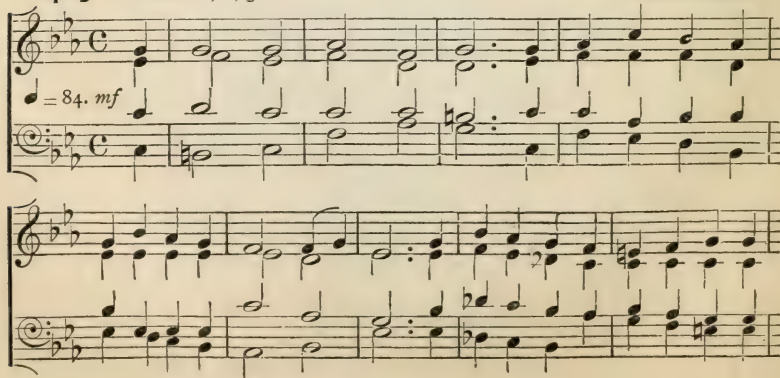
Praise to Thee, the toil is o'er ;  
 Blight and curse shall be no more ;  
 Lo ! the mighty work is done :  
 Glory to the THREE in ONE. Amen.

## IN A BAD HARVEST.

469

Verses 1, 2, 3.

HENRY LESLIE.

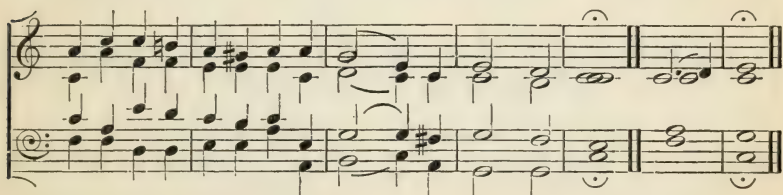
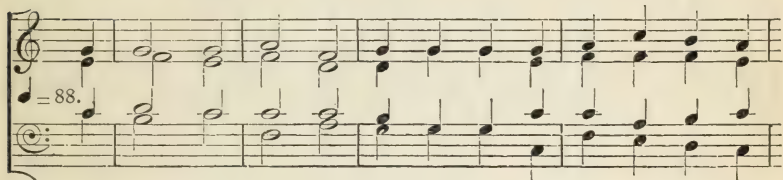




# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.



*Verse 4 (Major).*



*Although....the fields shall yield no meat....yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.*

*mf* THY will be done, O KING,  
 Whate'er that will ordain,  
 Whatever ills it bring:  
 Although the barren land and dearth  
 With famine overspread the earth,  
 Our tongue shall not complain.

Thy will be done, O God;  
 Though stern Thy judgments be,  
 Our lips shall kiss the rod:  
 Although the fruits shall fail, and all  
 Our cattle perish in the stall,  
 Our hearts shall trust in Thee.

Thy will be done, Most HIGH;  
 Thy will is good and just:  
 On Thee our hopes rely:  
 All we desire, and all we want,  
 We know 'tis in Thy Power to grant,  
 And in that power we trust.

*f* Thy will be done: once more  
 Beneath the genial sun  
 The earth shall yield its store:  
 And we will lift our grateful voice;  
 In Thy salvation will rejoice;  
 Amen; Thy will be done. Amen.

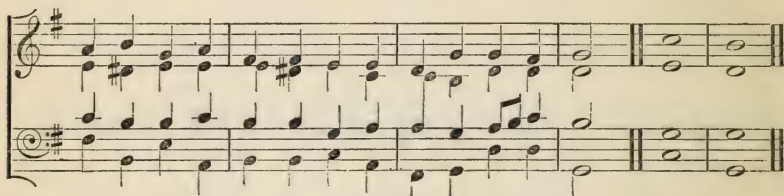
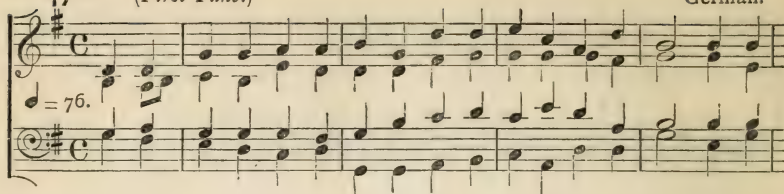
\*.\* Repeat the first two words of the last verse.

# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS

470

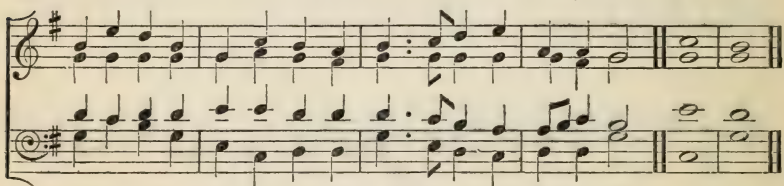
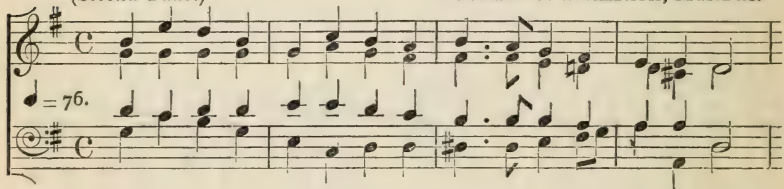
(First Tune.)

German.



(Second Tune.)

HENRY G. TREMBATH, Mus.Bac.



*While the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest shall not cease.*

*mf* God, Creator and Preserver ;

God, Who feedest man and  
beast :

God, Whose tender mercy careth  
For the weakest and the least ;

If in former times of gladness,  
In the fulness of our bread,  
Harvest gifts to Thee we offered,  
Harvest songs to Thee we said :

Shall we not in trustful patience  
Cast our cares upon Thee now ?  
Shall we not in meek submission  
To Thy righteous judgments bow ?

Though the earth withholdeth her in-  
crease,

Though the heaven restrains its dew,  
Though his hand the reaper fills not,  
Yet we know that Thou art true.

Not in vain the mighty Promise  
From beneath the bow of Peace  
Told us, while the earth remaineth,  
Seed-time, harvest, shall not cease.

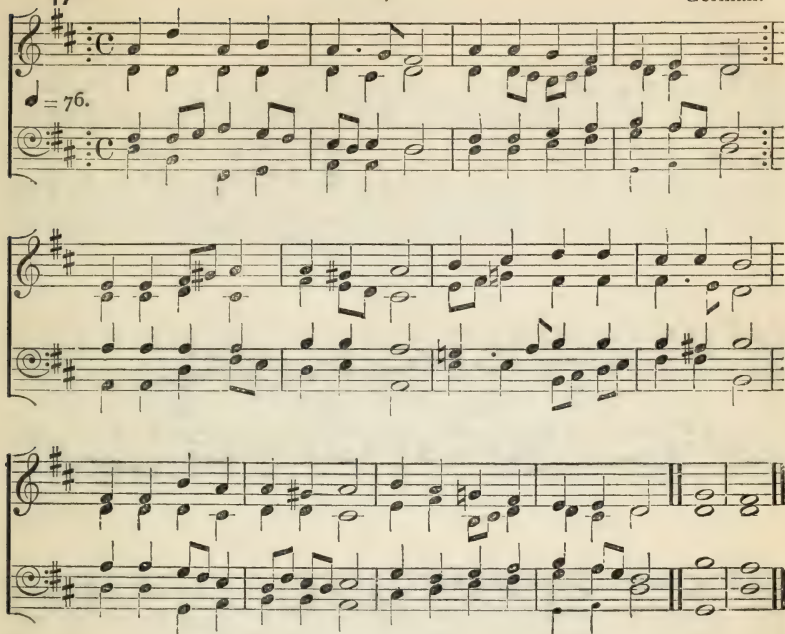
*p* But our sins have stayed Thy blessing ;  
Our rebellions drawn Thy sword :  
Pity now Thy mourning people,  
Think upon Thy covenant, LORD !

*mf* So the sunshine of Thy bounty  
Once again shall dry our tears ;  
And Thy gracious Hand restore us  
All our canker-eaten years ! Amen.

# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS.

471

German.



*Godliness with contentment is great gain.*

*mf* WHAT GOD does, is done aright :  
 So His faithful children deem.  
 Though our harvest store be  
 light,  
 Richly flows His mercy's stream :  
 When we suffer want or woe  
 On this changeful earth below,  
 He would draw our faltering love  
 Up to changeless joys above.

What GOD does, is done aright :  
 Question not His sovereign will ;  
 Though He send the withering blight,  
 E'er the crop our garner fill :  
 Earthly goods He takes away,  
 That our hope on Him may stay ;  
 That our weary hearts may be  
 Blest in Him eternally.

What GOD does, is done aright :  
 Though our dales and uplands  
 mourn,  
 We will praise His love and might,  
 To the future hopeful turn :  
 He has made us sons of GOD ;  
 CHRIST for us life's paths has trod ;  
 His eternal word can give  
 Strength whereby our souls shall live.

What GOD does, is done aright :  
 This shall be our trust, although  
 Here we find no Canaan bright,  
 Here no milk or honey flow.  
 GOD, Who doth the ravens feed,  
 Shall supply our daily need ;  
 For His promise standeth sure,  
 And His mercies aye endure.

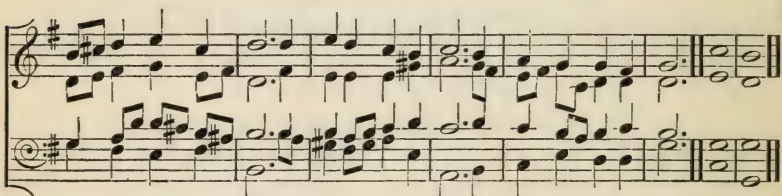
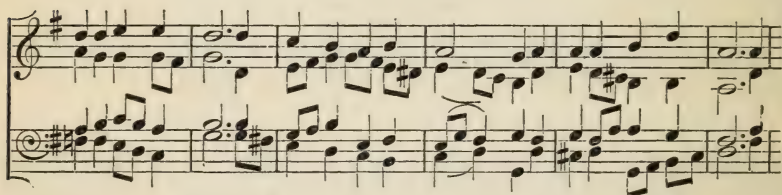
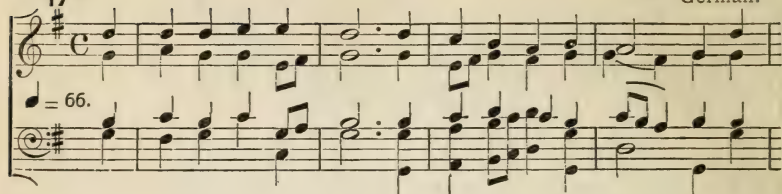
*f* What GOD does, is done aright :  
 This glad faith shall cheer our way,  
 Till all faith be lost in sight  
 In heaven's never-ending day :  
 When to Thee, Great THREE in ONE,  
 GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
 GOD the SPIRIT, we shall pour  
 Thanks and praise for evermore. Amen.

# OCCASIONAL THANKSGIVINGS

## FOR PEACE.

472

German.



*God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble.*

*f* LORD GOD, we worship Thee,  
Whose goodness reigneth o'er us :  
We praise Thy love and power  
In loud and happy chorus.  
To heaven our song shall soar ;  
For ever shall it be  
Resounding o'er and o'er ;  
LORD GOD, we worship Thee.

*mf* LORD GOD, we worship Thee :  
For Thou our land defendest ;  
Thou pourest down Thy grace,  
And strife and war Thou endest.  
Since golden peace, O LORD,  
Thou grantest us to see,  
Our land with one accord, [Thee.  
LORD GOD, gives thanks to

LORD GOD, we worship Thee :  
Thou didst indeed chastise us ;  
Yet still Thy goodness spares,  
And still Thy mercy tries us.  
Once more our FATHER's hand  
Has bid our sorrows flee,  
And peace rejoice our land :  
LORD GOD, we worship Thee.

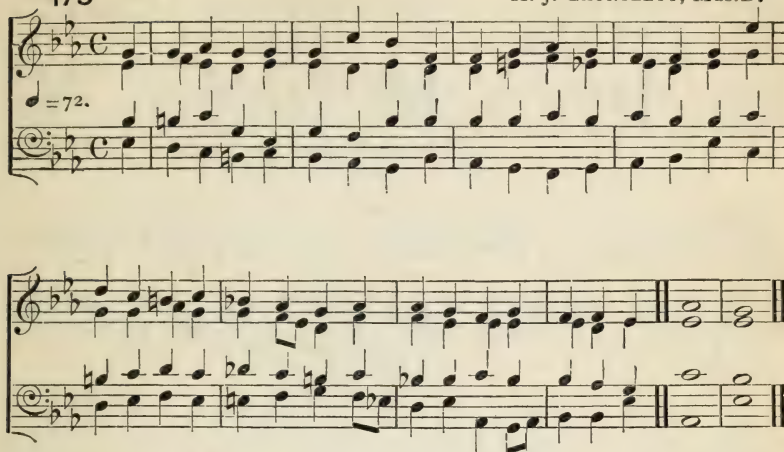
*p* LORD GOD, we worship Thee,  
And pray Thee, Who hast blest us,  
That we may live in peace,  
And none henceforth molest us.  
O crown us with Thy love ;  
And our defender be ;  
Thou, Who hast heard our prayer,  
LORD GOD, we worship Thee.  
Amen.



FOR DELIVERANCE FROM COMMON SICKNESS.

473

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*So the Lord was entreated for the land, and the plague was stayed from Israel.*

*mf* LORD, Who didst bid Thine angel sheathe  
His angry sword at Ornan's floor;  
That sounds of weeping and of death  
From Israel's coast should rise no more;

We thank Thee for Thy loving care,  
Who after wrath rememberest love,  
And in Thy justice deign'st to spare,  
That we Thy Fatherhood may prove:

As father spareth not the rod,  
But chasteneth whom he loveth best,  
E'en so, our FATHER and our GOD,  
Thou lovest whom Thou chastenest.

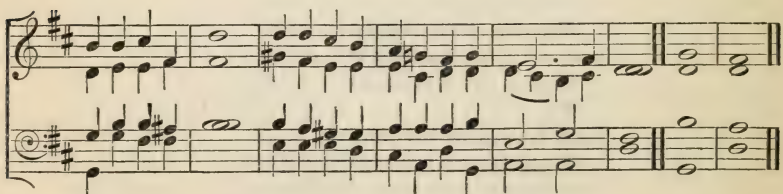
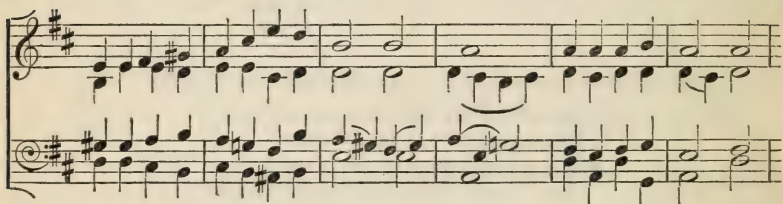
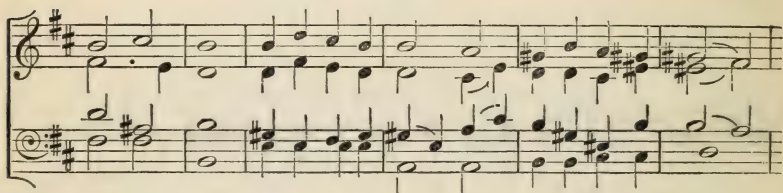
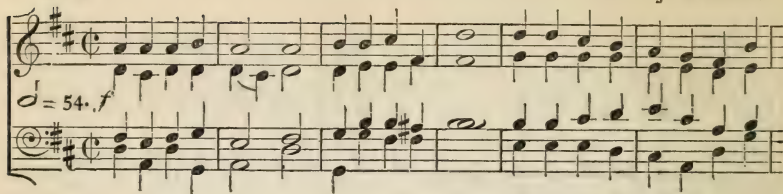
*p* O Thou, Who at the widowed bier  
Didst wipe the weeping mother's eye;  
And Who Thyself didst shed the tear  
Beside the grave of Bethany;

Accept the tear which we have shed,  
And reconcile our souls to Thee:  
And o'er us let Thy wings be spread,  
Our shadow and our guard to be. Amen.

# PROCESSIONAL.

474

J. BARNBY.



*Thou hast given a banner to them that fear Thee, that it may be displayed because of the truth.*

*f* BRIGHTLY gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.  
 Journeying o'er the desert,  
 Gladly thus we pray,  
 And with hearts united  
 Take our heavenward way.  
 Brightly gleams our banner  
 Pointing to the sky,  
 Waving wanderers onward  
 To their home on high.

PROCESSIONAL.

*mf* JESU, LORD and Master,  
At Thy sacred Feet,  
Here with hearts rejoicing  
See Thy children meet ;  
Often have we left Thee,  
Often gone astray,  
Keep us, mighty SAVIOUR,  
In the narrow way.  
Brightly gleams, &c.

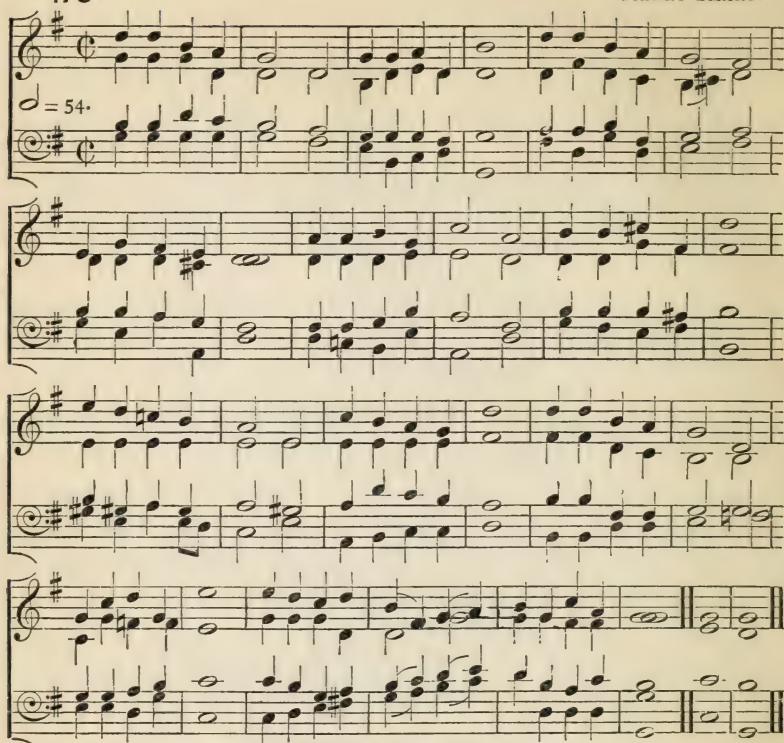
*f* All our days direct us  
In the way we go,  
Lead us on victorious  
Over every foe :  
Bid Thine angels shield us  
When the storm-clouds lour,  
Pardon Thou and save us  
In the last dread hour.  
Brightly gleams, &c.

*f* Then with saints and angels  
May we join above,  
Offering prayers and praises  
At Thy Throne of love ;  
When the toil is over,  
Then comes rest and peace,  
Jesus in His Beauty,  
Songs that never cease.  
Brightly gleams our banner  
Pointing to the sky,  
Waving wanderers onward  
To their home on high. Amen.

## PROCESSIONAL.

475

HENRY SMART.

*Speak unto the children of Israel, that they go forward.*

*f* FORWARD! be our watchword,  
 Steps and voices joined;  
 Seek the things before us,  
 Not a look behind:  
 Burns the fiery pillar  
 At our army's head;  
 Who shall dream of shrinking,  
 By our Captain led?  
 Forward through the desert,  
 Through the toil and fight:  
 Jordan flows before us,  
 Sion beams with light!

*mf* Forward, when in childhood  
 Buds the infant mind;  
 All through youth and manhood,  
 Not a thought behind:  
 Speed through realms of nature,  
 Climb the steps of grace;  
 Faint not, till in glory  
 Gleams our FATHER's Face.  
 Forward, all the life-time,  
 Climb from height to height:  
 Till the head be hoary,  
 Till the eve be light.

Forward, flock of Jesus,  
 Salt of all the earth;  
 Till each yearning purpose  
 Spring to glorious birth:  
 Sick, they ask for healing,  
 Blind, they grope for day;  
 Pour upon the nations  
 Wisdom's loving ray.  
 Forward, out of error,  
 Leave behind the night;  
 Forward through the darkness,  
 Forward into Light!

Glories upon glories  
 Hath our God prepared,  
 By the souls that love Him  
 One day to be shared;  
 Eye hath not beheld them,  
 Ear hath never heard;  
 Nor of these hath uttered  
 Thought or speech a word:  
 Forward, marching eastward  
 Where the heaven is bright,  
 Till the veil be lifted,  
 Till our faith be sight!



## PROCESSIONAL.

Far o'er yon horizon  
Rise the city towers,  
Where our GOD abideth ;  
That fair home is ours :  
Flash the streets with jasper,  
Shine the gates with gold :  
Flows the gladdening river  
Shedding joys untold :  
Thither, onward thither,  
In the SPIRIT'S might :  
Pilgrims to your country,  
Forward into Light !

Into GOD'S high Temple  
Onward as we press,  
Beauty spreads around us,  
Born of holiness ;  
Arch, and vault, and carving,  
Lights of varied tone ;  
Softened words and holy,  
Prayer and praise alone :  
Every thought upraising  
To our City bright,  
Where the tribes assemble  
Round the throne of Light.

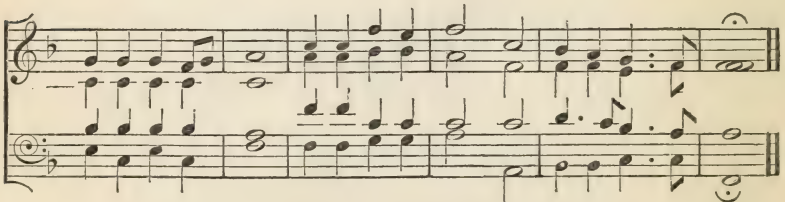
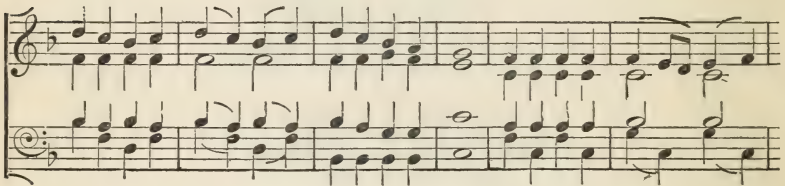
Nought that city needeth  
Of these aisles of stone :  
Where the GODHEAD dwelleth,  
Temple there is none :  
All the saints that ever  
In these courts have stood,  
Are but babes, and feeding  
On the children's food.  
On through sign and token,  
Stars amidst the night ;  
Forward through the darkness,  
Forward into Light !

*f* To the Eternal FATHER  
Loudest anthems raise :  
To the SON and SPIRIT  
Echo songs of praise :  
To the LORD of Glory,  
Blessed THREE in ONE,  
Be by men and angels  
Endless honour done.  
Weak are earthly praises,  
Dull the songs of night :  
Forward into triumph,  
Forward into Light. Amen.

PROCESSIONAL.

476

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*The Lord will do wonders among you.*

*f* ONWARD, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS  
 Going on before.  
 CHRIST, the Royal Master,  
 Leads against the foe:  
 Forward into battle,  
 See, His banners go.  
 Onward, Christian soldiers,  
 Marching as to war,  
 With the Cross of JESUS,  
 Going on before.

## PROCESSIONAL.

At the sign of triumph,  
Satan's armies flee :  
On, then, Christian soldiers,  
On to victory.  
Hell's foundations quiver  
At the shout of praise ;  
Brothers, lift your voices,  
Loud your anthems raise.  
Onward, &c.

Like a mighty army,  
Moves the Church of God :  
Brothers, we are treading  
Where the Saints have trod.  
We are not divided,  
All one body we,  
One in hope, in doctrine,  
One in charity.  
Onward, &c.

*mf* What the Saints established  
That we hold for true :  
What the Saints believed  
That believe we too.  
Long as earth endureth  
Men that Faith will hold—  
Kingdoms, nations, empires,  
In destruction rolled.  
Onward, &c.

*f* Crowns and thrones may perish,  
Kingdoms rise and wane,  
But the Church of JESUS  
Constant will remain.  
Gates of Hell can never  
'Gainst that Church prevail :  
We have CHRIST's own promise,  
And that cannot fail.  
Onward, &c.

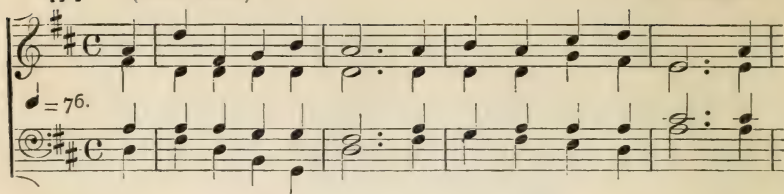
*ff* Onward, then, ye faithful,  
Join our happy throng,  
Blend with ours your voices,  
In the triumph-song :  
Glory, laud, and honour,  
Unto CHRIST the KING :  
This, through countless ages,  
Men and Angels sing.  
Onward, Christian soldiers,  
Marching as to war,  
With the Cross of JESUS,  
Going on before.

PROCESSIONAL.

477

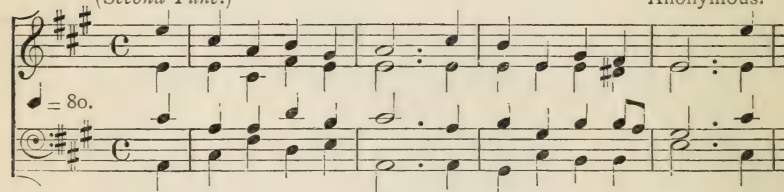
(First Tune.)

S. WESLEY.



(Second Tune.)

Anonymous.



*My soul hath a desire and longing to enter into the courts of the Lord.*

*f* REJOICE, ye pure in heart,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing!  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The Cross of CHRIST your King!

Bright youth, and snow-crowned age,  
Strong men and maidens meek:  
Raise high your free, exulting song!  
God's wondrous praises speak!

Yes! onward, onward still,  
With hymn, and chant, and song,  
Through gate, and porch, and columned aisle,  
The hallowed pathways throng!



## PROCESSIONAL.

With ordered feet pass on !  
Bid thoughts of evil cease !  
Ye may not bring the strife of tongues  
Within the home of peace.

With all the angel-choirs,  
With all the saints of earth,  
Pour out the strains of joy and bliss,  
True rapture, noblest mirth !

Your clear hosannas raise,  
And alleluias loud !  
Whilst answering echoes upward float  
Like wreaths of incense-cloud !

With voices full and strong,  
As ocean's surging praise,  
Lead forth the hymns our fathers loved,  
The psalms of ancient days !

Yes ! on through life's long path ;  
Still chanting as ye go !  
From youth to age, by night and day,  
In gladness and in woe.

Still lift your standard high !  
Still march in firm array !  
As warriors through the darkness toil  
Till dawns the golden day.

*mf* At last the march shall end,  
The wearied ones shall rest ;  
The pilgrims find their father's house,  
Jerusalem the blest.

*f* Then on ! ye pure in heart !  
Rejoice, give thanks, and sing !  
Your glorious banner wave on high,  
The Cross of CHRIST your King !

Praise Him, Who reigns on high,  
The LORD Whom we adore !  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore ! Amen.

# PROCESSIONAL.

*Arise ye, and let us go up to Sion unto the Lord our God.*

478

G. A. MACFARREN.

I. WITH glad-some feet we press To Si-on's ho-ly mount, Where

$\text{♩} = 84.$

I. WITH glad - - some feet we press To Si - - on's ho-ly mount, Where

gush-es from its deep re-cess The cool-ing fount: Oh!

hap-py, hap-py hill, The joy of ev-'ry saint! With

hap - - py, hap-py hill, The joy of ev-'ry saint! With

sweet Si-lo-am's crys-tal rill, That cheers the faint!

*mf* We love fair Sion well:  
The LORD in her is seen;  
With her is ever fain to dwell  
In radiant sheen!  
He there reveals His face,  
There stretches out His arm,  
A lamp to light a darkened race,  
A shield from harm.

Thou, LORD, dost crown the steep;  
Thou broodest o'er the stream:  
Then leave us never more to weep  
Thine absent beam.  
Refresh the thirsty soul,  
Thou springing Well of life!  
Conduct us towards the heavenly goal,  
Amid the strife!

## PROCESSIONAL.

### PART II.

GREAT City, blest of God!  
Jerusalem the free!  
With ceaseless step the path be trod,  
That leads to Thee!  
The martyrs' bleeding feet  
The saints, with woundless breast,  
Alike have sought Thy golden seat,  
To win their rest.

The towers, that point on high,  
Our earth-bound spirits teach  
To scorn the world, and upward fly,  
True bliss to reach:  
To veil Thy shrine of love,  
LORD, let no mist arise;  
No cloud to hide the scene above  
From longing eyes!

We come, with fervent zeal,  
Beneath Thy hallowed dome,  
The pledge of our eternal weal,  
Our happy home!  
Thine house our Sion stands,  
Though reared of earthly stone,  
The type of that, not made with hands,  
Yet still Thine Own.

There, calming all alarms,  
Thy Cross of love is traced,  
Outstretching salutary arms,  
To bless the waste!  
The sinner there can plead  
In ever listening Ears;  
In hope on Thee can sweetly feed,  
And dry his tears.

### PART III.

LORD, while Thy courts we tread,  
Arrayed in robes of white,  
May evil never lift its head  
To shame the light!  
But all be pure below;  
Each heart from taint be free,  
Unsullied, bright as sunless snow,  
Meet shrines for Thee!

*f* So this our festal day  
Celestial joy shall raise,  
While lips and hearts, conjoined, essay  
To hymn Thy praise.  
The very stones shall ring,  
Resound each holy wall,  
With Thee, Thyself the Rock, the Spring,  
Our Heaven, our All!

*ff* The FATHER loud adore!  
And loud adore the SON,  
Exalt the SPIRIT evermore,  
The THREE in ONE:  
The TRINITY extol  
In UNITY sublime,  
Till circling ages cease to roll,  
The death of Time.

Amen.

## HARVEST FESTIVAL.

479

J. BARNBY.

Voices.

Organ.

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for voices, with a treble clef on the first and a bass clef on the second. The bottom two staves are for organ, with a treble clef on the third and a bass clef on the fourth. The music is in common time (C) and features a key signature of one sharp (F#). The first staff begins with a fermata over a whole note chord. The organ accompaniment starts with a series of chords and single notes, providing a harmonic foundation for the voices.

The second system of the musical score continues the composition with four staves. The vocal parts continue their melody, with the organ providing accompaniment. The system concludes with a final chord and a fermata on the organ part.

*He shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him.*

GREAT Giver of all good, to | Thee again  
We humbly now present, in | joyous strain,  
Our Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

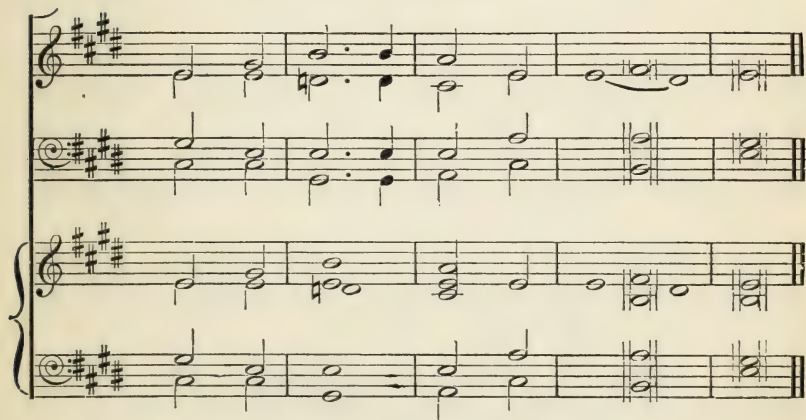
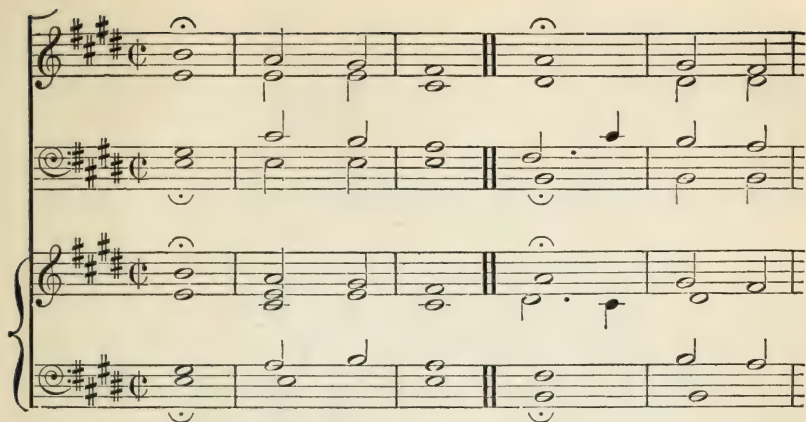
To Thee, in Whom we live and | move, we come  
To praise Thee for the sheaves brought | safely home,  
With Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

Thou dost prepare our corn, and | year by year  
Before Thine altar, LORD, will | we appear  
With Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

Thine was the former and the | latter rain,  
Enriching earth, and calling | forth again  
The Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.



# PROCESSIONAL.



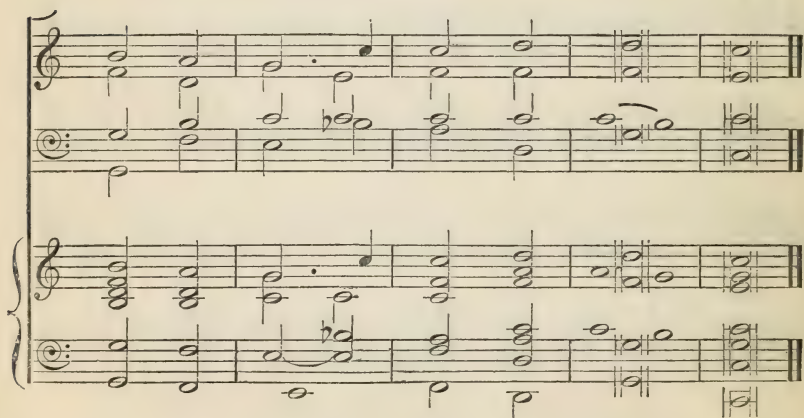
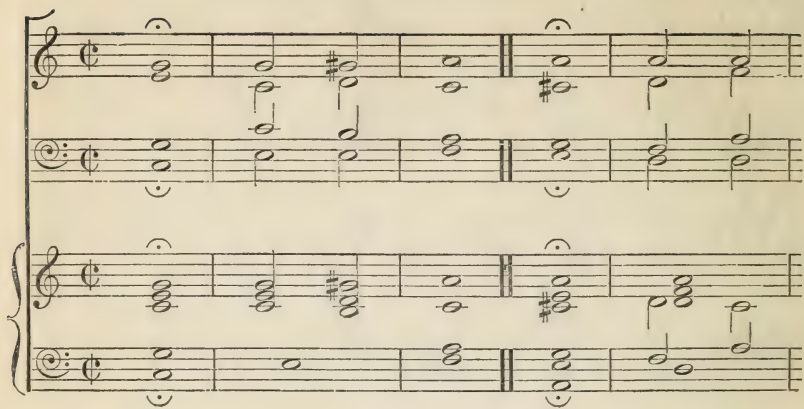
Thou openest wide, once more Thy | bounteous hand,  
And far and wide ascends from | all the land  
Glad Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

Thou fillest all that live with | plenteousness;  
They, in return, Thy sacred | name all bless  
In Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

Thy clouds drop fatness on the | teeming earth,  
Accept these festal songs of | reverent mirth,  
This Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

The year is crowned with goodness, | LORD, by Thee,  
Then meet it is that aye should | offered be  
The Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

# PROCESSIONAL.



On every side both hills and | vales rejoice,  
On every side sounds forth the | grateful voice  
Of Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

For all Thy blessings, LÒRD, our | thanks we sing,  
We all, who sow and reàp, to | gether bring  
Our Harvest-tide Thanksgiving.

# PROCESSIONAL.

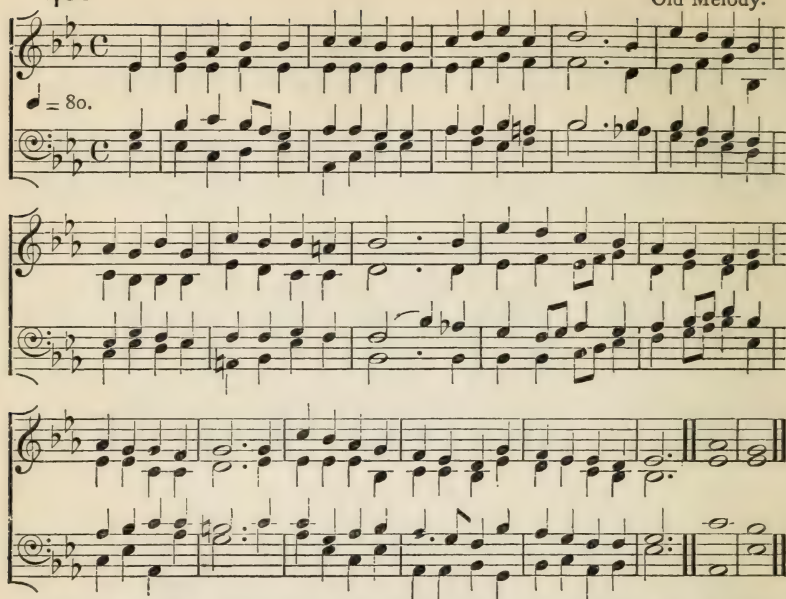
The musical score is divided into three systems. Each system consists of two staves. The first system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The second system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The third system has a treble clef on the top staff and a bass clef on the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time and consists of a series of chords and single notes.

To Thee, O TRINITY in | UNITY,  
 All glory, laud, and endless | homage be,  
 In Harvest-tide Thanksgiving. Amen.

# HOLY BAPTISM.

480

Old Melody.



*According to His mercy He saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost.*

*mf* WHEN JESUS CHRIST was crucified  
And shed for us His Blood,  
He poured from out His pierced Side  
A spirit-cleansing flood:  
A Fountain that can wash away  
The guilt and soil of sin;  
Can raise to heaven the earth-born clay,  
And life eternal win.

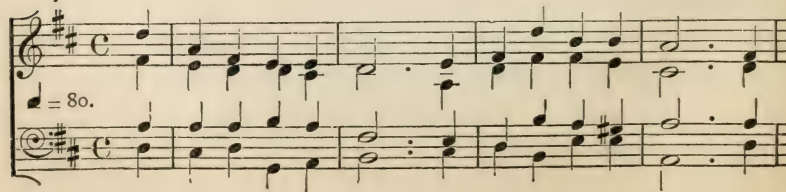
And ere He left this lower earth  
He blest His chosen band;  
And gave this gift of second birth  
In one supreme command:  
"Go, make them Mine; My word pro-  
To all beneath the skies; [claim  
Baptize them in the Triune Name,  
And bid the dead arise."

*p* O LORD, our little ones to Thee  
In faith and hope we give;  
We know that through this mystery  
Their new-born souls shall live:  
We pour the water on their brow,  
The sacred words we say;  
Baptize them with the SPIRIT now  
And keep them Thine alway.

*mf* Then shall they go from strength to  
Until, full-grown in Thee, [strength  
They come before Thee, and, at length,  
Thy Face unveiled see:  
*f* And praise with all the heavenly host  
In everlasting songs  
The FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
To Whom all praise belongs. Amen.

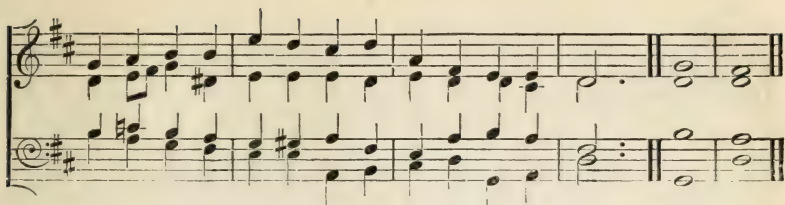
481

HENRY G. TREMBATH, Mus.Bac.





# HOLY BAPTISM.



*He took them up in His arms, put His hands upon them, and blessed them.*

*f* GLAD sight! The holy Church  
Spreads forth her wings of love,  
To welcome to her breast a child  
Begotten from above;

Begotten at the font  
By GOD the SPIRIT's power,  
A gentle lamb from Satan snatched  
In childhood's helpless hour.

*p* E'en now around the font,  
Unseen by mortal eye,  
Bright ministering angels watch  
The wondrous mystery.

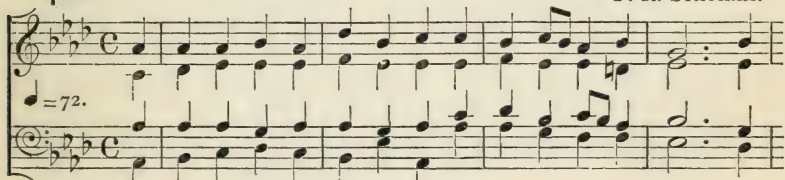
*mf* And there to take their charge  
In readiness they stand;  
And long to guide its feeble steps  
To their own happy land.

And all the host of heaven  
Rejoice before the LORD,  
To see a child of fallen man  
A child of GOD restored.

All glory, LORD, to Thee  
Whom heaven and earth adore;  
TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore. Amen.

482

F. R. STATHAM.



*Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of Jesus Christ.*

*mf* IN token that thou shalt not fear  
CHRIST crucified to own,  
We print the Cross upon thee here,  
And stamp thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush  
To glory in His Name,  
We blazon here upon thy front  
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not flinch  
CHRIST's quarrel to maintain,  
But 'neath His banner manfully  
Firm at thy post remain;

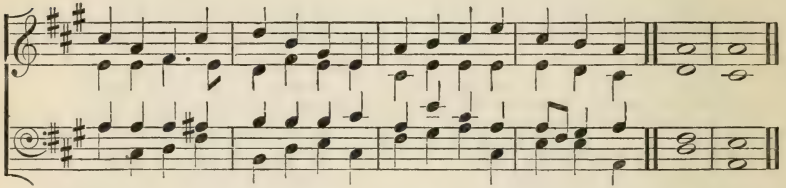
In token that thou too shalt tread  
The path He travelled by,  
Endure the cross, despise the shame,  
And sit thee down on high;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,  
We seal thee for His own;  
And may the brow, that wears His cross,  
Hereafter share His crown. Amen.

# HOLY BAPTISM.

483

Old Melody.



*We are buried with Him by baptism into death; that like as Christ was raised up from the dead by the glory of the Father, even so we also should walk in newness of life.*

*mf* AMEN, the deed in faith is done, [said :  
The Water poured, the Words are  
And God another child hath won;  
And life hath risen from the dead.

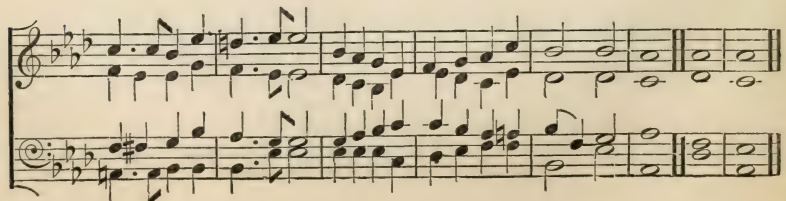
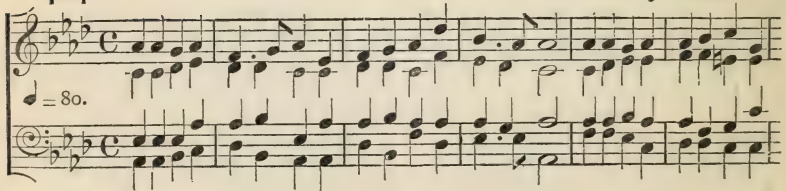
O mystery of our new birth !  
O truth beyond all fathoming !  
How heavenly life descends to earth,  
How earthly symbols grace can  
bring.

We dare not reason : we adore  
The Giver and admire the gift ;  
The Giver, Who new life doth pour,  
The gift, which man to God doth lift.

*p* LORD, we have all been washed by  
Thee,  
Baptized into Thy precious Death :  
O let Thy Life our true life be,  
Aye living by Thy SPIRIT's breath.  
Amen.

484

E. J. HOPKINS.



# HOLY BAPTISM.

*What have I done to thee?*

*mf* JESU, now Thy new-made soldier  
From the Font hath gone *his* way:  
Now before *him* lies *his* trial  
In the life-long, doubtful fray:  
Blessèd SAVIOUR,  
Keep *him* through the weary day.

May *he* bravely fight Thy battle,  
And, through Thee, subdue the foe,  
Shun his wiles, escape his malice,  
And repel his cruel blow:  
Mighty CAPTAIN,  
Thy salvation may *he* know.

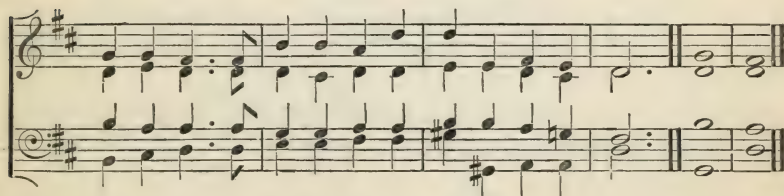
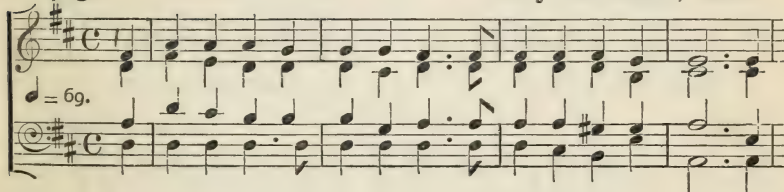
Bright and clear Thy Cross is shining  
On *his* pure and stainless brow:  
Let it ever there resplendent  
Witness to *his* faithful vow:  
Dear REDEEMER,  
Keep it always bright as now.

Full of hope, *his* day is breaking:  
May *he* never know the night.  
Thou Who shinest on *his* morning,  
Be at eventide *his* Light:  
SUN of GLORY,  
Lose *him* never from Thy sight.

*f* Unto Thee all praise and blessing  
In Thy Holy Church be done,  
With the FATHER and the SPIRIT,  
Thou the Co-eternal SON,  
Con-substantial,  
While the endless ages run. Amen.

485

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Buried with Him in baptism.*

*mf* WITH CHRIST we share a mystic grave,  
With CHRIST we buried lie:  
But 'tis not in the darksome cave  
By mournful Calvary.

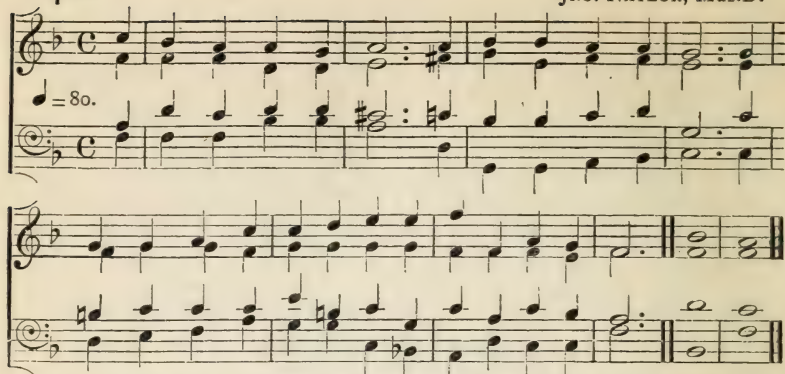
The pure and bright baptismal flood  
Entombs our nature's stain;  
New creatures from the cleansing wave  
With CHRIST we rise again.

Thrice blest, if, through this world of  
And sin, and selfish care, [strife,  
Our snow-white robe of righteousness  
We undefiled wear.

*f* Thrice blest, if, through the gate of  
All glorious and free, [death,  
We to our joyful rising pass,  
O Risen LORD, with Thee. Amen.

486

JNO. NAYLOR, Mus.D.



*The first of the firstfruits of thy land thou shalt bring into the house of the Lord thy God.*

*f* FAIR waved the golden corn,  
In Canaan's pleasant land,  
When full of joy, some shining morn,  
Went forth the reaper-band.

To GOD, so good and great,  
Their cheerful thanks they pour;  
Then carry to His temple-gate  
The choicest of their store.

*mf* Like Israel, LORD, we give  
Our earliest fruits to Thee,  
And pray that, long as we shall live,  
We may Thy children be.

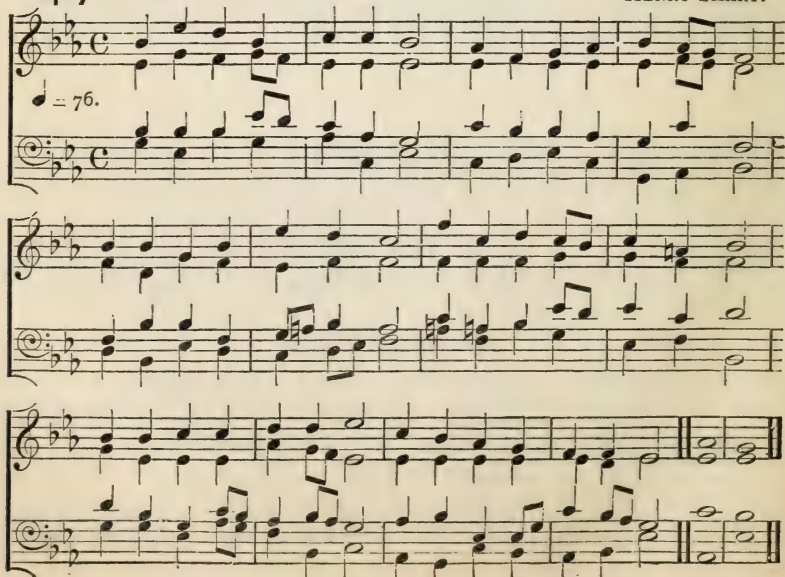
Thine is our youthful prime,  
And life and all its powers;  
Be with us in our morning time,  
And bless our evening hours.

In wisdom let us grow,  
As years and strength are given,  
That we may serve Thy church below,  
And join Thy saints in heaven.

*f* To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest,  
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,  
Be endless praise addressed.

487

HENRY SMART.





# FOR CHILDREN.

*Who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.*

*f* FOR the beauty of the earth,  
For the beauty of the skies,  
For the love which from our birth  
Over and around us lies:  
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

*mf* For the beauty of each hour  
Of the day and of the night,  
Hill and vale, and tree and flower,  
Sun and moon and stars of light:  
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.  
For the joy of ear and eye,  
For the heart and mind's delight,  
For the mystic harmony  
Linking sense to sound and sight:

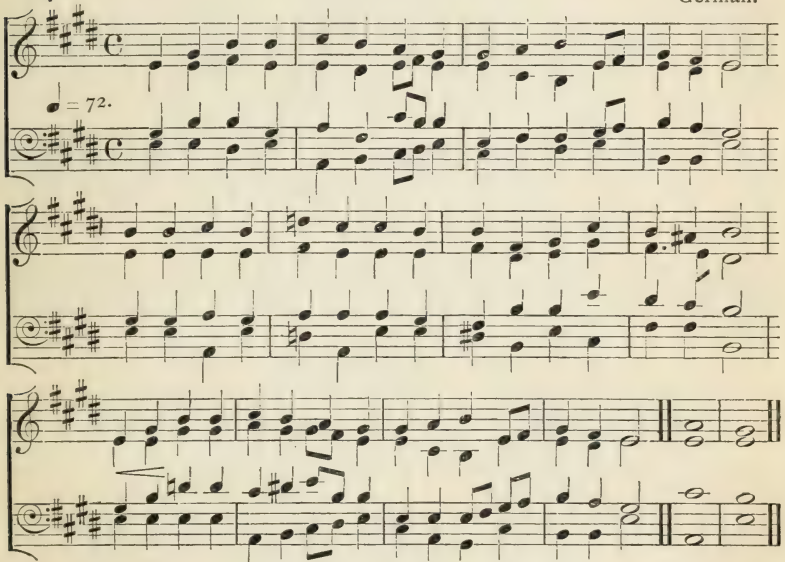
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of human love,  
Brother, sister, parent, child,  
Friends on earth, and friends above,  
For all gentle thoughts and mild:  
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.

*f* For Thyself, best Gift Divine!  
To our race so freely given,  
For that great, great love of Thine,—  
Peace on earth, and joy in heaven;  
CHRIST, our GOD, to Thee we raise  
This our hymn of grateful praise.  
Amen.

488

German.



*He shall feed His flock like a shepherd, He shall gather the lambs with His arm, and carry them in His bosom.*

*p* GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, gentle Shepherd,  
Little ones are dear to Thee;  
Gathered with Thine arms, and carried  
In Thy bosom may we be;

*pp* Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,  
From all want and danger free.

*p* Tender Shepherd, never leave us  
From Thy fold to go astray;  
By Thy look of love directed,  
May we walk the narrow way;

*pp* Thus direct us, and protect us,  
Lest we fall to sin a prey.

*p* Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly  
In the stream Thy love supplied,  
Mingled stream of Blood and Water

Flowing from Thy wounded Side:  
*pp* And to heavenly pastures lead us  
Where Thine own still waters glide,

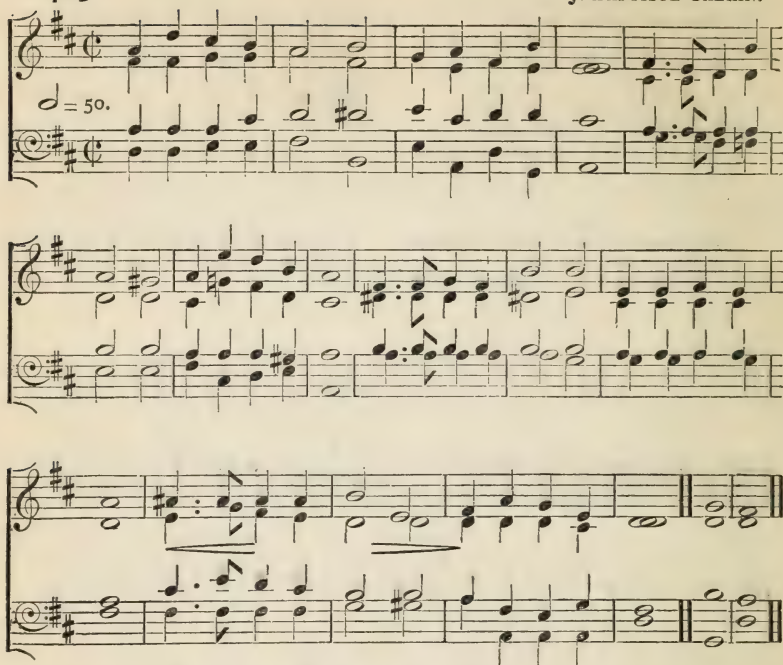
*mf* Let Thy holy Word instruct us,  
Fill our minds with heavenly light;  
Let Thy love and grace constrain us  
To approve whate'er is right,  
*p* Take Thine easy yoke, and wear it,  
Feel Thy heavy burden light.

*f* Taught to lisp the holy praises  
Which on earth Thy children sing,  
Both with lips and hearts unfeigned  
May we our thank-offerings bring;  
Then with all the saints in glory  
Join to praise our LORD and KING.

Amen.

489

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

*Behold we come unto Thee : for Thou art the Lord our God.*

*mf* JESUS CHRIST our SAVIOUR,  
 Once for us a Child,  
 In Thy whole behaviour,  
 Meek, obedient, mild :  
 In Thy footsteps treading  
 We Thy lambs will be,  
 Foe nor danger dreading  
 While we follow Thee.

For the varied blessings  
 Given us to share ;  
 Mother's fond caressings,  
 Father's guardian care ;  
 For our friends and kindred,  
 For our daily food,  
 For our wanderings hindered,  
 For our learning good ;

For all Thou bestowest,  
 All Thou dost withhold ;  
 Whatsoe'er Thou knowest  
 Best for us, Thy fold ;  
 For all gifts and graces  
 While we live below,  
 Till in heavenly places  
 We Thy face shall know ;

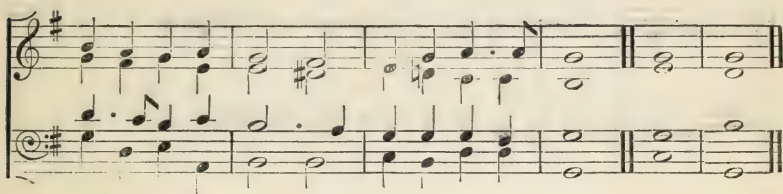
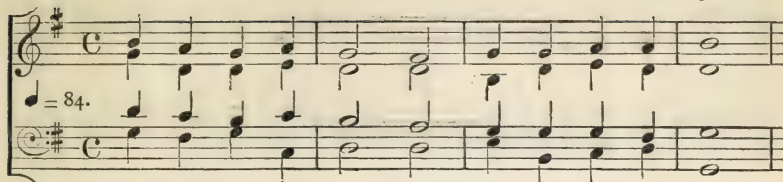
*f* We, Thy children, raising  
 Unto Thee our hearts,  
 In Thy constant praising  
 Bear our duteous parts.  
 As Thy love hath won us  
 From the world away,  
 Still Thy hands put on us ;  
 Bless us day by day.

*p* Let Thine angels guide us ;  
 Let Thine Arms enfold ;  
 In Thy Bosom hide us,  
 Sheltered from the cold ;  
 To Thyself us gather,  
 'Mid the ransomed host,  
*cres.* Praising Thee, the FATHER,  
 And the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

FOR CHILDREN.

490

W. JONES.



*The truth shall make you free.*

*p* JESU, meek and gentle,  
SON of GOD Most High;  
Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,  
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,  
Loose our captive chains,  
Break down every idol  
Which our soul detains.

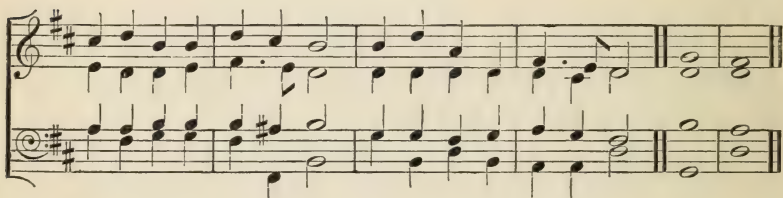
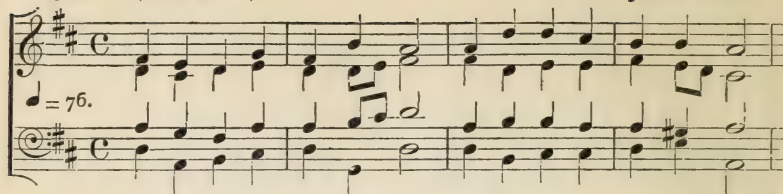
Give us holy freedom,  
Fill our hearts with love,  
Draw us, ~~holy~~ JESUS,  
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,  
Be Thyself the Way  
Through terrestrial darkness  
To celestial day.

JESU, meek and gentle,  
SON of GOD Most High;  
Pitying, loving SAVIOUR,  
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

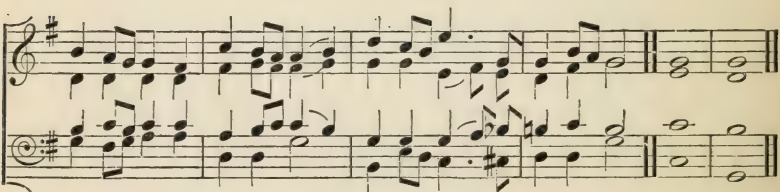
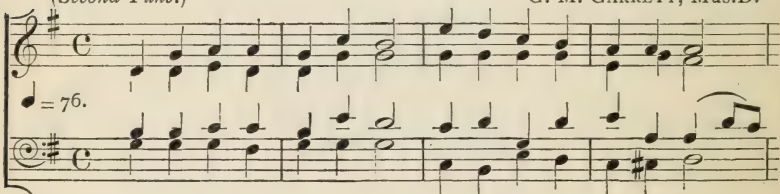
491 (First Tune.)

JAMES TURLE.



(Second Tune.)

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.



*O my God, be not far from me.*

*p* LAMB of GOD, for sinners slain;  
By Thy Mercy born again,  
For Thy guidance still we pray,  
Lest from grace we fall away.

By the mystic, cleansing flood,  
By the Water and the Blood,  
Washed and sanctified to Thee,  
Holy may we ever be.

Aid us with Thy daily grace  
Steadfastly to run our race:  
Grant us victory in the strife,  
And the prize of endless life.

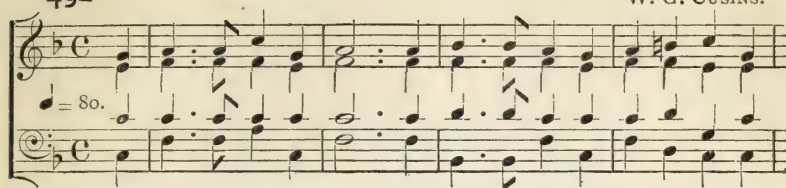
*f* Praise to Thee, from all on earth,  
GOD, Who gavest us new birth;  
Praise from all the heavenly host;  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

Amen.



492

W. G. CUSINS.



*My heart is joyful in Thy salvation.*

*mf* O JESU, GOD and Man,  
For love of children once a Child;  
O JESU, GOD and Man,  
We hail Thee, SAVIOUR, sweet and mild.

O JESU, GOD and Man,  
Make us Thy children dear to Thee,  
And lead us to Thyself,  
To love Thee for eternity.

O JESU, Mary's Son,  
On Thee for grace we children call;  
Make us all men to love,  
But Thee to love beyond them all.

O JESU, bless our work,  
Our sorrows soothe, our sins forgive;  
O happy, happy they  
Who in the Church of JESUS live!

O GOD, most great and good,  
At work or play, by night or day,  
Make us remember Thee,  
Who dost remember us always. Amen

493 (First Tune.)

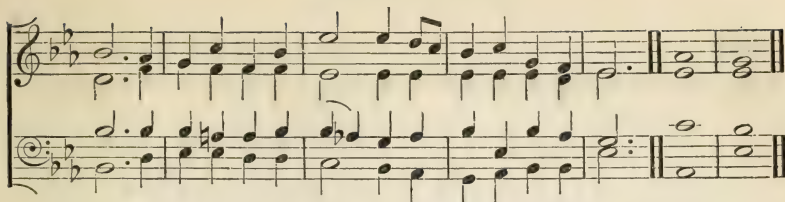
BERTHOLD TOURS.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

(Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



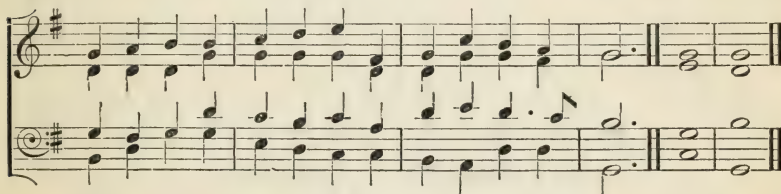
*The children crying in the temple, and saying, Hosanna to the Son of David!*

*f* WHEN, His salvation bringing,  
To Sion JESUS came,  
The children all stood singing  
Hosannas to His Name;  
Nor did their zeal offend Him,  
But, as He rode along,  
He let them still attend Him,  
And smiled to hear their song.  
And since the LORD retaineth  
His love for children still,  
Though now as King he reigneth  
On Sion's heavenly hill;

We'll flock around His banner  
Who sits upon His throne,  
And cry aloud Hosanna  
To David's royal Son.  
For should we fail proclaiming  
Our great REDEEMER's praise,  
The stones, our silence shaming,  
Would their Hosannas raise.  
But shall we only render  
The tribute of our words?  
No! while our hearts are tender,  
They too shall be the LORD's. Amen.

494

MENDELSSOHN.



*He shall grow up before him as a tender plant.*

*mf* WHEN JESUS left His FATHER's throne,  
He chose an humble birth;  
Like us, unhonoured and unknown,  
He came to dwell on earth.  
Like Him may we be found below,  
In wisdom's path of peace; {grow,  
Like Him in grace and knowledge  
As years and strength increase.  
*p* His words were sweet, and kind His  
look,  
When mothers round Him pressed;  
Their infants in His arms He took,  
And on His bosom blessed.

Safe from the world's alluring harms,  
Beneath His watchful eye,  
Thus in the circle of His arms  
May we for ever lie.

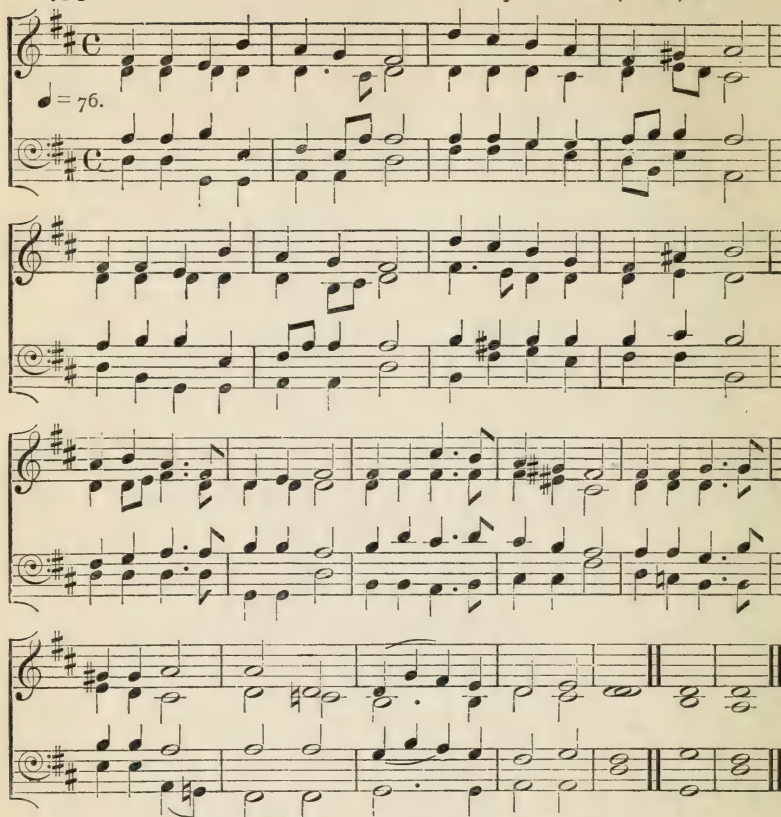
*mf* When JESUS into Salem rode,  
The children sang around;  
For joy they plucked the palms, and  
strowed  
Their garments on the ground.

*f* Hosanna our glad voices raise,  
Hosanna to our KING!  
Should we forget our SAVIOUR's praise,  
The stones themselves would sing.

All praise to Thee, blest THREE in ONE,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
As was, and is, and shall be done,  
When time shall be no more. Amen.

495

REV. J. B. DYKES, M.A., MUS.D.

*To know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*

*mp* By the Angel's word of love,  
That announced Thee from above;  
By Thine Infant Form so fair  
Trembling in the midnight air;

*p* Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry:  
Thou wert helpless once as we:  
Hear the loving litany  
We Thy children sing to Thee.

*mp* By Thy poor and lowly lot;  
By the manger in the grot;  
By Thy tender Feet and Hands  
Folded fast in swaddling bands;  
*p* Babe of Bethlehem, hear our cry, &c.

*mp* By the Name which Thou didst take,  
Suffering sorely for our sake;  
Name of grace and majesty,  
Name adored on bended knee;

*p* WORD Incarnate, hear our cry:  
Thou wert little once as we:  
Hear the loving litany  
We Thy children sing to Thee.

*mf* By the joy of Simeon blest,  
When he clasped Thee to his breast;  
By the widowed Anna's song,  
Poured amid the wondering throng;  
*p* WORD Incarnate, hear our cry: &c.

*mf* By the worship shepherds paid;  
By the gifts that sages made,  
Gold and myrrh and incense sweet,  
Laid in homage at Thy Feet;  
*p* WORD Incarnate, hear our cry: &c.

*mf* By Thine angel-bidden flight  
Into Egypt in the night;  
By Thy home at Herod's death  
In despised Nazareth;  
*p* WORD Incarnate, hear our cry: &c.



# FOR CHILDREN.

## PART II.

*p* By the Blood that flowed from Thee  
 In Thy bitter agony;  
 By the traitor's guileful kiss  
 Filling up Thy bitterness;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry:  
     Thou wert suffering once as we:  
     Hear the loving litany  
     We Thy children sing to Thee.

*p* By the cords that, round Thee cast,  
 Bound Thee to the pillar fast;  
 By the scourge so meekly borne;  
 By Thy purple robe of scorn;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry: &c.

*p* By the thorns that crowned Thy Head;  
 By the sceptre of a reed;  
 By Thy foes on bending knee  
 Mocking at Thy royalty;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry: &c.

*p* By the people's cruel jeers;  
 By the holy women's tears;  
 By Thy footsteps faint and slow,  
 Weighed beneath Thy cross of woe;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry, &c.

*p* By the nails and pointed spear;  
 By Thy desolation drear;  
 By Thy dying prayer which rose  
 Begging mercy for Thy foes;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry: &c.

*p* By the darkness thick as night,  
 Blotting out the sun from sight;  
 By the cry with which in death  
 Thou didst yield Thy parting breath;  
*pp* JESU, SAVIOUR, hear our cry: &c.

## PART III.

*f* By the first bright Easter-day,  
 When the stone was rolled away;  
 By the glory round Thee shed  
 At Thy rising from the dead;  
*mf* KING of glory, hear our cry;  
     Make us soon Thy joys to see,  
     Where enthroned in majesty  
     Countless angels sing to Thee.

*f* By Thy parting blessing given,  
 As Thou didst ascend to heaven;  
 By the cloud of living light  
 That received Thee out of sight;  
*mf* KING of glory, hear our cry: &c.

*f* By that rushing sound of might  
 Coming down from heaven's height;  
 By the cloven tongues of flame

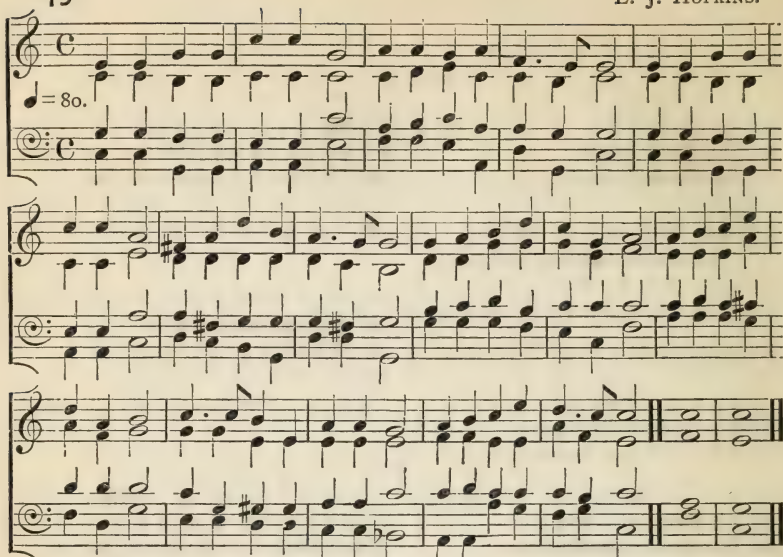
That on Thy Apostles came;  
*mf* KING of glory, hear our cry; &c.

*mp* Only Victim we can plead,  
 Great High Priest to intercede,  
 Showing that which can alone  
 For the sin of man atone;  
*p* LAMB of GOD, hear Thou our cry, &c.

*p* In the dreadful judgment-day,  
 When the worlds shall pass away;  
 Be the merciful decree  
 That our Friend our Judge shall be;  
*mf* KING of glory, hear our cry;  
     Make us soon Thy joys to see,  
     *f* Where enthroned in majesty  
     Countless angels sing to Thee.  
                                     Amen.

496

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, both small and great.*

*f* PRAISE TO JESUS, LORD and GOD,

For the love He sheds abroad,  
Lightening o'er a world of sin,  
Glowing in the heart within;  
For the sacred standard spread;  
For the life our Pattern led;  
For His precept pure and true;  
For His doctrine, like the dew;

*mf* For His love's inviting call,  
All embracing, seeking all;  
For the grace and truth He brought;  
For the ransom He hath wrought;  
For the crown of thorns He wore;  
For the painful cross He bore;  
For the dying words He said;  
For the Blood of sprinkling shed;  
For the radiant rising dawn;  
For the sting of death withdrawn;  
For the victory gained so well  
O'er the grave, and sin, and hell;

For the parting promise dear  
Of His Presence, ever near;  
For the blest assurance made  
Of His intercession's aid;

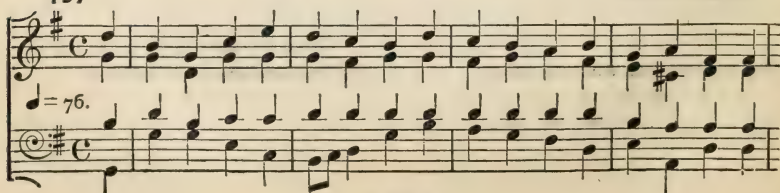
For His glorious reign on high,  
When He rose from Bethany;  
For the heavenly peace He leaves;  
For the HOLY GHOST He gives;  
For the pledge that we shall rise,  
In His likeness, to the skies;  
For the merciful decree  
That our Friend our Judge shall be.

*p* All redeeming bounty gives;  
All that humble faith receives;  
All that drooping hope uplifts;  
All that love with fervor gifts;—  
SAVIOUR, these to Thee we owe;  
From Thy dying love they flow:  
And we praise, for love so free,  
JESU, WORD Incarnate, Thee. Amen.

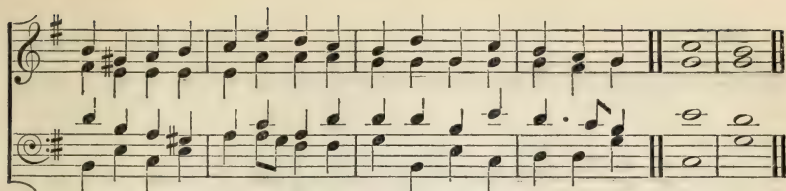
## SCHOOL FESTIVAL.

497

HENRY SMART.



# SCHOOL FESTIVAL.



*Under His wings shalt thou trust.*

O HOLY LORD, content to dwell  
In poverty, a lowly Child,  
With meek obedience noting well  
Each bidding of Thy mother mild:

Lead us who bear Thy sacred Name  
To walk in Thy pure upright way;  
To shun the paths of sin and shame,  
And humbly, like Thyself, obey.

Let not this world's unhallowed glow  
The fresh baptismal dew efface,  
Nor blast of sin too roughly blow,  
And quench the trembling flame of  
grace.

Keep us Thy lambs within Thine arm,  
And gently in Thy bosom bear;  
Protect us still from hurt and harm,  
And bid us rest for ever there.

So shall we, waiting here below,  
Like Thee, our LORD, a little span,  
In wisdom and in stature grow,  
And favour both with GOD and man.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom heaven and earth  
Be glory as it was of old, [adore,  
Is now, and shall be evermore.  
Amen.

498

F. R. STATHAM.



*Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift.*

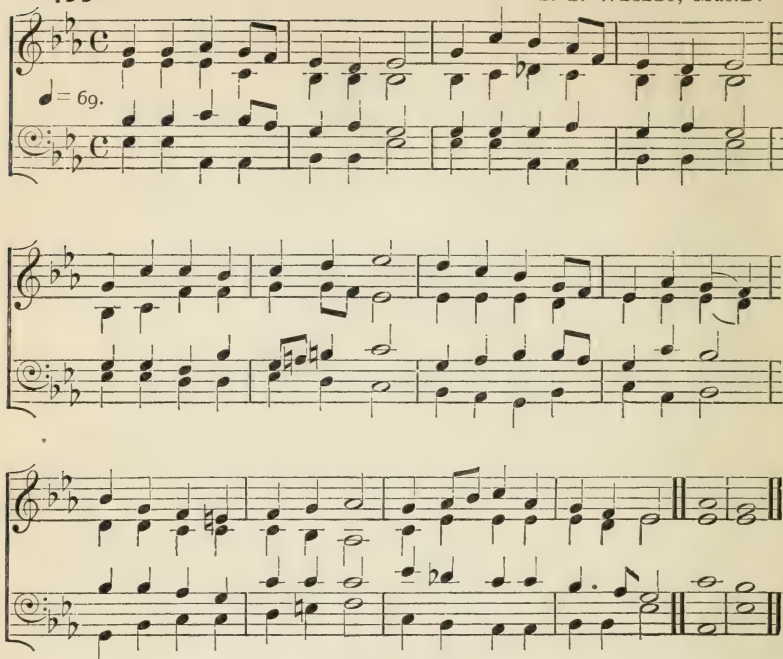
*mf* WE thank Thee, LORD, our Life and  
Light,  
That Thou hast purified our sight,  
To hear, receive, believe, confess,  
The truth Thy sacred words express.  
Baptized in Thy thrice holy Name,  
A new relation thence we claim;  
For, born by nature sons of earth,  
We share by grace a heavenly birth.

*f* Thee, FATHER, SON, and HOLY  
GHOST,  
We worship with the heavenly host:  
To Thee the prayer of faith we bring;  
To Thee the song of glory sing.  
*p* O train us all the course to run  
Of goodness at Thy font begun;  
Our SAVIOUR'S Cross to keep in view;  
His faith confess, His steps pursue.

LORD GOD Almighty, ONE in THREE,  
Preserve us all, who sing to Thee,  
Firm in Thy worship, fear, and love;  
That we may see Thy face above. Amen.

499

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Sion with songs, and everlasting joy upon their heads.*

*p* WHEN this passing world is done,  
When has sunk yon glaring sun;  
When we stand with CHRIST in light,  
All our finished life in sight:  
Then, LORD, shall we fully know—  
Not till then—how much we owe.

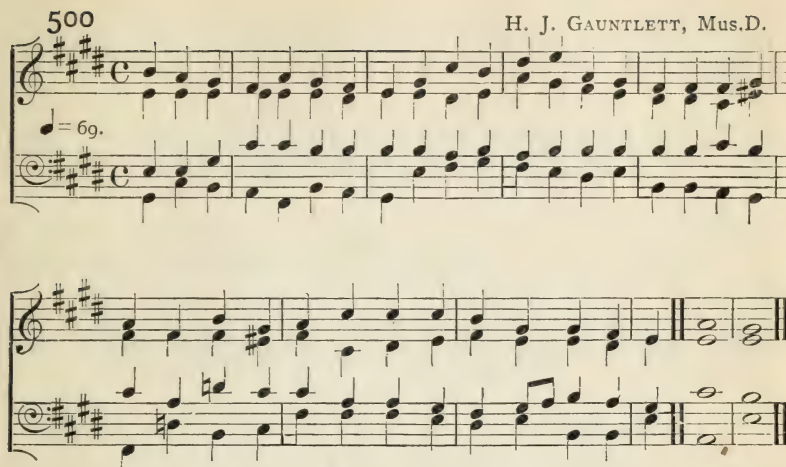
When we stand before the Throne,  
Dressed in beauty not our own;  
When we see Thee as Thou art,  
Love Thee with unsinning heart:  
Then, LORD, shall we fully know—  
Not till then—how much we owe.

When the praise of Heaven we hear,  
Loud as thunders to the ear,  
Loud as many waters' noise,  
Sweet as harp's melodious voice:  
Then, LORD, shall we fully know—  
Not till then—how much we owe.

Chosen, JESU, by Thy love,  
Heirs with Thee of joys above;  
Hidden in Thy wounded Side,  
By Thy SPIRIT sanctified:  
Teach us, LORD, on earth to show  
By our lives, how much we owe. Amen.



# CONFIRMATION.



*Then laid they their hands on them, and they received the Holy Ghost.*

*p* COME, ever-blessèd SPIRIT, come,  
And make Thy servants' hearts Thy home :  
Thus consecrated, LORD, to Thee  
May each a living Temple be !

Enrich that Temple's holy shrine  
With sevenfold gifts of grace divine :  
With Wisdom, Light, and Knowledge bless,  
Strength, Counsel, Fear, and Godliness !

O TRINITY in UNITY,  
ONE only GOD in Persons THREE,  
In Whom, through Whom, by Whom we live,  
To Thee we praise and glory give !

O grant us so to use Thy grace,  
That we may see Thy Glorious Face,  
And ever, with the heavenly host,  
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST. Amen.

[Also Hymns 326, 328.]

# CONFIRMATION.

501

(First Tune.)

German.

(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.

*Let us hold fast the profession of our faith without wavering.*

*mf* THE Cross is on our brow,  
Redemption's awful sign:  
Come Thou, O HOLY SPIRIT, now,  
To seal the work divine.

Thy sevenfold gifts impart,  
O COMFORTER most sweet:  
Inflame with zeal each lukewarm heart,  
And guide the trembling feet.

With Pentecostal force  
Thy presence let us feel:  
With strength, Who art Thyself its  
Inspire us as we kneel. [source,

Confirm in us to-day  
The work that Thou hast wrought:  
Illume the souls with Love's pure ray  
Which Jesus' Blood hath bought.

The fiend, the flesh, the world,  
We swear to give them fight:  
Our Monarch's banner floats unfurled;  
Who fails with that in sight?

Who fails with JESUS CHRIST  
For leader and for guide;  
For food, for treasure all unpriced,  
And Friend who ne'er denied?

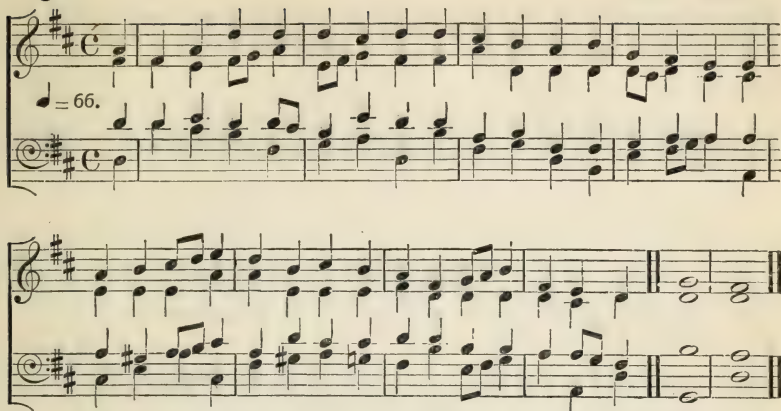
The powers of ill allure;  
Our foes come thick and fast:  
Oh, keep us steadfast, loving, pure,  
And we shall win at last.

No earth-forged arms we bear:  
Strength, weapons, all are Thine:  
Accept each vow, and hear each prayer,  
Blest TRINITY DIVINE. Amen.

# CONFIRMATION.

502

HENRY SMART.



*And in the place where the cloud abode, there the children of Israel pitched their tents.*

*mf* THE shadow of the Almighty's Cloud  
Calm on the tents of Israel lay,  
While drooping paused twelve banners proud,  
Till He arose and led the way.

*f* Then to the desert breeze unrolled,  
Cheerly the waving pennons fly:—  
Lion or eagle—each bright fold  
A load-star to a warrior's eye.

*mf* So should Thy champions ere the strife  
By holy hands o'ershadowed kneel;  
So, fearless for their charmed life,  
Bear to the end Thy SPIRIT's seal.

*p* SPIRIT of might and sweetness too,  
Now leading on the wars of God,  
Now to green isles of shade and dew  
Turning the waste Thy people trod;

Draw, HOLY GHOST, Thy sevenfold veil  
Between us and the fires of youth;  
Breathe, HOLY GHOST, Thy freshening gale,  
Our fevered brow in age to soothe.

And, oft as sin and sorrow tire,  
The hallowed hour do Thou renew,  
When, beckoned up Thy Temple's choir  
By pastor's hands, toward Thee we drew;

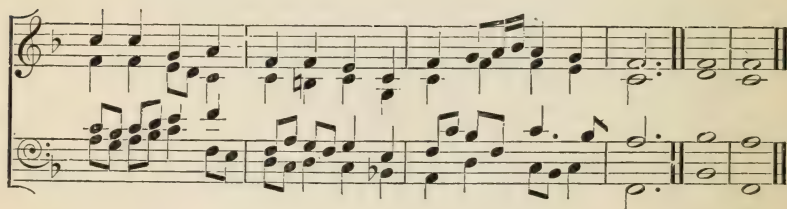
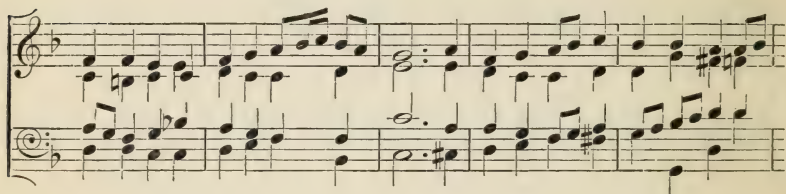
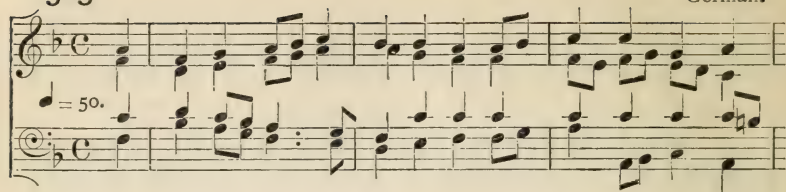
When trembling at the sacred rail  
We hid our eyes and held our breath,  
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts how frail,  
And longed to own Thee to the death.

For ever on our souls be traced  
The blessing of Thy servant's hand,  
A sheltering rock in memory's waste,  
O'ershadowing all the weary land. Amen.

CONFIRMATION.

503

German.



*Strengthened with might by His Spirit in the inner man.*

♢ HERE in Thy presence dread and sweet,  
O HOLY GHOST, we Thee intreat,  
Who sevenfold gifts hast shed  
On us, who fall before Thee now,  
And bear the Cross upon our brow,  
On which our Master bled :

SPIRIT of Wisdom, turn our eyes  
From earth and earthly vanities  
To heavenly truth and love :  
SPIRIT of Understanding true,  
Our souls with heavenly light endue  
To seek the things above.

SPIRIT of Counsel, be our Guide :  
Teach us, by earthly struggles tried,  
Our heavenly crown to win.  
SPIRIT of Fortitude, Thy power  
Be with us in temptation's hour,  
To keep us pure from sin.

SPIRIT of Knowledge, lead our feet  
In Thine own paths so safe and sweet,  
By angel footsteps trod ;  
Where Thou our guardian true shalt be,  
SPIRIT of gentle Piety,  
To keep us close to GOD.

And last of all, be ever near,  
SPIRIT of GOD's most holy Fear,  
In our heart's inmost shrine :  
Our souls with awful reverence fill,  
To worship His most holy Will  
All-righteous and divine.

So, lead us, LORD, through peace or strife,  
Onwards to everlasting life,  
To win our high reward :  
So may we fight our lifelong fight,  
Strong in Thine own unearthly might,  
And reign with CHRIST our LORD.

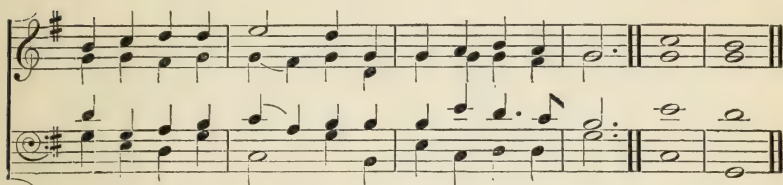
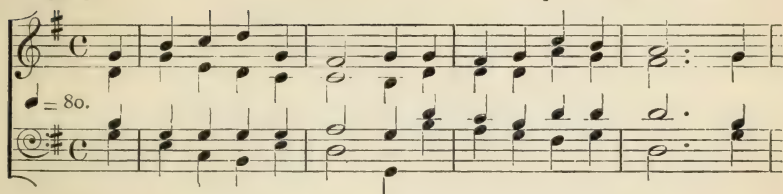
Amen.



# HOLY MATRIMONY.

504

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*A threefold cord is not quickly broken.*

*mp* THE voice that breathed o'er Eden,  
That earliest wedding day,  
The primal marriage blessing,  
It hath not passed away :

Still in the pure espousal  
Of Christian man and maid  
The Holy THREE are with us,  
The threefold grace is said :

For dower of blessèd children,  
For love and faith's sweet sake,  
For high mysterious union  
Which nought on earth may break.

*p* Be present, awful FATHER,  
To give away this bride,  
As Eve Thou gav'st to Adam  
Out of his own pierced side !

Be present, SON of Mary,  
To join their loving hands !  
As Thou didst bind two natures  
In Thine eternal bands !

Be present, holiest SPIRIT,  
To bless them as they kneel,  
As Thou for CHRIST the Bridegroom,  
The heavenly spouse dost seal !

O spread Thy pure wing o'er them,  
Let no ill power find place,  
When onward to Thine Altar  
The hallowed path they trace.

*cres.* To cast their crowns before Thee,  
In perfect sacrifice,  
*f* Till to the home of gladness  
With CHRIST's own Bride they rise.  
Amen.

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

505

(First Tune.)

Verses 1 to 17.

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 72.$

$\text{♩} = 72.$  Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing,

Man for judgment must pre - pare him : Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him !

$\text{♩} = 66.$  Lord all pi - ty - ing, Je - su blest, Grant him Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

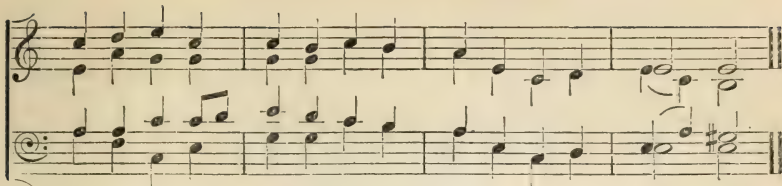
(Second Tune.)

Verses 1 to 17.

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 76.$

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.



*That day is a day of wrath.*

Day of wrath, that day dismaying  
Shall fulfil the prophet's saying,  
Earth in smouldering ashes laying.

Oh, how great the dread, the sighing,  
When the Judge, the All-describing,  
Shall appear, all secrets trying.

Then shall ring the trump's weird knelling  
Through each tomb and charnel dwelling,  
All before the Throne compelling.

Death shall stand in consternation;  
Nature quake; and all creation  
Rise to answer the citation.

From the Book shall shine the writing,  
All the bye-gone past reciting,  
And the world of sin indicting.

Then the Judge shall sit, revealing  
Hidden deed, word, thought, and feeling,  
And to each just sentence dealing.

What shall wretched I be crying,  
To what friend for succour flying,  
When the just in dread are sighing?

KING of might and awe, defend me!  
Freely Thy salvation send me!  
Fount of pity, save, befriend me!

Think, kind JESU, my salvation  
Caused Thy wondrous Incarnation:  
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary Thou hast sought me;  
On the Cross of suffering bought me:  
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of retribution,  
Grant Thy gift of absolution,  
Ere that reckoning day's conclusion!

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,  
All my shame with anguish owning:  
Spare, O God, Thy suppliant groaning!

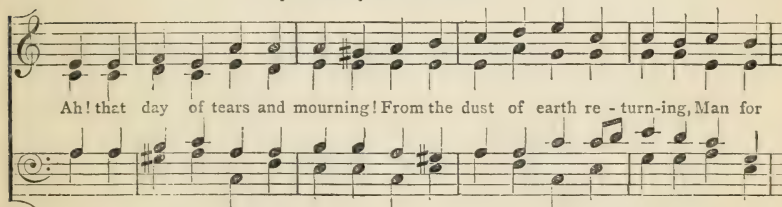
Thou the sinful woman savedst:  
Thou the dying thief forgavest:  
And to me a hope vouchsafest.

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,  
Yet, good LORD, in grace complying,  
Rescue me from fires undying!

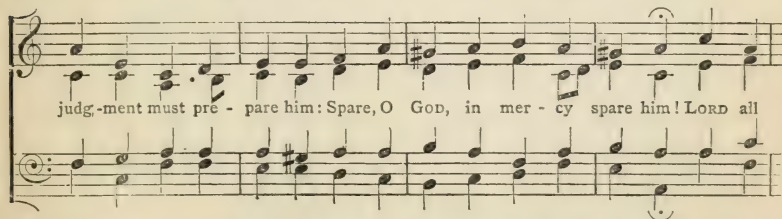
With Thy favoured sheep O place me:  
Nor among the goats abase me,  
But to Thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,  
Doomed in flames of woe unbounded:  
Call me, with Thy saints surrounded,

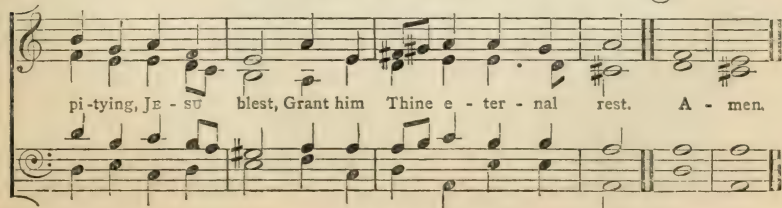
Low I kneel, with heart-submission:  
See, like ashes, my contrition:  
Help me in my last condition!



Ah! that day of tears and mourning! From the dust of earth re - turn - ing, Man for



judg - ment must pre - pare him: Spare, O God, in mer - cy spare him! LORD all

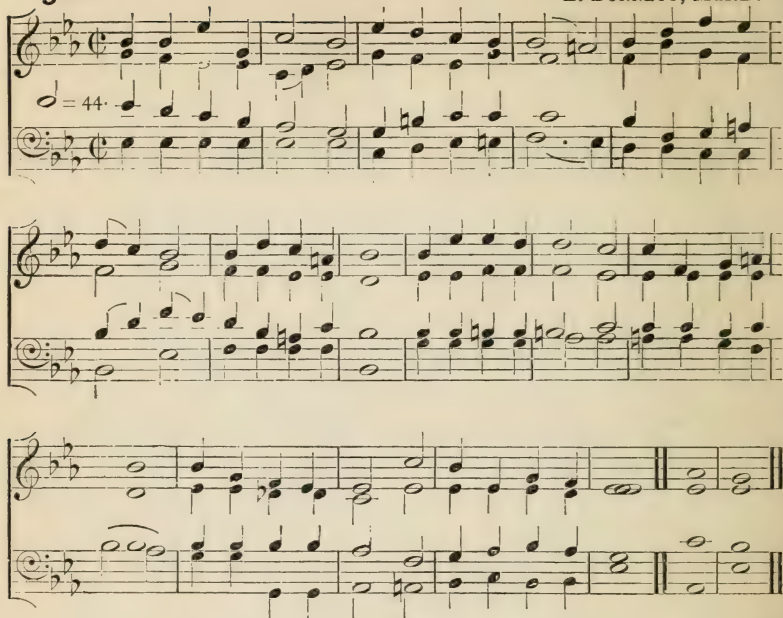


pi - tying, JE - SU blest, Grant him Thine e - ter - nal rest. A - men.

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

506

E. BUNNETT, Mus.D.



*Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with Him.*

*mf* CEASE, ye tearful mourners,  
Thus your hearts to rend;  
Death is life's beginning,  
Rather than its end.  
All the grave's adornments,—  
What do they declare,  
Save that the departed  
Are but sleeping there?

What though now to darkness  
We this body give?  
Soon shall all its senses  
Re-awake and live;  
And from its corruption  
This same body soar,  
With the self-same spirit  
That was here of yore:

E'en as duly scattered  
By the sower's hand,  
In the fading Autumn  
O'er the fallow land,  
Nature's seed decaying  
First in darkness dies,  
Ere it can in glory  
Renovated rise.

Earth, to thy fond bosom  
We this pledge intrust:  
Mother earth, be careful  
Of the precious dust:  
This was once the mansion  
Of a soul endowed  
With sublimest powers  
By the breath of GOD.

Here eternal Wisdom  
Lately made His home;  
And again will claim it,  
In the day to come;  
When thou must this body  
To its LORD restore,  
Every single feature  
Perfect as before.

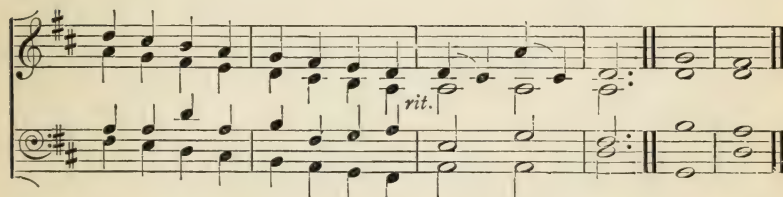
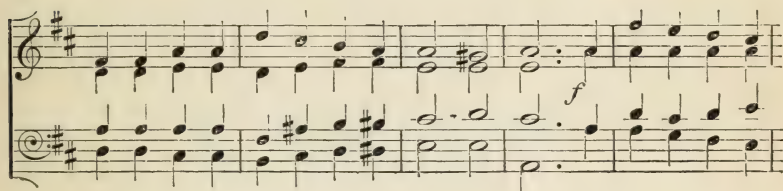
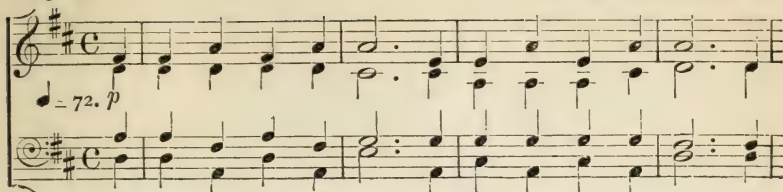
When shall love in glory  
Its fruition see?  
When shall hope be lost in  
Immortality?  
Jesu, Blessèd Saviour,  
Hasten on the day;  
Come, Thy Saints to perfect;  
Make no more delay. Amen.



# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

507

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*So He bringeth them unto the haven where they would be.*

SAFE home, safe home in port !  
Rent cordage, shattered deck,  
Torn sails, provision short,  
And only not a wreck :  
But oh ! the joy upon the shore  
To tell our voyage perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !  
The warrior nearly fell ;  
Bare all he could endure,  
And bare not always well :  
But he may smile at troubles gone  
Who sets the victor-garland on !

No more the foe can harm ;  
No more of leaguered camp,  
And cry of night alarm,  
And need of ready lamp :  
And yet how nearly had he failed—  
How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The lamb is in the fold,  
In perfect safety penned ;  
The lion once had hold,  
And thought to make an end :  
But One came by, with wounded Side,  
And for the sheep the Shepherd died.

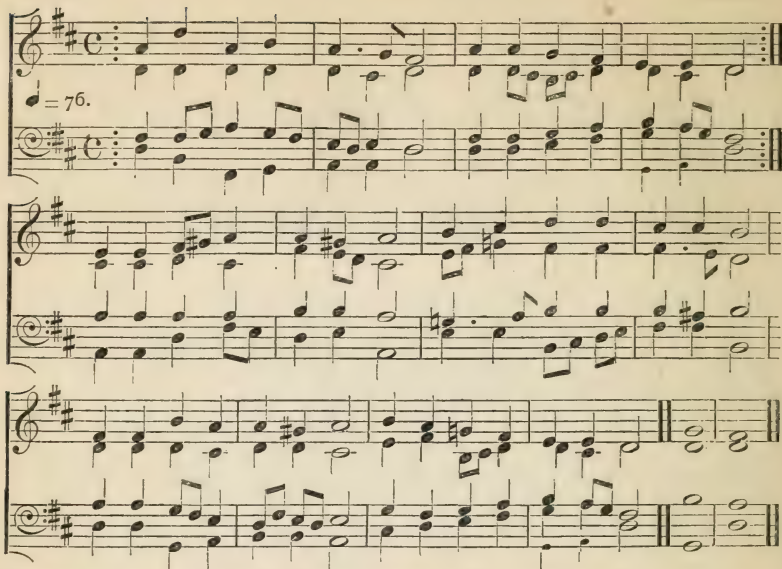
The exile is at home !  
O nights and days of tears,  
O longings not to roam,  
O sins, and doubts, and fears :  
What matter now this bitter fray ?  
The KING has wiped those tears away.

O happy, happy bride !  
Thy widowed hours are past,  
The Bridegroom at thy side,  
Thou all His own at last :  
The sorrows of thy former cup  
In full fruition swallowed up ! Amen.

# BURIAL OF THE DEAD.

508

German.



*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth : Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours ; and their works do follow them.*

*f* BLESSING, honour, thanks and praise,  
Pay we, gracious God, to Thee ;  
Thou in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory.

True and faithful to Thy word,  
Thou hast glorified Thy SON :  
JESUS CHRIST our dying LORD  
Hath for us the victory won.

*mf* Lo ! the prisoner is released ;  
Lightened of *his* fleshly load,  
Where the weary are at rest  
*He* is gathered unto God.  
Lo ! the pain of life is past,  
All *his* warfare now is o'er,  
Death and hell behind are cast,  
Grief and suffering are no more.

*p* Happy are the faithful dead,  
In the LORD who sweetly die ;  
They from all their toils are freed,  
In God's keeping safely lie :

These the SPIRIT hath declared  
Blest, unutterably blest ;  
JESUS is their great reward,  
JESUS is their endless rest.

*mf* Followed by their works they go  
Where their Head is gone before ;  
Reconciled by grace below ;  
Grace has opened mercy's door •  
Fuller joys ordained to know,  
Waiting for the last Great Day,  
When the Archangel's trump shall blow,  
“ Rise, to judgment come away.”

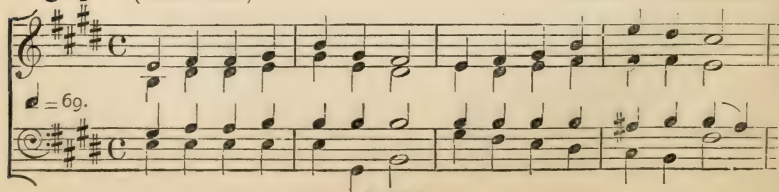
*f* Absent from our loving LORD  
We shall not continue long :  
Join we then with one accord  
In the new, the joyful song ;  
Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,  
TRIUNE GOD, we pay to Thee,  
Who in Thine abundant grace  
Givest us the victory. Amen.

## FOR A CHILD.

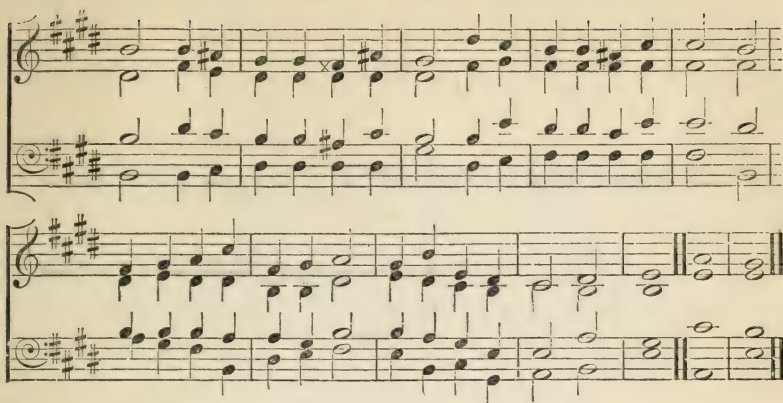
509

(First Tune.)

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

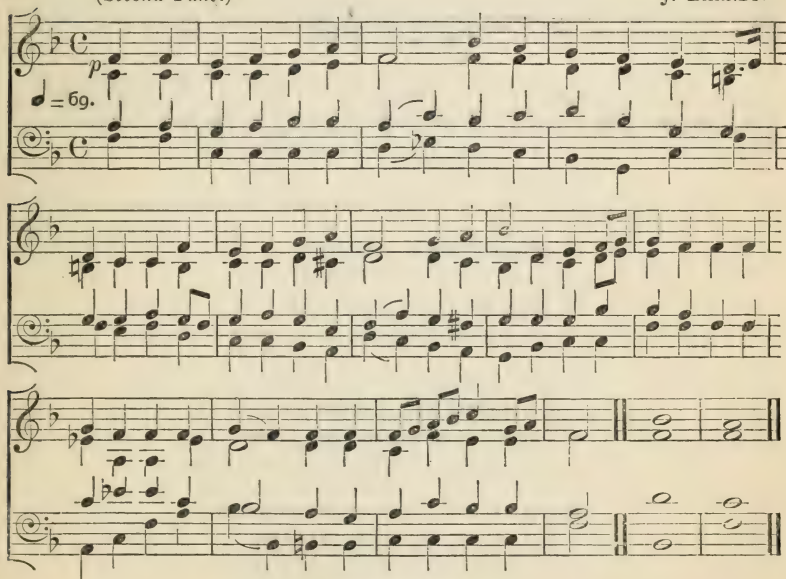


# BURIAL OF THE DEAD



(Second Tune.)

J. BARNEY.



*They are in peace.*

*GENTLE* Shepherd, Thou hast stilled  
Now Thy little lamb's long weeping;  
Ah how peaceful, pale, and mild,  
In *his* narrow bed *he's* sleeping,  
And no sigh of anguish sore  
Heaves that little bosom more.

In this world of care and pain,  
LORD, Thou wouldst no longer leave *him*;  
To the sunny, heavenly plain  
Dost Thou now with joy receive *him* :  
Clothed in robes of spotless white,  
Now *he* dwells with Thee in light.

Ah, LORD JESU, grant that we  
Where *he* lives may soon be living,  
And the lovely pastures see  
That *his* heavenly food are giving :  
Then the gain of death we prove  
Though Thou take what most we love. Amen.

# TO BE USED AT SEA.

510 H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*O God of our salvation, Who art the confidence of them that are afar off upon the sea.*

*mp* ALMIGHTY FATHER, hear our cry,  
 As o'er the trackless deep we roam ;  
 Be Thou our haven always nigh,  
 On homeless waters Thou our home !

O JESU, SAVIOUR, at whose voice  
 The tempest sank to perfect rest,  
 Bid Thou the mourner's heart rejoice,  
 And cleanse and calm the troubled breast.

O HOLY GHOST, beneath Whose power  
 The ocean woke to life and light,  
 Command Thy blessing in this hour,  
 Thy fostering warmth, Thy quickening might.

*f* Thee, GOD, the HOLY TRINITY,  
 We love, we worship, we adore ;  
 Our refuge on time's changeful sea,  
 Our joy on heaven's eternal shore. Amen.



511

J. BARNBY.



*They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters: these see the works of the Lord, and His wonders in the deep.*

*mf* O LORD, be with us when we sail  
 Upon the lonely deep,  
 Our guard when on the silent deck  
 The midnight watch we keep.

We need not fear, though all around  
 'Mid rising winds we hear  
 The multitude of waters surge:  
 For Thou, O GOD, art near.

The calm, the breeze, the gale, the storm.  
 That pass from land to land,  
 All, all are Thine, are held within  
 The hollow of Thine hand.

If duty calls from threatened strife  
 To guard our native shore,  
 And shot and shell are answering  
 The booming cannon's roar ;

Be Thou the main-guard of our host,  
 Till war and dangers cease,  
 Defend the right, put up the sword,  
 And through the world make peace.

*f* To Thee the FATHER, Thee the SON,  
 Whom earth and sky adore,  
 And SPIRIT, moving o'er the deep,  
 Be praise for evermore ! Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

512

(First Tune.)

German.

German.

♩ = 76.

A musical score for the song "The Rose Tree". The score is written for a piano and voice. The piano part is in the left hand, using a grand staff with a treble and bass clef. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is in the right hand, using a treble clef. The lyrics are written below the piano part. The score consists of two systems, each with a piano introduction and a vocal line.

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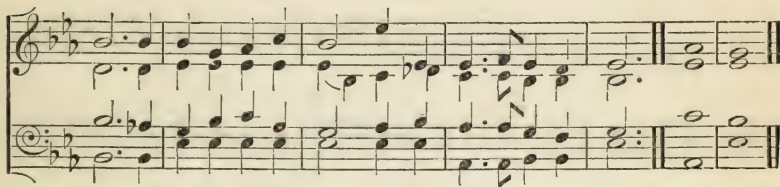
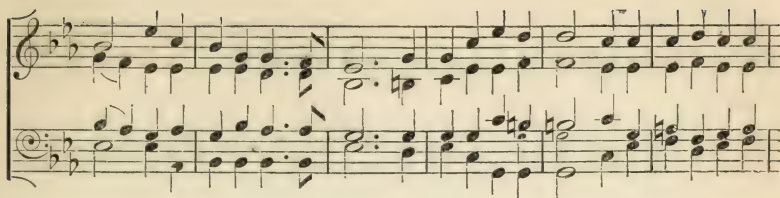
A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a harmonic accompaniment. The music is in common time (C) and consists of two measures. The first measure contains the main melody, and the second measure contains a continuation of the melody and accompaniment. The score is written in a simple, clear style with standard musical notation.

(Second Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.

Handwritten musical score for "The Rose Tree" in G major, 2/4 time. The score is written on two staves. The first staff is for the treble clef and the second for the bass clef. The tempo is marked "♩ = 80." The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides a simple accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#). The piece consists of 16 measures, ending with a repeat sign.

TO BE USED AT SEA.



*When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee.*

*mf* THE ocean hath no danger  
For those whose prayers are made  
To Him, Who in a manger  
A helpless Babe was laid;  
Who, born to tribulation,  
And every human ill,  
Yet, LORD of His creation,  
The wildest waves can still.

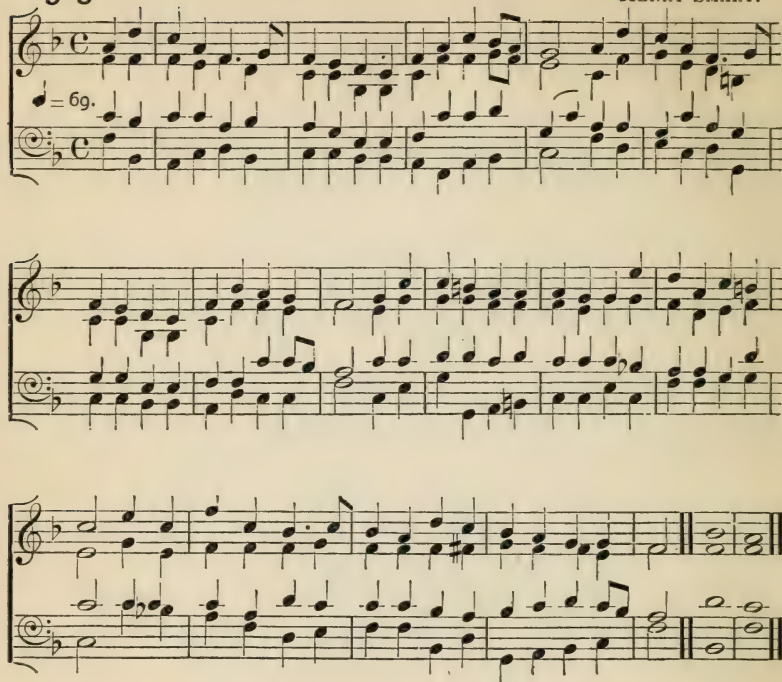
If fierce the tempest round us,  
And white the angry deep;  
Yet He, when lost Who found us,  
Can still His treasure keep:  
Nor wind nor wave can harm us,  
Though hope itself grow dim,  
No tempest need alarm us,  
If peace we seek in Him.

Though life itself be waning,  
And waves shall o'er us sweep,  
The wild wind's sad complaining  
Shall lull us still to sleep:  
For as a gentle slumber  
E'en death itself shall prove  
To those, whom CHRIST doth number  
As worthy of His love.

*p* Then, Holy JESU, hear us,  
And keep us free from harm;  
Have pity, LORD, and bear us  
On Thy supporting arm:  
Should storm or calm befall us,  
Whate'er our lot may be,  
When all is o'er, then call us  
Home, SAVIOUR, home to Thee. Amen.

513

HENRY SMART.



*And He was in the hinder part of the ship, asleep on a pillow.*

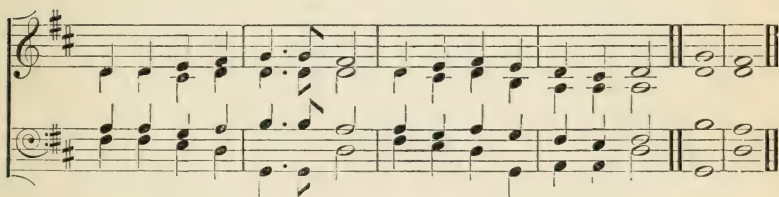
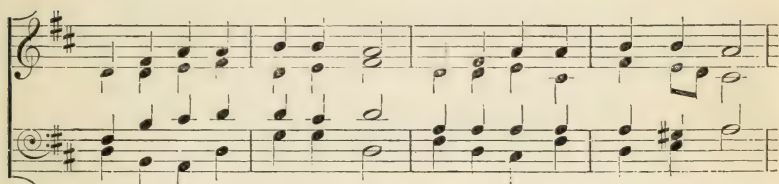
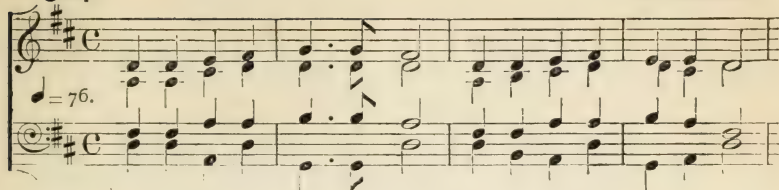
<p><i>mf</i> TOSSED upon life's raging billow,          Sweet it is, O LORD, to know          Thou hast pressed a sailor's pillow,          And canst feel a sailor's woe :          Never slumbering, never sleeping,          Though the night be dark and          drear,          Thou the faithful watch art keeping,          " All is well !" Thy constant cheer.</p>	<p><i>f</i> And though loud the wind is howling,          Fierce though flash the lightnings red,          Though the storm-clouds dark are          scowling          O'er the sailor's anxious head :  <i>mf</i> Thou canst calm the raging ocean,          All its noise and tumult still,          Hush the billow's wild commotion,          At the bidding of Thy will.</p>
--	---

Thus our hearts the hope will cherish,  
 While to heaven we lift our eyes ;  
 Thou wilt save us ere we perish,  
 Thou wilt hear our faintest cries :  
 And, though mast and sail be riven,  
 Life's short voyage soon is o'er :  
 Safely moored in heaven's wide haven,  
 Storms and tempests vex no more. Amen.



514

R. REDHEAD.



*He maketh the storm to cease : so that the waves thereof are still.*

*f* Now the billows strong and dark  
Wildly toss our fragile bark ;  
Death and danger hover near,  
And our hearts grow faint from  
fear :  
FATHER, Refuge in distress,  
Help us in our helplessness.

Waves our bulwarks overwhelm,  
Scarce our ship obeys the helm ;  
All our labour seems in vain,  
Nor our skill can calm the main :  
Loving JESUS, safety's Ark,  
Lull to rest our tossing bark.

*p* Neither sun, nor moon, nor star  
Shines upon us from afar ;  
Clouds are heavy o'er our head  
Thunders fill our souls with dread :  
Sun of life, Good SPIRIT, shine,  
Calm our breasts with love divine.

*f* Waves may rage and storm-clouds  
frown  
Howling winds our voices drown ;  
Yet will we Thy Name confess,  
Trust Thy Goodness in distress :  
All our hope is stayed on Thee,  
Ever-gracious TRINITY. Amen.

TO BE USED AT SEA.

515

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

*Lord, save us: we perish.*

WHEN through the torn sail the wild tempest is streaming  
When o'er the dark wave the red lightning is gleaming,  
Nor hope lends a ray the poor seaman to cherish,  
We fly to our SAVIOUR :—" Save, LORD, or we perish."

O JESUS, once rocked on the breast of the billow,  
Aroused by the shriek of despair from Thy pillow,  
Now seated in glory, the mariner cherish,  
Who cries in his anguish, " Save, LORD, or we perish."

And O, when the whirlwind of passion is raging,  
When sin in our hearts its wild warfare is waging,  
Then send down Thy grace, Thy redeemed to cherish;  
Rebuke the destroyer; " Save, LORD, or we perish." Amen.

516

AT THE BURIAL OF THEIR DEAD.

J. BARNBY.

# TO BE USED AT SEA.

*And the sea gave up the dead which were in it.*

WE give *his* body to the surge,  
In certain hope, with prayer and dirge;  
We little reck the wild waves' swell,  
Or depths where monstrous creatures dwell:

We lay *his* body but to sleep,  
Where JESUS' feet have calmed the deep;  
Where waves have hearkened to His word:  
THE SON of MAN is ocean's LORD.

The billows, as they toss and reel,  
Will ring for *him* a Sabbath-peal;  
Until the glorious Sunday glow,  
And waken all who rest below.

Then earth's deep graves will quake with  
dread;  
The sea give up her prisoned dead,  
Once more obedient to His word:  
THE SON of MAN is ocean's LORD.

Through Thee, O LORD, the SON of MAN,  
Our *brother* shall arise again;  
And bursting from the sable brine  
With resurrection-splendour shine.

All praise be Thine, O risen LORD,  
From death to endless life restored:  
All praise to God the FATHER be,  
And HOLY GHOST eternally. Amen.

517

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

*Thou hadst cast me into the deep, in the midst of the seas: yet hast Thou brought up my life from corruption, O Lord my God.*

DEEP down beneath the unresting surge

There is a peaceful tomb;  
Storm raves above, calm reigns below,  
Safe, safe from ocean's wreck and woe;  
Safe from its tide's unceasing flow,  
The peaceful find a home.

Who dies in CHRIST the LORD dies well,

Though on the lonely main:  
As soft the pillow of the deep,  
As tranquil the uncurtained sleep,  
As on the couch where fond ones weep;  
And they shall rise again.

The cold sea's coldest, hidden depths

Shall hear the tramp of God:  
Death's reign on sea and land is o'er;

God's treasured ones he must restore;  
God's buried gems he holds no more  
Beneath or wave or clod.

O'er this loved clay GOD sets His watch;  
The angels guard *him* well;  
Till summoned by the trumpet loud,  
Like star emerging from the cloud,  
Or blossom from its sheltering shroud,  
*He* leaves his ocean-cell.

O JESU CHRIST! O Risen LORD!

Let life, not death, prevail:  
Make haste, great Conqueror, make haste;  
Call up the dead of ages past;  
Gather Thy precious gems at last  
From ocean's deepest vale. Amen.

\*\*\* The last line of each verse must be repeated.

# MISSIONS.

518

(First Tune.)

HENRY SMART.

$\text{♩} = 88.$

(Second Tune.)

W. H. MONK.

$\text{♩} = 80.$



# MISSIONS.

*Freely ye have received, freely give.*

*mf* FROM Greenland's icy mountains,  
From India's coral strand,  
Where Afric's sunny fountains  
Roll down their golden sand,  
From many an ancient river,  
From many a palmy plain,  
They call us to deliver  
Their land from error's chain.

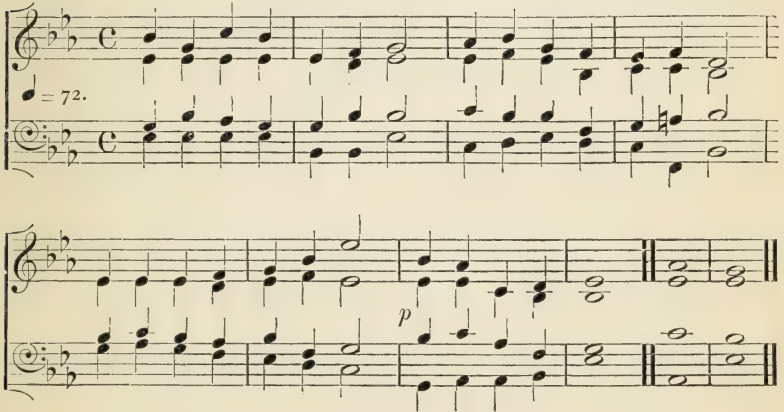
*p* What though the spicy breezes  
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,  
Though every prospect pleases,  
And only man is vile;  
In vain with lavish kindness  
The gifts of GOD are strown,  
The heathen in his blindness  
Bows down to wood and stone.

*mp* Can we whose souls are lighted  
With wisdom from on high,  
Can we to men benighted  
The lamp of life deny?  
*f* Salvation! oh, salvation!  
The joyful sound proclaim,  
Till each remotest nation  
Has learnt MESSIAH'S Name.

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,  
And you, ye waters, roll,  
Till like a sea of glory  
It spreads from pole to pole;  
Till o'er our ransomed nature  
The LAMB for sinners slain,  
REDEEMER, KING, CREATOR,  
In bliss returns to reign. Amen.

519

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.



*That Thy way may be known upon earth: Thy saving health among all nations.*

*mp* GOD of grace, O let Thy light  
Bless our dim and blinded sight;  
Like the day-spring on the night  
Bid Thy grace to shine.

To the nations led astray  
Thine eternal love display;  
Let Thy truth direct their way  
Till the world be Thine.

*f* Praise to Thee, the faithful LORD;  
Let all tongues in glad accord  
Learn the good thanksgiving word,  
Ever praising Thee.

Let them moved to gladness sing,  
Owning Thee their Judge and King;  
Righteous truth shall bloom and spring  
Where Thy rule shall be.

Praise to Thee, all-faithful LORD;  
Let all tongues in glad accord  
Speak the good thanksgiving word,  
Heart-rejoicing praise.

So the fruitful earth's increase,  
Bounty of the GOD of peace,  
Never in its course shall cease  
Through the length of days;

While His grace our life shall cheer,  
Furthest lands shall own His fear,  
Brought to Him in worship near,  
Taught His mercy's ways. Amen.

520

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.

The musical score is written for piano in G major (three sharps) and common time (C). It consists of four systems of two staves each. The tempo is marked as 76. The dynamics are marked as *mf* (mezzo-forte), *p* (piano), and *dim.* (diminuendo). The score includes various musical notations such as eighth notes, sixteenth notes, and rests. The piece concludes with a double bar line and a final chord.

*So shall He sprinkle many nations.*

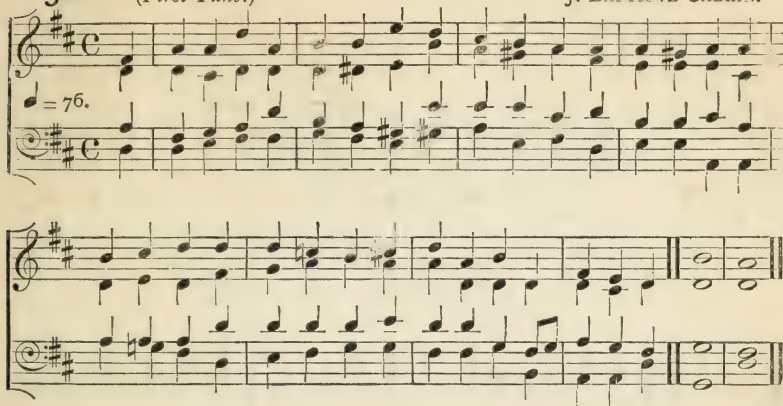
SAVIOUR, sprinkle many nations,  
 Fruitful let Thy sorrows be ;  
 By Thy pains and consolations,  
 Draw the Gentiles unto Thee.  
 Of Thy Cross the wondrous story,  
 Be it to the Gentiles told ;  
 Let them see Thee in Thy glory  
 And Thy mercy manifold.

Far and wide, though all unknowing,  
 Pants for Thee each mortal breast ;  
 Human tears for Thee are flowing,  
 Human hearts in Thee would rest.  
 Thirsting as for dews of even,  
 As the new-mown grass for rain,  
 Thee they seek, as GOD of heaven,  
 Thee as Man for sinners slain.

SAVIOUR, lo! the isles are waiting,  
 Stretched the hand, and strained the sight,  
 For Thy SPIRIT, new creating,  
 Love's pure flame and wisdom's light :  
 Give the word ; and of the preacher  
 Speed the foot and touch the tongue ;  
 Till on earth by every creature  
 Glory to the LAMB be sung. Amen.

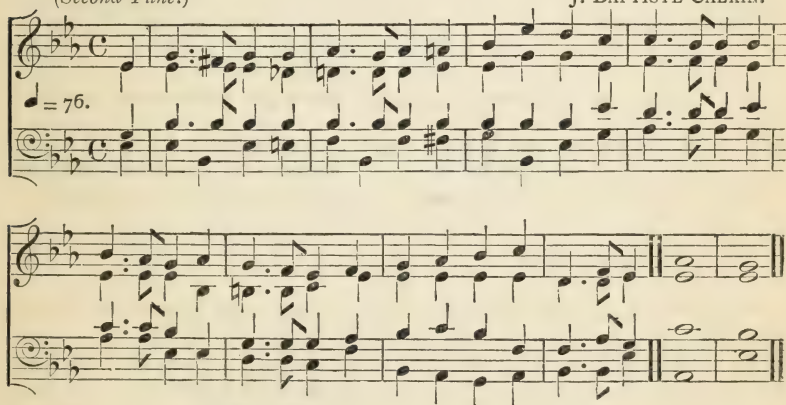
## 521 (First Tune.)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



## (Second Tune.)

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.

*And He shall set up an ensign for the nations.*

UPLIFT the banner! Let it float  
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
 The sun shall light its shining folds,  
 The Cross, on which the SAVIOUR died.

Uplift the banner! Angels bend  
 In anxious silence o'er the sign,  
 And vainly seek to comprehend  
 The wonder of the love Divine.

Uplift the banner! Heathen lands  
 Shall see from far the glorious sight,  
 And nations, gathering at the call,  
 Their spirits kindle in its light.

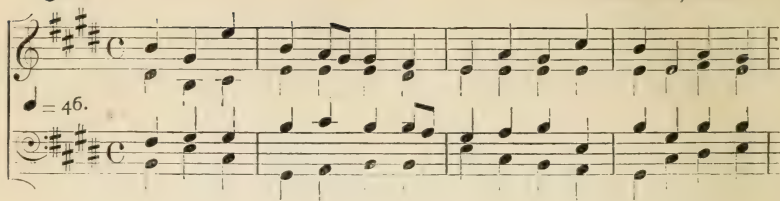
Uplift the banner! Let it float  
 Sky-ward and sea-ward, high and wide;  
 Our glory only in the Cross,  
 Our only hope the Crucified.

Uplift the banner! Wide and high,  
 Sea-ward and sky-ward let it shine:  
 Nor skill, nor might, nor merit ours;  
 We conquer only in that sign. Amen.

# ALMS-GIVING.

522

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him.*

*mf* ALMIGHTY FATHER, heaven and earth  
With lavish wealth before Thee bow;  
Those treasures owe to Thee their  
birth,  
Creator, Ruler, Giver, Thou.

The wealth of earth, of sky, of sea,  
The gold, the silver, sparkling gem,  
The waving corn, the bending tree,  
Are Thine: to us Thou lendest  
them.

To Thee, as early morning's dew, [rise;  
Our incense, alms, and prayer shall  
As rose, when joyous earth was new,  
Faith's patriarchal sacrifice.

*p* And when Thine Israel travel-sore  
With offerings to Thy courts would  
come,  
With free and willing hearts they bore  
Gifts, even from their desert-home.

*mf* Or when to Thee and Thy great praise  
To rear a Temple monarchs sought,  
No worthless building would they raise,  
Nor offer that which cost them  
nought.

Thus kings and prophets decked the  
place  
Where Israel's God in glory dwelt,  
And there His Name they loved to trace,  
And there His nearer Presence felt.

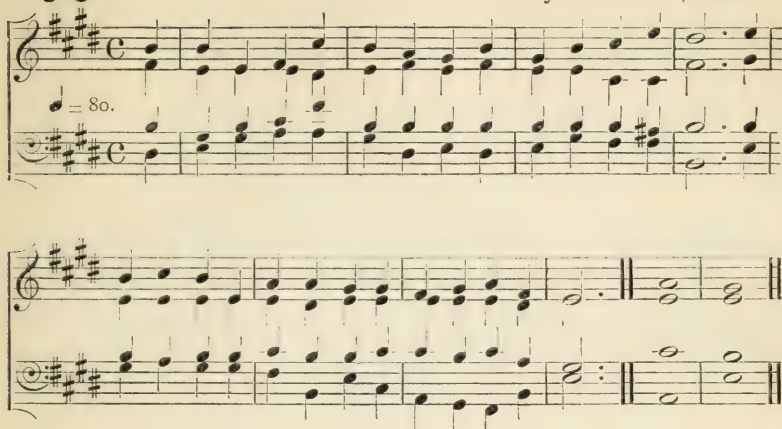
*p* We, LORD, would lay at Thy behest  
The costliest offerings on Thy shrine;  
But when we give, and give our best,  
We only give Thee that is Thine.

*f* O FATHER, whence all blessings come,  
O SON, dispenser of GOD's store,  
O SPIRIT, bear our offerings home:  
LORD, make them Thine for ever  
more! Amen.



523

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me.*

*mf* O FOUNT of good, to own Thy love  
Our thankful hearts incline:  
What can we render, LORD to Thee,  
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,  
Partakers of Thy grace,  
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess  
Before the FATHER's face.

*f* In each sad accent of distress  
Thy pleading voice is heard;  
In them Thou may'st be clothed and fed,  
And visited, and cheered.

Help us then, LORD, Thy yoke to wear,  
To joy to do Thy will;  
Each other's burdens gladly bear,  
And love's sweet law fulfil.

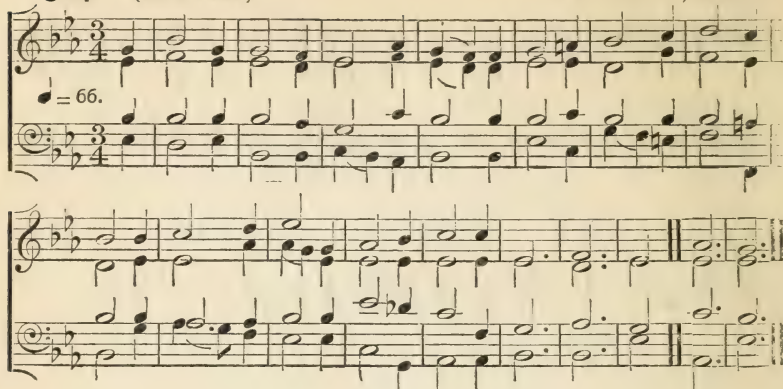
Thy Face with reverence and with love  
We in Thy poor would see;  
And while we minister to them,  
Would do it as to Thee.

Do Thou, O LORD, our alms accept,  
And with Thy blessing speed;  
Bless us in giving; greatly bless  
Our gifts to them that need.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
Be glory, as it was, is now,  
And shall be evermore. Amen.

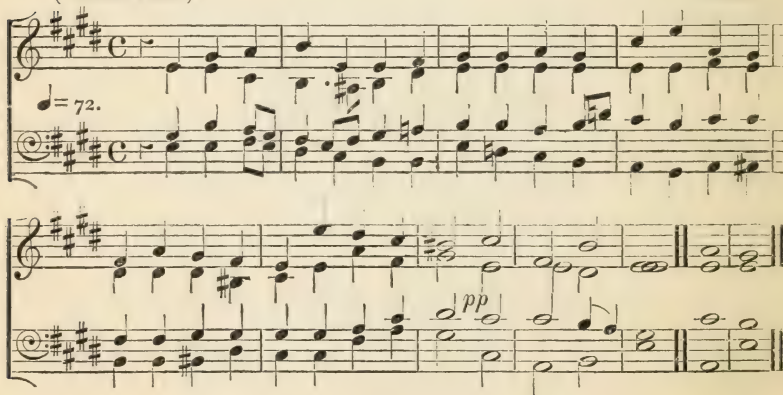
524 (First Tune.)

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

E. H. THORNE.

*God loveth a cheerful giver.*

*mf* O LORD of heaven, and earth, and sea,  
To Thee all praise and glory be :  
How shall we show our love to Thee,  
Who givest all ?

The golden sunshine, vernal air, [clare :  
Sweet flowers and fruit Thy love de-  
When harvests ripen, Thou art there,  
Who givest all.

For peaceful homes, and healthful days,  
For all the blessings earth displays,  
We owe Thee thankfulness and praise,  
Who givest all.

Thou didst not spare Thine only SON,  
But gav'st Him for a world undone,  
And freely with that Blessed One  
Thou givest all.

Thou giv'st the HOLY SPIRIT's dower,  
SPIRIT of life, and love, and power,  
And dost His sevenfold graces shower  
Upon us all.

For souls redeemed, for sins forgiven,  
For means of grace and hopes of heaven,  
What can to Thee, O LORD, be given,  
Who givest all ?

We lose what on ourselves we spend,  
We have as treasure without end  
Whatever, LORD, to Thee we lend,  
Who givest all.

*f* To Thee then gladly will we give,  
To Thee, from Whom we all derive ;  
O may we ever with Thee live,  
Who givest all. Amen.

# ALMS-GIVING.

525

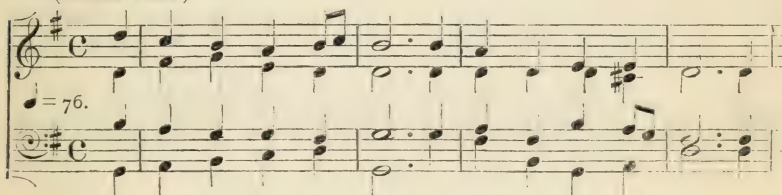
(First Tune.)

WILLIAM WINN.



(Second Tune.)

W. H. MONK.



*Whoso hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?*

*mf* WE give Thee but Thine own,  
Whate'er the gift may be :  
For all we have is Thine alone,  
A trust, O LORD, from Thee.

Oh ! hearts are bruised and dead,  
And homes are bare and cold,  
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd  
Are straying from the fold. [bled,

To comfort and to bless,  
To find a balm for woe,  
To tend the lone and fatherless  
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,  
To God the lost to bring,  
To teach the way of life and peace,  
It is a CHRIST-like thing.

And we believe Thy word,  
Though dim our faith may be ;  
Whate'er for Thine we do, O LORD,  
We do it unto Thee.

*f* To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest,  
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,  
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

GENERAL.

*All Thy works shall praise Thee, O Lord.*

J. BARNBY.


526

FULL. 1. SING alleluia forth in duteous praise, O citizens of heaven; in  
 2. Ye next, who stand before th' E- -ter-nal Light, In hymning choirs re-echo  
 DEC. 3. The Holy City shall take up your strain, And with glad songs resounding  
 CAN. 4. In blissful antiphons ye thus re-joyce To render to the LORD with

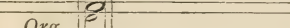
DEC. 5. Ye who have gained at length your palm in bliss, Victorious ones, your chant shall

CAN. 6. From those exalted lips for e - ver ringing The strains which tell the honour

DEC. 7. This is the rest for weary ones brought back; This is the food and drink which


  
*Org.*

FULL. 8. While Thee, CREATOR of the world, we praise For ever, and tell out in  
 9. To Thee, Eternal SON, our voi - ces sing; With Them to Thee, O HOLY





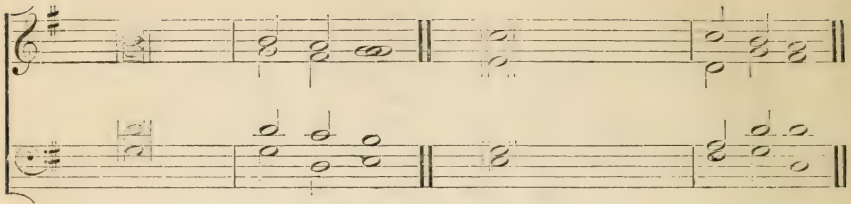
GENERAL.

sweet notes raise An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 to the height An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 wake a - gain An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 thank - ful voice An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

still be this,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.  
 of your KING,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

none shall lack,— An end - less Al - le - lu - ia.

sweet - est lays An end - less Al - le - lu - ia;  
 GHOST, we bring, An end - less Al - le - lu - ia. A - men.

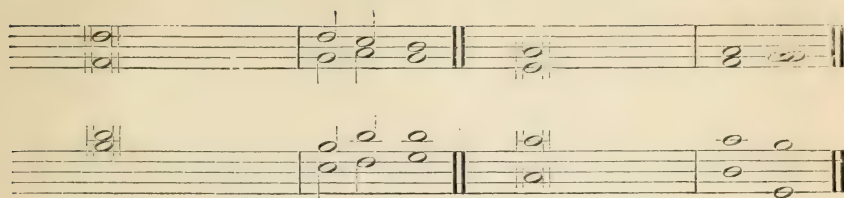


*All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord.*

<i>f</i> THE strain upraise of joy and praise, Alle-	-lu - - ia!	To the glory of their KING Shall the ransomed	peo - ple sing
<i>mf</i> And the choirs that	dwell on high	Shall re-echo . . .	through the sky,
<i>p</i> They in the rest of	Paradisewhოდwell,	The blessed ones, with joy	the cho - rus swell,
<i>mf</i> The planets beaming on their	heaven - ly way,	The shining constellations	join, and say
<i>f</i> Ye clouds that on- ward sweep, Ye winds	on pin - ions light,	Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep, Ye lightnings,	wild - ly bright.
<i>f</i> Ye floods and ocean billows, Ye storms and	win - ter snow.	Ye days of cloudless beauty. Hoar frost and	sum - mer glow,
<i>mf</i> First let the birds, with painted	plum - age gay,	Exalt their great CREATOR'S	praise, and say,
Then let the beasts of earth, with	vary - ing strain,	Join in creation's hymn, and	cry a - gain
<i>ff</i> Here let the moun- tains thunder forth so-	-nor - - ous Alle-	- - -	-lu - - ia!
<i>f</i> Thou jubilant abyss of	o - cean, cry Alle-	- - -	-lu - - ia!
To GOD, Who all cre-	-a - tion made,	The frequent hymn be	- du - ly paid:
This is the strain, the eternal strain, the	LORD Al-	-migh - ty loves: Alle-	- - - -lu - - ia!
Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice a-	-wak - - ing,	Alle-	- - - -lu - - ia!
Now from all men .	be out - poured	Alleluia - - -	to the LORD;
Praise be done to the	THREE in ONE.	Alle-	- - - -lu - - ia!

# GENERAL.

A. H. D. TROYLE.



Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
<i>mf</i> Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
<i>mf</i> In sweet con-	-	-	-	-	-sent u - nite	Your Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Ye groves that wave in spring, And glorious	fo - rests, sing					Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
<i>mf</i> There let the valleys sing in gentler	cho - rus					Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Ye tracts of earth and conti-	-nents, re - ply					Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
This is the song, the heavenly song, that CHRIST the	KING approves:					Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
And children's voices echo, answer	mak - ing,					Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia !
With alleluia . . .	e - ver - more					The SON and SPIRIT	we a - dore.			
Alle-	-	-	-	-	-lu - - ia,	Alle-	-	-	-	-lu - ia ! A - men.

528

REV. ROBERT BROWN-BORTHWICK.

*We will walk in the name of the Lord our God for ever and ever.*

*f* LET every heart exulting beat  
With joy at JESUS' Name of bliss;  
With every pure delight replete,  
And passing sweet its music is.

*mf* JESUS the comfortless consoles;  
JESUS each sinful fever quells:  
JESUS the power of hell controls;  
JESUS each deadly foe repels.

*f* O speak His lofty Name abroad!  
JESUS let every tongue confess:  
Let every heart and voice accord  
The Healer of our souls to bless.

*p* JESUS, the sinner's friend, abide  
With us, and hearken to our prayer;  
Thy frail and erring wanderers guide;  
In mercy our transgressions spare.  
Be Thy dear Name our sure defence,  
From peril all our path assure;  
Perfection to our walk dispense,  
From every stain preserve us pure.

*f* O CHRIST, all glory be to Thee,  
Refulgent with this Name divine;  
All honour, worship, majesty,  
JESU, for evermore be Thine. Amen

529

Old Melody.



GENERAL.

*There is none other Name under heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved.*

*f* To the Name that brings salvation  
 Laud and honour let us pay ;  
 That for many a generation  
 Hid in God's foreknowledge lay :  
 But with holy exultation  
 We may sing aloud to-day.

Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,  
 Name beyond what words can tell ;  
 Name of sweetness passing measure,  
 Ear and heart delighting well :  
 'Tis our safeguard and our treasure,  
 'Tis our help 'gainst sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,  
 'Tis the Name of victory,  
 'Tis the Name for meditation  
 In the vale of misery,  
 Name for joyful veneration  
 By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth  
 Finds it music to the ear ;  
 'Tis the Name that whoso teacheth  
 Finds more sweet than honey's cheer :  
 Who its perfect wisdom reacheth  
 Heavenly joy possesseth here.

'Tis the Name by right exalted,  
 Over every other name ;  
 That when we are sore assaulted,  
 Puts our enemies to shame ;  
 Strength to them who else had halted,  
 Eyes to blind and feet to lame.

JESU, we Thy Name adoring  
 Long to see Thee as Thou art ;  
 Of Thy clemency imploring  
 So to write it in our heart,  
 That hereafter heavenward soaring  
 We with angels may have part. Amen

530

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

*f* ALL hail the pow'r of JE - SUS' Name; Let an - gels prostrate  
 fall: . . . Bring forth the roy - al di - a-dem To crown Him LORD of  
 all, To crown Him, crown Him LORD of all. A - men.

*King of kings, and Lord of lords.*

Crown Him, ye morning stars of light,  
 Who fixed this floating ball:  
 Now hail the strength of Israel's might,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Crown Him, ye martyrs of our God  
 Who from His altar call:  
 Extol the stem of Jesse's Rod,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye saints redeemed of Adam's race,  
 Ye ransomed of the fall,  
 Hail Him who saves you by His grace,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Ye sinners who can ne'er forget  
 The wormwood and the gall,  
 Go spread your trophies at His Feet,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Let every tongue and every tribe  
 Before Him prostrate fall,  
 To Him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown Him LORD of all.

Yea, LORD, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at Thy feet will fall,  
 Join in the everlasting song,  
 And crown Thee LORD of all. Amen.

531

Old Melody.

*O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands.*

*f* ALL people that on earth do dwell,  
Sing to the LORD with cheerful voice;  
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell,  
Come ye before Him and rejoice.

*f* O enter then His gates with praise,  
Approach with joy His courts unto;  
Praise, laud, and bless His Name al-  
For it is seemly so to do. [ways,

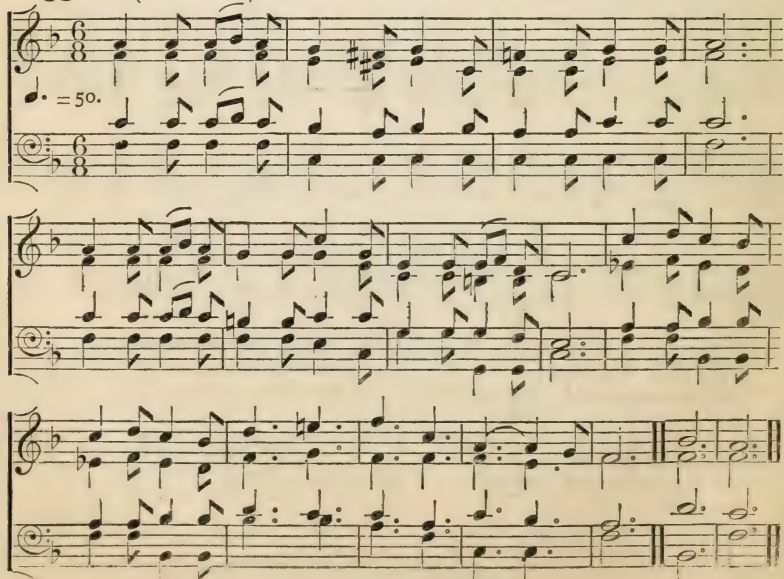
*mf* The LORD, ye know, is GOD indeed; *mf* For why? the LORD our GOD is good,  
Without our aid He did us make;  
We are His flock; He doth us feed,  
His mercy is for ever sure:  
And for His sheep He doth us take. And shall from age to age endure.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

532

(First Tune.)

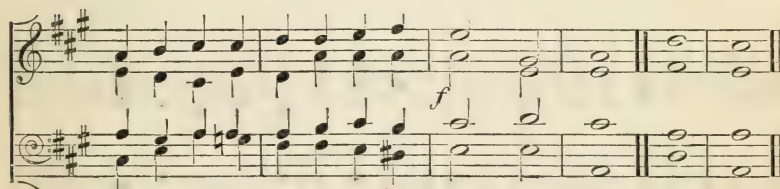
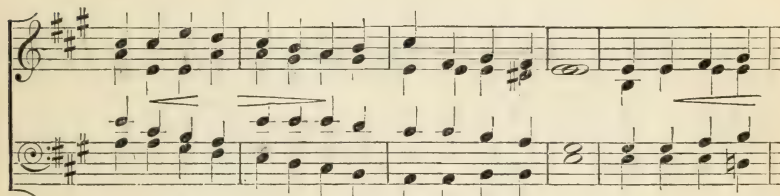
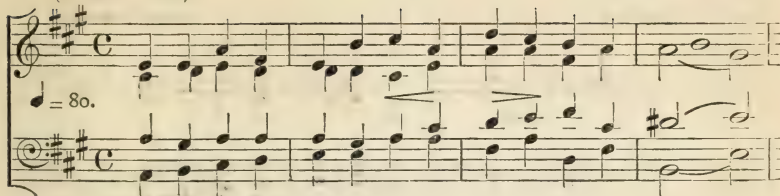
ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



GENERAL.

(Second Tune.)

OLIVER A. KING.



*Thou hast created all things, and for Thy pleasure they are and were created.*

*mf* ANGEL voices ever singing  
Round Thy throne of light,  
Angel harps for ever ringing  
Rest not day nor night :  
Thousands only live to bless Thee,  
And confess Thee.  
LORD of might !

Thou, Who art beyond the farthest  
Mortal eye can scan,  
Can it be that Thou regardest  
Songs of sinful man ?  
Can we know that Thou art near us,  
And wilt hear us ?  
Yea ! we can.

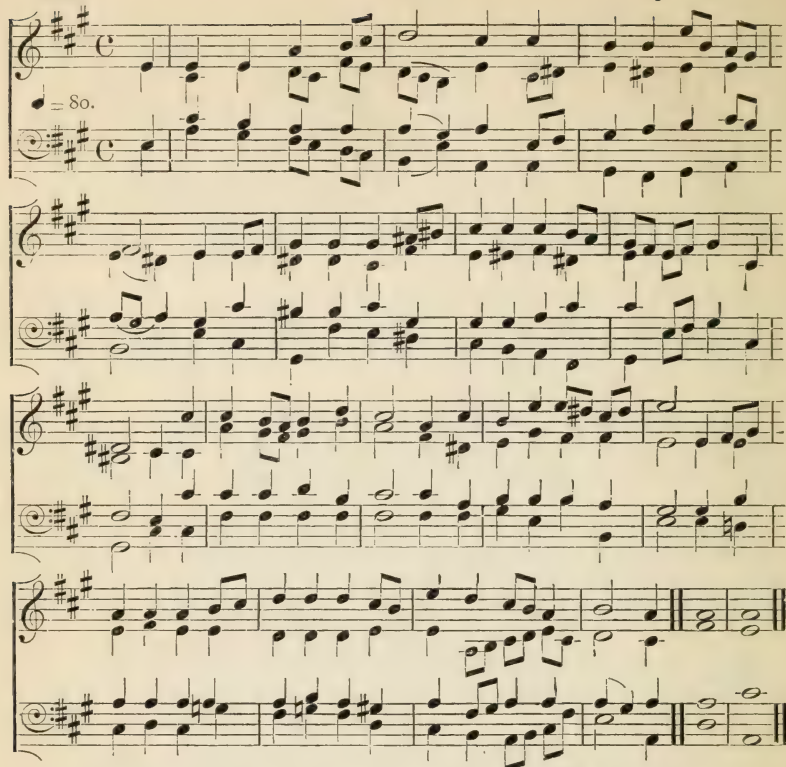
Yea, we know that Thou rejoicest  
O'er each work of Thine :  
Thou didst ears, and hands, and voices,  
For Thy praise combine ;  
Craftsman's art and music's measure  
For Thy pleasure  
Didst design.

In Thy House, great God, we offer  
Of Thine own to Thee,  
And for Thine acceptance proffer  
All unworthily  
Hearts, and minds, and hands and voices,  
In our choicest  
Melody

*f* Honour, glory, might, and merit,  
Thine shall ever be,  
FATHER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT,  
Blessèd TRINITY !  
Of the best that Thou hast given,  
Earth and heaven  
Render Thee ! Amen.

533

J. BARNEY.



*Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am.*

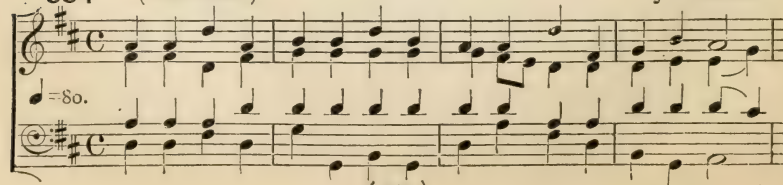
*f* BREAK forth, O earth, in praises,  
Dwell on the wondrous story;  
The SAVIOUR'S Name and love proclaim,  
The King Who reigns in glory:  
See on the throne beside Him,  
O'er all her foes victorious,  
His royal Bride for whom He died,  
Like Him for ever glorious.  
Ye of the seed of Jacob,  
Behold the royal Lion  
Of Judah's line in glory shine  
And fill His throne in Sion:  
Blest with His gracious favour  
A ransomed holy nation, [King,  
Your offerings bring to CHRIST your  
The God of your salvation.

Come, O ye kings, ye nations,  
With songs of gladness hail Him;  
Ye Gentiles all, before Him fall,  
The royal Priest in Salem:  
O'er hell and death triumphant  
Your conquering LORD hath risen,  
His praises sound Whose power hath  
Your ruthless foe in prison. [bound  
All hail, Thou KING of Glory,  
Head of the new creation,  
Thy ways of grace we love to trace,  
And praise Thy great salvation:  
Thy Heart was pressed with sorrow,  
The bonds of death to sever,  
To make us free, that we might be  
Thy crown of joy for ever. Amen.

534

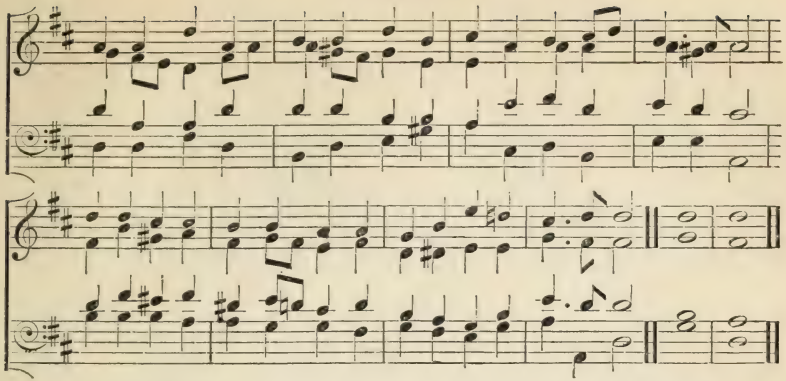
(First Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



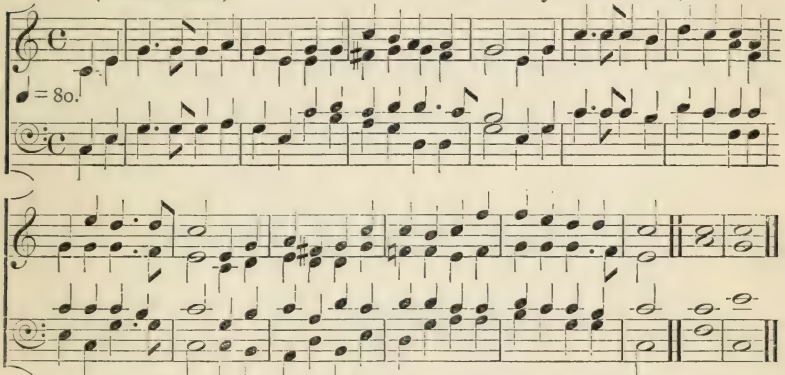


GENERAL.



(Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



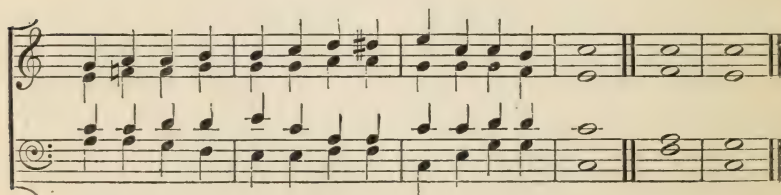
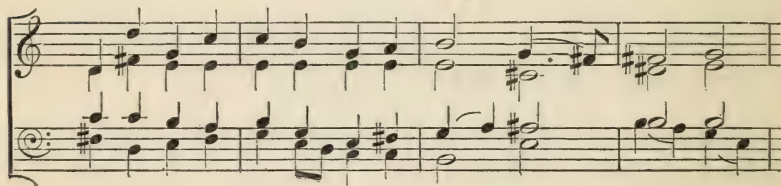
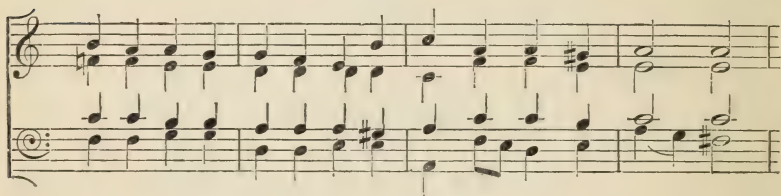
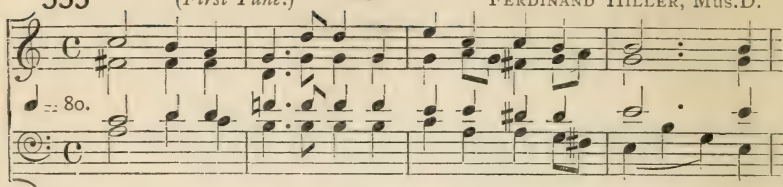
*Great and marvellous are Thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are Thy ways, Thou King of saints.*

- f* COME, ye faithful, raise the anthem, *mf* If His people walk in darkness,  
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise; Through the thickest clouds of night,  
 Sing to Him Who found the ransom, He, according to His promise,  
 Ancient of eternal days, Sends the pillar-beam of light;  
 GOD of GOD, the WORD Incarnate, Then, they pass along His highway,  
 Whom the heaven of heaven obeys. Turning not to left or right.
- mf* Ere He raised the lofty mountains, *p* When the thirsty pant for water,  
 Formed the seas or built the sky, And no cooling streams are found,  
 Love eternal, free and boundless, He descends like rain in spring-time,  
 Moved the LORD of Life to die, Softening all the parched ground:  
 Fore-ordained the Prince of princes While the smitten Rock its torrents  
 For the throne of Calvary. Pours in ample streams around.
- f* Now on yon eternal mountains Hungry souls that faint and languish  
 Stands His gem-built throne, all By His bounteous Hand are fed;  
 Where unending alleluias [bright, Yea, He gives them Food immortal,  
 Echo from the sons of light: Gives Himself, the Living Bread,  
 Sion's people tell His praises, Gives the Chalice of His Passion,  
 Victor after hard-won fight. Rich with Blood on Calvary shed.
- Bring your harps, and bring your in- *f* Trust Him then, ye fearful pilgrims:  
 cense; Who shall pluck you from His Hand?  
 Sweep the string and pour the lay; Pledged He stands for their salvation,  
 Let the earth proclaim His wonders, Who are fighting for His Land:  
 KING of that celestial day; O that we, amidst His true ones,  
 He the LAMB once slain is worthy, Round His throne one day may  
 Who was dead and lives for aye. stand! Amen.

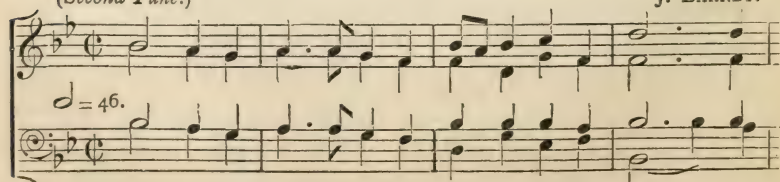
535

*(First Tune.)*

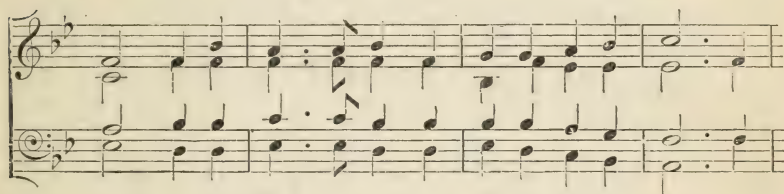
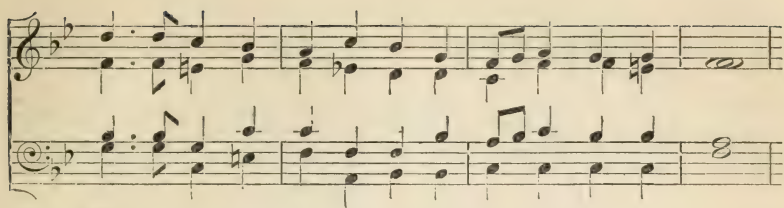
FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

*(Second Tune.)*

J. BARNBY.



# GENERAL.



*And on His Head were many crowns.*

*f* CROWN Him with many crowns,  
The LAMB upon His throne ;  
*mf* Hark, how the heavenly anthem drowns  
All music but its own :  
With His most precious Blood  
From sin He set us free :  
*ff* We hail Him as our matchless KING  
Through all eternity.

*mf* Crown Him, the Virgin's Son,  
The GOD Incarnate born,  
Whose arm those crimson trophies won,  
Which now His Brow adorn :  
Fruit of the mystic Rose,  
As of that Rose the Stem ;  
The Root whence mercy ever flows,  
The Babe of Bethlehem.

*mp* Crown Him, the LORD of Love :  
Behold His Hands and Side,  
Rich Wounds, yet visible above  
In beauty glorified :  
No angel in the sky  
Can fully bear that sight,  
But downward bends his burning eye  
At mysteries so bright.

*p* Crown Him the LORD of Peace :  
Whose power a sceptre sways  
From pole to pole, that wars may cease,  
And all be prayer and praise :  
His reign shall know no end,  
And round His pierced Feet  
Fair flowers of Paradise extend  
Their fragrance ever sweet.

*mf* Crown Him the LORD of years,  
The Potentate of time,  
CREATOR of the rolling spheres,  
Ineffably sublime ;  
Glassed in a sea of light,  
Whose everlasting waves  
Reflect His Form,—the Infinite--  
Who lives, and loves, and saves.

*f* Crown Him the LORD of heaven,  
One with the FATHER known,  
One with the SPIRIT through Him given  
From yonder glorious throne !  
To Thee be endless praise,  
For Thou for us hast died :  
Be Thou, O LORD, through endless days  
Adored and magnified. Amen.

536

JOHN HOPKINS.

*They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, Which was, and is, and is to come.*

*mf* HOLY, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

Holy, Holy, Holy! our song shall rise to Thee:

Holy, Holy, Holy, merciful and mighty;

GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessèd TRINITY!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;

Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,

Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

*f* Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,

Only Thou art Holy: There is none beside Thee

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

*f* Holy, Holy, Holy! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY!

All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:

Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;

GOD in THREE PERSONS, Blessèd TRINITY! Amen.

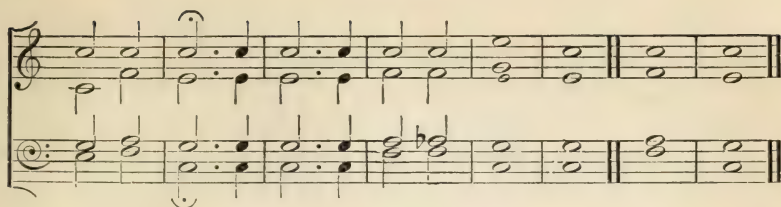
537

(First Tune.)

JAMES TURLE.

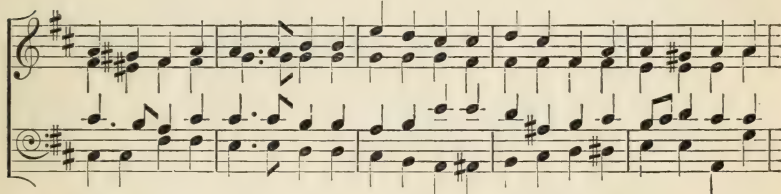
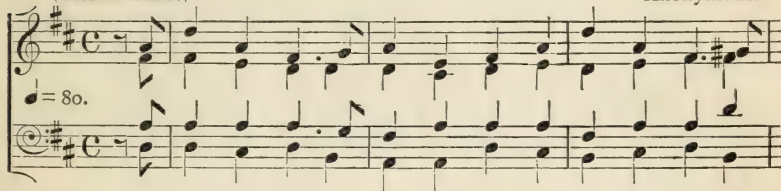


GENERAL.



(Second Tunc.)

Anonymous.



*Hosanna in the highest.*

*f* HOSANNA to the living LORD!  
Hosanna to the Incarnate WORD!  
To CHRIST, CREATOR, SAVIOUR, KING,  
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing;  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest!

Hosanna, LORD! Thine angels cry;  
Hosanna, LORD! Thy saints reply;  
Above, beneath us, and around,  
The dead and living swell the sound;  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest!

*p* O SAVIOUR, with protecting care  
Abide in this Thy house of prayer,  
Where we Thy parting promise claim,  
Assembled in Thy sacred Name;  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest!

But chiefest in our cleansèd breast,  
May Thy Co-equal SPIRIT rest;  
And make our secret soul to be  
A temple pure and worthy Thee;  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest!

So in the last, the dreadful day, [way,  
When earth and heaven shall melt a-  
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,  
Shall swell the sound of praise again;  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest!

*ff* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
Be honour, praise, and glory given,  
By all on earth and all in heaven!  
Hosanna, LORD! Hosanna in the  
highest! Amen.

538

SAMUEL REAY, Mus.Bac., Oxon.

*Make a joyful noise unto God, all ye lands. Sing forth the honour of His name; make His praise glorious.*

*f* LET all the world in every corner sing  
My GOD and KING!

The heavens are not too high;

His praise may thither fly:

The earth is not too low;

His praises there may grow.

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING!

The Church with psalms must shout;

No door can keep them out:

But, above all, my heart  
Must bear the longest part.

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My GOD and KING!

Let all the world in every corner sing  
My GOD and KING!

The FATHER, with the SON,

And SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,

One everlasting LORD,

Be evermore adored!

Let all the world in every corner sing

My GOD and KING! Amen.

539

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

GENERAL.

*dol.*

*cres.* *ff* *mf*

*cres.* *f* *mf* *cres.*

*ff*

Thou, LORD, and on-ly Thou, and on-ly Thou, art King.

*Stand up, and bless the Lord your God for ever and ever.*

O LORD our GOD, in reverence lowly,  
The host of heaven call Thee Holy :

From Cherubim and Seraphim,  
From angel phalanx, far extending,  
In fuller tones is still ascending,

The "Holy, Holy, Holy" hymn.

The Fount of joy Thou art,

E'er filling every heart,

Ever! Ever!

We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,  
Thou, LORD, and only Thou, art King.

LORD, there are bending now before Thee  
The Elders, with their crownèd glory,

The firstborn of the blessed band ;

There, too, their weary conflicts o'er,

Those, who shall gain the heavenly shore,

Will in unnumbered myriads stand :

Loud are the songs of praise

The mingled voices raise,

Ever! Ever!

We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,  
Thou, LORD, and only Thou, art King.

They sing, in sweet and sinless numbers,  
The wondrous love that never slumbers ;

And of the wisdom, power, and might,  
The truth and faithfulness abiding,  
And over all Thy works presiding.

But they can scarcely praise aright ;

For all is never sung,

Even by Seraphs' tongue,

Never! Never!

We, too, are Thine, and with them sing,  
Thou, LORD, and only Thou art King.

Come, LORD ; reveal Thyself more fully,  
That we may learn to praise more truly ;

Make every heart a temple true,

Filled with Thy glory overflowing,

More of Thy love each morning showing,

And waking praises loud and new.

Here let Thy peace divine

Upon Thy children shine,

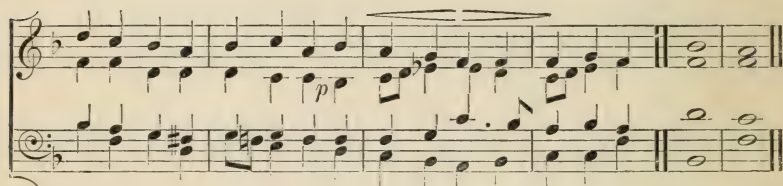
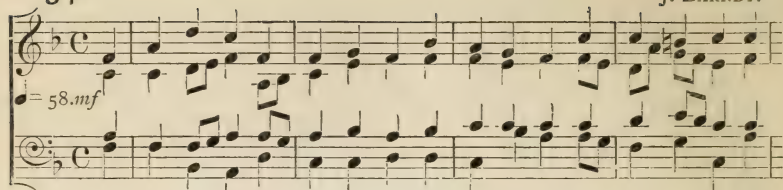
Ever! Ever!

And glad or sad, we ever sing,  
Thou, LORD, and only Thou, art King.

Amen.

540

J. BARNBY.



*To see Thy power and Thy glory, so as I have seen Thee in the sanctuary.*

*p* O LORD, within Thy sacred gate,  
Where we so oft have sought for Thee,  
Again our longing spirits wait,  
The fulness of delight to see.

*mf* In blessing Thee with thankful songs,  
Our happy lives shall glide away :  
The praise that to Thy Name belongs,  
With lifted hands we'll daily pay.

Abundant sweetness, while we sing  
Thy love, our favoured souls o'erflows;  
Secure in Thee, our GOD, our King,  
Of glory that no period knows.

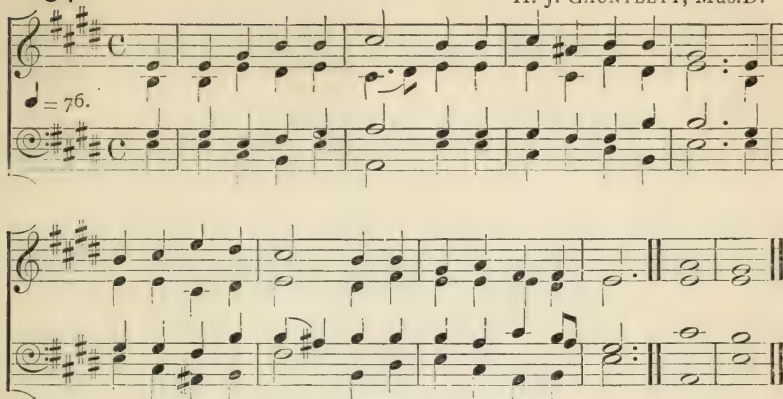
More dear than life itself, Thy love  
Our hearts and tongues shall still employ :  
Thy love to sing, Thy grace to prove,  
Be this our glory, peace, and joy.

*f* O FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD, Whom heaven and earth adore.  
To Thee from men and heaven's bright host  
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.



54<sup>I</sup>

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*Thy word is a lantern unto my feet : and a light unto my paths.*

*mf* O WORD of GOD Incarnate,  
O Wisdom from on high,  
O Truth unchanged, unchanging,  
O Light of our dark sky ;

We praise Thee for the radiance  
That from the hallowed page  
A lantern to our footsteps,  
Shines on from age to age.

The Church from Thee, her Master  
Received the gift divine ;  
And still that light she lifteth  
O'er all the earth to shine.

It is the golden casket  
Where gems of truth are stored ;  
It is the heaven-drawn picture  
Of Thee, the living WORD.

It floateth like a banner  
Before GOD's host unfurled ;  
It shineth like a beacon  
Above the darkling world :

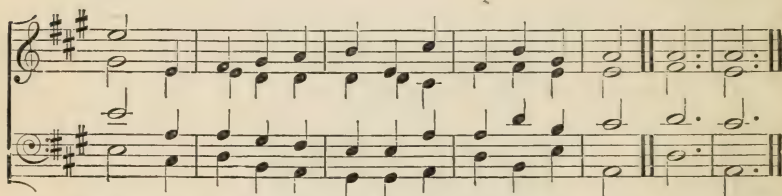
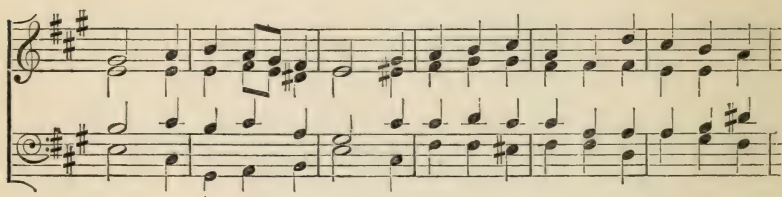
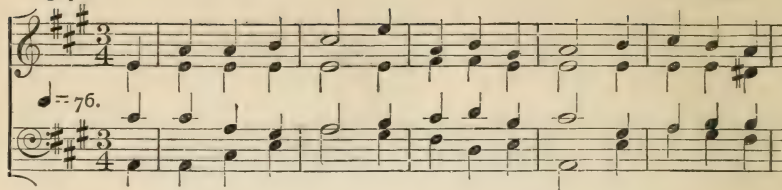
It is the chart and compass,  
That o'er life's surging sea,  
Mid mists, and rocks, and quicksands,  
Still guides, O CHRIST, to Thee.

*p* Oh, make Thy Church, dear SAVIOUR,  
A lamp of burnished gold,  
To bear before the nations  
Thy true light, as of old.

Oh, teach Thy wandering pilgrims  
By this their path to trace,  
Till, clouds and darkness ended,  
They see Thee face to face. Amen.

542

Dr. CROFT.



*Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour.*

*f* O WORSHIP the KING  
All glorious above;  
O gratefully sing  
His power and His love;  
Our Shield and Defender,  
The Ancient of days,  
Pavilioned in splendour,  
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,  
O sing of His grace,  
Whose robe is the light,  
Whose canopy space;  
His chariots of wrath  
The thunder-clouds form,  
And dark is His path  
On the wings of the storm.

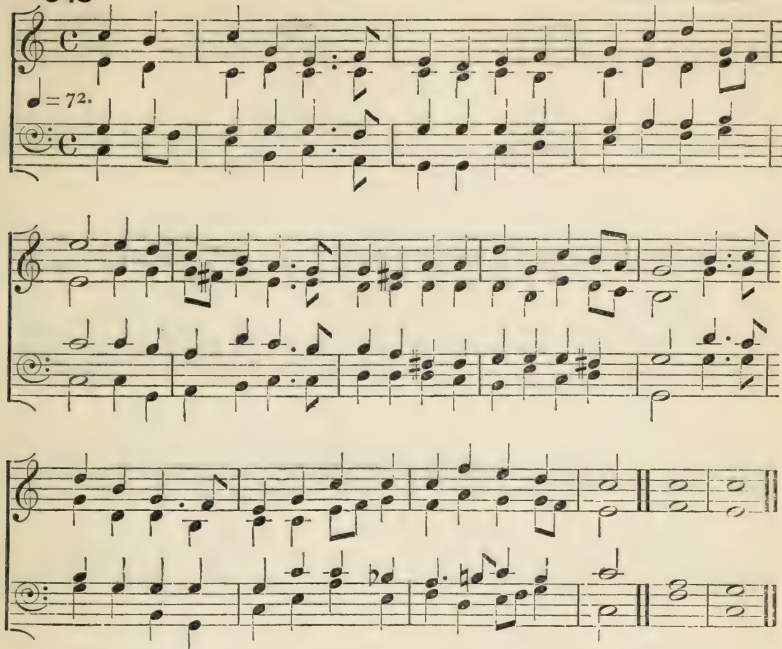
*mf* Thy bountiful care  
What tongue can recite?  
It breathes in the air,  
It shines in the light;  
It streams from the hills;  
It descends to the plain,  
And sweetly distils  
In the dew and the rain.

*f* Frail children of dust,  
And feeble as frail,  
In Thee do we trust,  
Nor find Thee to fail.  
Thy mercies how tender!  
How firm to the end!  
Our Maker, Defender,  
Redeemer, and Friend.

*f* O measureless Might,  
Ineffable Love!  
While angels delight  
To hymn Thee above,  
Thy ransomed creation,  
Though feeble their lays,  
With true adoration  
Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

543

HENRY SMART.



*Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me praise His Holy Name.*

*f* PRAISE, my soul, the KING of heaven;  
 To His feet thy tribute bring;  
 Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,  
 Evermore His praises sing:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Praise the everlasting KING.

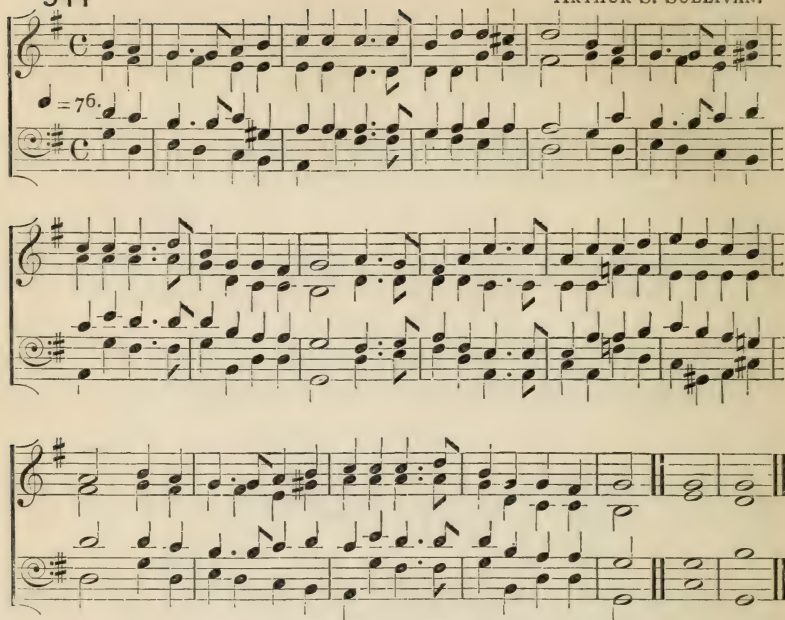
Praise Him for His grace and favour  
 To our fathers in distress;  
 Praise Him still the same as ever,  
 Slow to chide and swift to bless:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Glorious in His faithfulness.

*p* Father-like, He tends and spares us,  
 Well our feeble frame He knows;  
 In His hands He gently bears us,  
 Rescues us from all our foes:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Widely yet His mercy flows.

*f* Angels in the height adore Him!  
 Ye behold Him face to face;  
 Saints triumphant bow before Him  
 Gathered in from every race:  
 Alleluia! Alleluia!  
 Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

544

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.

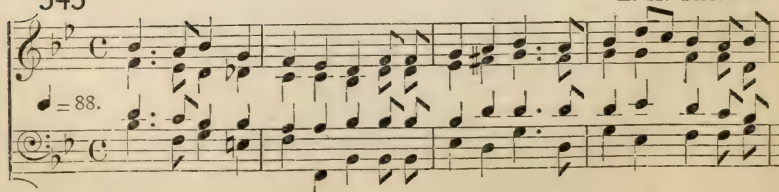
*O praise the Lord of heaven : praise Him in the height.*

<i>f</i> PRAISE the LORD! ye heavens, adore Him,	Praise the LORD! for He is glorious;
Praise Him, angels, in the height:	Never shall His promise fail;
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him,	God hath made His saints victorious,
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:	Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the LORD! for He hath spoken,	Praise the GOD of our salvation;
Worlds His mighty voice obeyed;	Hosts on high, His power proclaim;
Laws, which never shall be broken,	Heaven and earth, and all creation,
For their guidance He hath made.	Laud and magnify His Name!

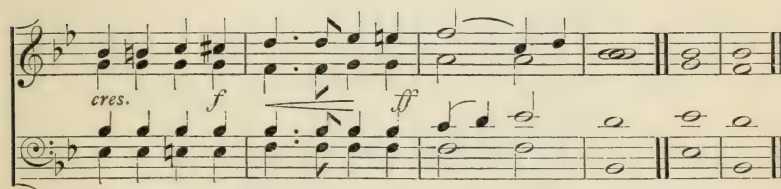
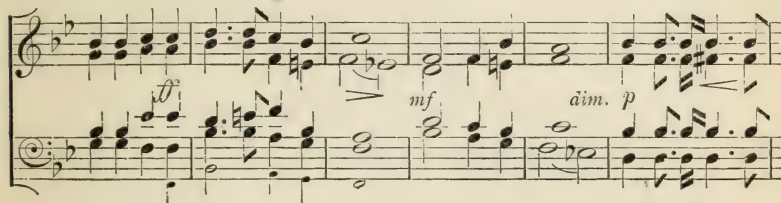
Worship, honour, glory, blessing,  
 LORD, we offer to Thy Name;  
 Young and old, Thy praise expressing,  
 Join their SAVIOUR to proclaim.  
 As the saints in heaven adore Thee,  
 We would bow before Thy throne;  
 As Thine angels serve before Thee,  
 So on earth Thy will be done! Amen.

545

E. H. THORNE.







*The Lord reigneth : let the earth rejoice.*

PRAISE the LORD through every nation ;  
His holy arm hath wrought salvation ;  
Exalt Him on His FATHER'S throne ;  
Praise your KING, ye Christian legions,  
Who now prepares in heavenly regions  
Unfailing mansions for His own :

With voice and minstrelsy  
Extol His Majesty :  
Alleluia !

His praise shall sound all nature round,  
Where'er the race of man is found.

GOD with GOD dominion sharing,  
And MAN with man our image bearing,  
Gentile and Jew to Him are given :  
Praise your SAVIOUR, ransomed sinners,  
Of life, through Him, immortal winners ;  
Nor long'er heirs of earth, but heaven.

O beatific sight,  
To view His face in light :  
Alleluia !

And, while we see, transformed to be  
From bliss to bliss eternally.

JESU, LORD, our Captain glorious,  
O'er sin, and death, and hell victorious,  
Wisdom and might to Thee belong :  
We confess, proclaim, adore Thee,  
We bow the knee, we fall before Thee,  
Thy love henceforth shall be our song :  
The cross meanwhile we bear,  
The crown ere long to wear.

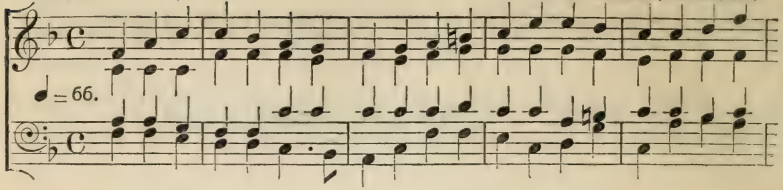
Alleluia !  
Thy reign extend world without end,  
Let praise from all to Thee ascend.

Amen.

GENERAL.

546

T. E. AYLWARD, Mus. Bac.



*God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit : for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea, the deep things of God.*

*f* To Thee, O FATHER, here we raise  
The grateful tribute of our praise ;  
Who for our two-fold life hast given  
The bread from earth, the bread from heaven.

Thou, too, O JESU, be adored,  
The Only SON, the Almighty LORŶ ;  
Who, our Salvation to become,  
Didst not abhor the Virgin's womb :

Who, on the Cross a Victim laid,  
The ransom of the world hast paid ;  
Through Whom alone to guilty men  
The hope of life hath dawned again.

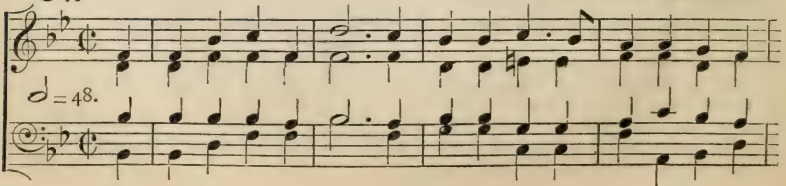
And Thou, Who didst vouchsafe to rest  
Upon the Virgin Mother Blest,  
Eternal SPIRIT, thanks and praise,  
With heart and voice to Thee we raise.

Three PERSONS, but One GOD, whose grace  
Preserves and saves our human race ;  
With hearts rejoicing, LORD, in Thee,  
We hymn this mighty Mystery.

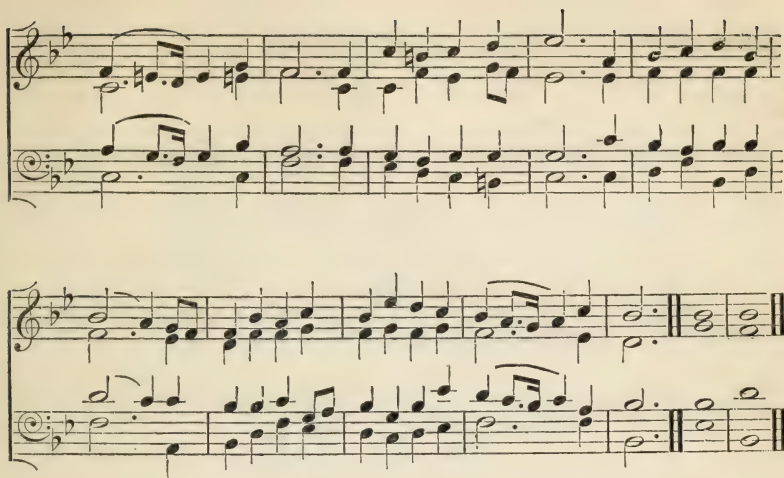
To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
And GOD the SPIRIT, THREE in One,  
Laud, honour, glory, majesty,  
Shall now and henceforth ever be. Amen.

547

Rev. H. FLEETWOOD SHEPPARD.



GENERAL.



*Rejoice in the Lord alway.*

*f* WHEN morning gilds the skies,  
My heart awaking cries  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.  
Alike at work and prayer  
To JESUS I repair;  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*mf* Whene'er the sweet church-bell  
Peals over hill and dell,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.  
O hark to what it sings,  
As joyously it rings,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

To Thee, O GOD above,  
I cry with glowing love;  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.  
My tongue shall never tire  
Of chanting with the choir  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

This song of sacred joy,  
It never seems to cloy:  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*p* When sleep her balm denies,  
My silent spirit sighs,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:

When evil thoughts molest,  
With this I shield my breast,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

Does sadness fill my mind?  
A solace here I find,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:

Or fades my earthly bliss?  
My comfort still is this,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.  
Be this, when day is past,  
Of all my thoughts the last,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

The night becomes as day,  
When from the heart we say,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:  
The powers of darkness fear,  
When this sweet chant they hear,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

*mf* In heaven's eternal bliss  
The loveliest strain is this,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:  
Let earth, and sea, and sky  
From depth to height reply,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.

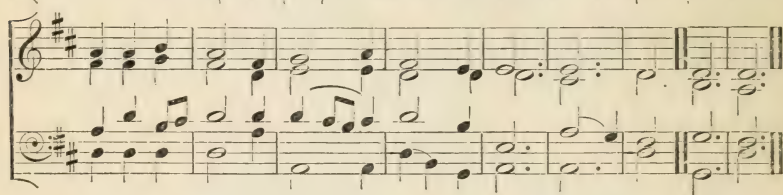
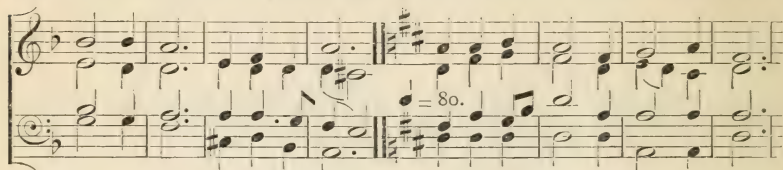
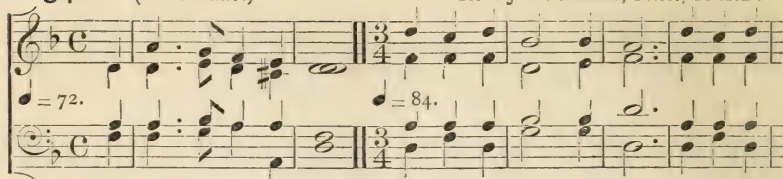
*f* Be this, while life is mine,  
My canticle divine,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised:  
Be this the eternal song  
Through all the ages on,  
May JESUS CHRIST be praised.  
Amen.

\* \* \* The last line of each verse should be repeated.

548

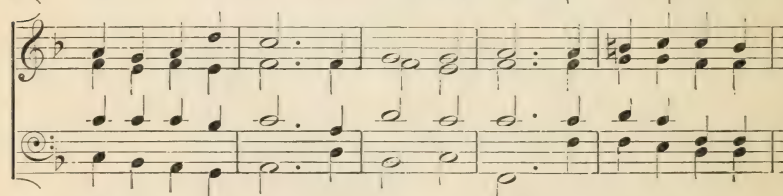
(First Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world.**mf* BEHOLD the LAMB of GOD!

O Thou for sinners slain,

Let it not be in vain!

That Thou hast died :

*p* Thee for my SAVIOUR let me take,  
My covert from the tempest make

Thy pierced Side.

*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!

Into the sacred flood

Of Thy most precious Blood

My soul I cast :

*p* Wash me, and keep me pure and clean ;  
Uphold me through life's changeful

Till all be past.

[scene,



*mf* Behold the LAMB of GOD!

All hail, Incarnate WORD,

Thou everlasting LORD!

O SAVIOUR blest, [cease,

*p* Grant us, when life's brief day shall

In Paradise, refreshment, peace,

And light, and rest.

*f* Behold the LAMB of GOD!

Worthy is He alone,

That sitteth on the throne

Of GOD above;

One with the ANCIENT of all days,

One with the HOLY GHOST in praise,

All Light, all Love.

Amen.

549

(First Tune.)

French Melody.

(Second Tune.)

W. HARRISON.

*As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God.*

*mf* COME, gracious SPIRIT, heavenly Dove,

With light and comfort from above;

Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,

O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,

And make us know and choose Thy way;

Plant holy fear in every heart,

That we from Thee may ne'er depart.

Lead us to CHRIST, the living Way,

Nor let us from His precepts stray;

Lead us to holiness, the road

That we must take to dwell with GOD.

*p* Lead us to heaven that we may share

Fulness of joy for ever there:

Lead us to GOD, our final rest,

To be with Him for ever blest. Amen.

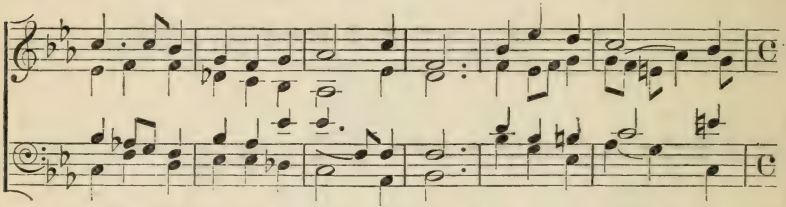
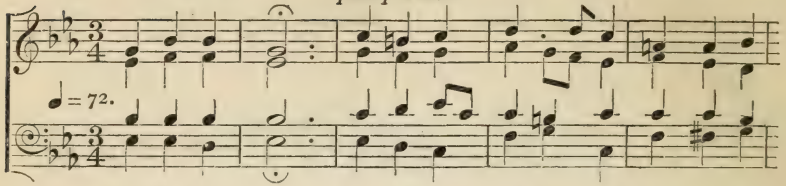
GENERAL.

550

(First Tune.)

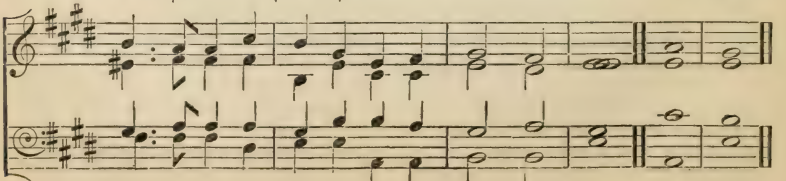
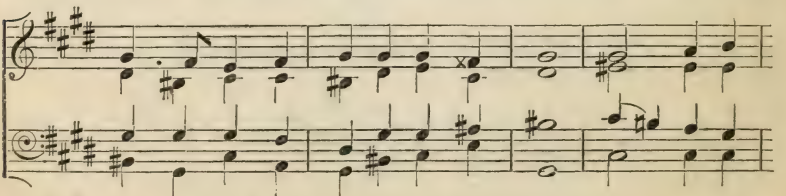
Rev. J. R. LUNN, B.D.

*poco piu moto.*



(Second Tune.)

Anonymous.



# GENERAL.

*How much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?*

*p* COME Thou, O come ;  
Sweetest and kindest,  
Giver of tranquil rest  
Unto the weary soul :  
In all anxiety,  
With power from heaven on high  
Console.

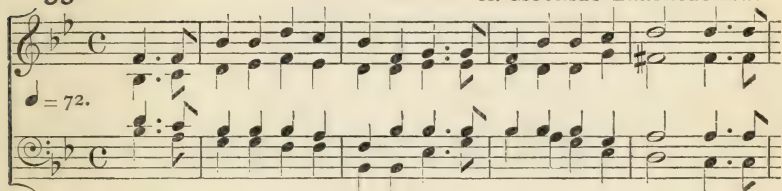
Come Thou, O come ;  
Help in the hour of need,  
Strength of the broken reed,  
Guide of each lonely one ;  
Orphans' and widows' stay,  
Who tread in life's hard way  
Alone.

*f* Come Thou, O come ;  
Glorious and shadow-free,  
Star of the stormy sea,  
Light of the tempest-tost ;  
Harbour our souls to save,  
When hope upon the wave  
Is lost.

*p* Come Thou, O come ;  
Joy in life's narrow path,  
Hope in the hour of death,  
Come, Blessèd SPIRIT, come :  
Lead Thou us tenderly,  
Till we shall find with Thee  
Our home. Amen.

551

A. MOUNSEY BARTHOLOMEW.



*Be ye also ready.*

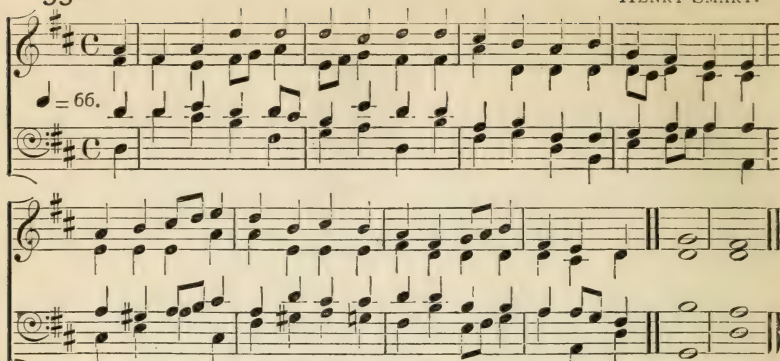
*mf* DAYS and moments quickly flying  
Blend the living with the dead ;  
Soon shall we who sing be lying  
Each within our narrow bed.

*mf* JESU, infinite Redeemer,  
Maker of this mighty frame ;  
Teach, O teach us to remember  
What we are, and whence we came :

*p* Soon our souls to God, Who gave them,  
Will have sped their rapid flight :  
Able now by grace to save them,  
O that while we can we might !

Whence we came, and whither wending :  
Soon we must through darkness go,  
To inherit bliss unending,  
Or eternity of woe.

*p* Grant us grace, that whatsoever  
May befall us, we may be  
Ready for Thy solemn summons,  
And in joy to answer Thee. Amen.



*These things have I spoken unto you, that My joy might remain in you, and that your joy might be full.*

*p* ETERNAL Beam of Light Divine,  
Thou Fount of unexhausted love ;  
In whom the FATHER'S glories shine  
Through earth beneath and heaven above :

JESU, the weary wanderer's Rest,  
Give us Thy easy yoke to bear ;  
With steadfast patience arm each breast,  
With spotless love, and lowly fear.

*mf* In faith we take the cup from Thee,  
Prepared and mingled by Thy skill :  
Though bitter to the taste it be,  
'Tis strong the wounded soul to heal.

*p* Be Thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh ;  
So shall each murmuring thought be gone :  
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly,  
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

*mf* Oh ! speak our warring passions peace ;  
And bid our trembling hearts, Be still :  
Thy power our strength and fortress is,  
For all things serve Thy sovereign will.

Thou, LORD, the dreadful fight hast won ;  
Alone Thou hast the wine-press trod :  
In us Thy strengthening grace be shown,  
And make us conquer in Thy Blood. Amen.



GENERAL.



*And He went up unto them into the ship; and the wind ceased.*

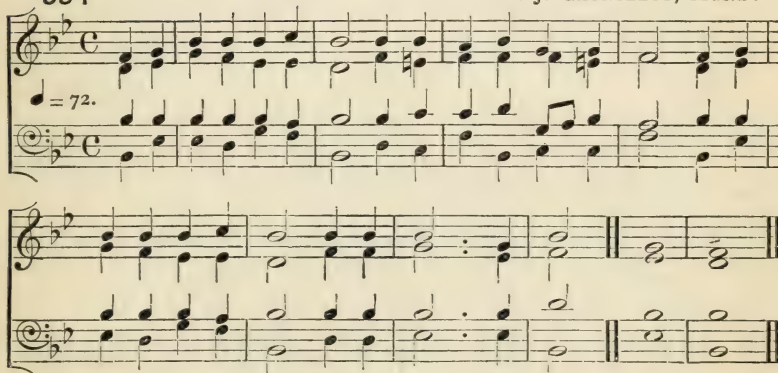
FIERCE was the wild billow,  
Dark was the night,  
Oars laboured heavily,  
Foam glittered white,  
Trembled the mariners,  
Peril was high :  
Then said the GOD of GOD,—  
“Peace! It is I.”

Ridge of the mountain-wave,  
Lower thy crest!  
Wail of the tempest-wind  
Be thou at rest!  
Sorrow can never be,  
Darkness must fly,  
Where saith the LIGHT of LIGHT,  
“Peace! It is I.”

JESU, Deliverer,  
Near to us be;  
Soothe Thou our voyaging  
Over life's sea :  
Thou, when the storm of death  
Roars, sweeping by,  
Whisper, Thou TRUTH of TRUTH.  
“Peace! It is I.” Amen.

554

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*The greatest of these is charity.*

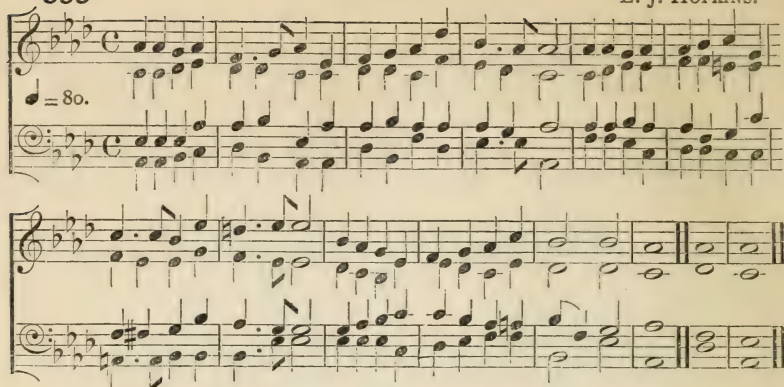
*p* GRACIOUS SPIRIT, HOLY GHOST,  
Taught by Thee, we covet most,  
Of Thy gifts at Pentecost,  
Holy, heavenly Love.  
Love is kind, and suffers long;  
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong;  
Love than death itself more strong:  
Give us heavenly Love.

*mf* Prophecy will fade away,  
Melting in the light of day;  
Love will ever with us stay:  
Give us heavenly Love.  
Faith will vanish into sight;  
Hope be emptied in delight;  
Love in heaven will shine more bright:  
Give us heavenly Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see  
Joining hand in hand agree;  
But the greatest of the three,  
And the best, is Love. Amen.

555

E. J. HOPKINS.



*For this God is our God for ever and ever : He shall be our Guide unto death.*

*mf* GUIDE us, Thou Whose Name is  
SAVIOUR,

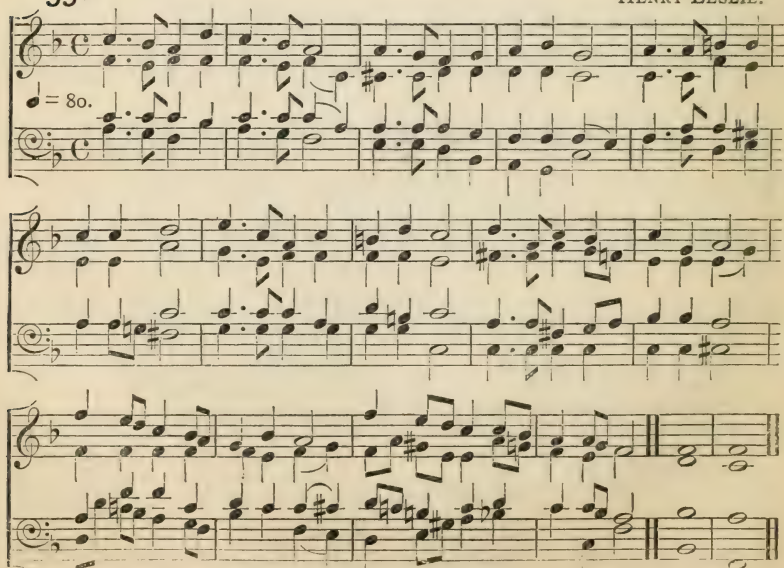
Pilgrims in the barren land :  
We are weak, and Thou Almighty ;  
Hold us with Thy strong right  
As in Egypt, [Hand,  
As upon the Red Sea strand.

Let the cloud and fiery pillar  
Day and night before us go ;  
Lead us to the Rock and Fountain,  
Whence the living waters flow :  
Bread of heaven,  
Feed us till no want we know.

*p* When we touch the cold dark river  
Cleave for us the swelling tide ;  
Through the flood and through the  
whirlpool  
Let Thine ark our footsteps guide :  
JESU, lead us,  
Land us safe on Canaan's side.  
*f* Praise the FATHER, GOD of heaven,  
Him Who reigns supreme on high :  
Praise the SON, for sinners given,  
E'en to suffer and to die ;  
Praise the SPIRIT,  
Guiding us so lovingly. Amen.

556

HENRY LESLIE.



# GENERAL.

*And everything shall live whither the river cometh.*

HAIL, O Thou of grace divine  
Uncreated Origin!  
Hail, Eternal PARACLETE  
With eternal gifts replete,  
Flowing freely from above,  
Flowing in a sea of love.

*mf* Calm, majestic, deep and wide,  
From the SAVIOUR'S riven Side  
Comes Thy pure life-giving stream,  
Fallen nature to redeem,  
Through the Church its grace to pour,  
Every channel running o'er;—

In the bright baptismal spray,  
Scattering its rainbow ray;—  
In the Eucharistic Feast,  
 wooing many a welcome guest;—  
In the absolution given  
By the ambassador of heaven.

Living Life of all below,  
Precious boons to Thee we owe:  
Grace and pardon from above,  
Holiness and peace and love,  
Perseverance, virtue, faith,  
Hope of glory after death.

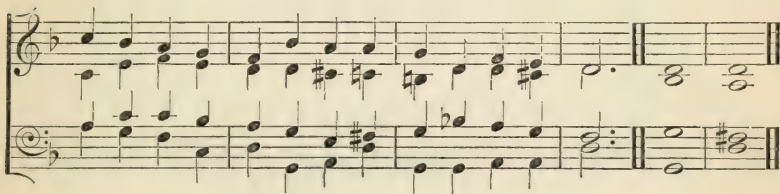
Born of Thee as sons of GOD,  
With celestial strength endowed,  
By Thy present grace become  
Heirs of an eternal home,  
Purified from earthly bane,  
Soon shall we with JESUS reign.

*p* Soon at our dear SAVIOUR'S Side,  
Flesh and spirit glorified,  
We in flesh our God shall see,  
Drinking life eternally,  
Lost in pure felicity,  
Lost in depths of DEITY. Amen.

\*\*\* The last line of each verse should be repeated.

557

J. HAMILTON CLARKE.



*From everlasting to everlasting Thou art God.*

*p* HAVE mercy on us, GOD most High,  
Who lift our hearts to Thee;  
Have mercy on us worms of earth,  
Most HOLY TRINITY.

Most ancient of all mysteries!  
Before Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most HOLY TRINITY.

*mf* When heaven and earth were yet  
unmade,  
When time was yet unknown,  
Thou in Thy bliss and majesty  
Didst live and love alone.

Thou wert not born, there was no fount  
From which Thy Being flowed;  
There is no end which Thou canst reach,  
But Thou art simply GOD.

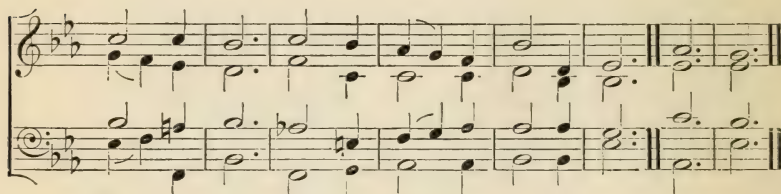
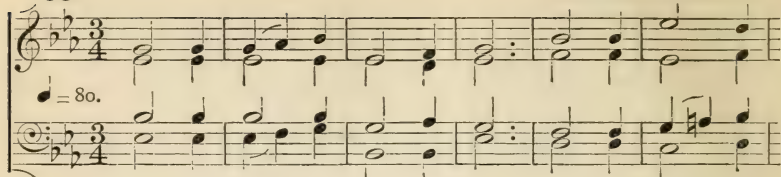
How wonderful creation is,  
The work that Thou didst bless;  
And, oh! what then must Thou be like,  
Eternal loveliness?

*p* Most ancient of all mysteries,  
Still at Thy throne we lie;  
Have mercy now, most merciful,  
Most HOLY TRINITY. Amen.

GENERAL.

558

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*O Lord, heal me.*

*p* HEAL me, O my SAVIOUR, heal;  
Heal me as I suppliant kneel;  
Heal me, and my pardon seal.

*mf* Thou the true Physician art;  
Thou, O CHRIST, canst health impart,  
Binding up the bleeding heart.

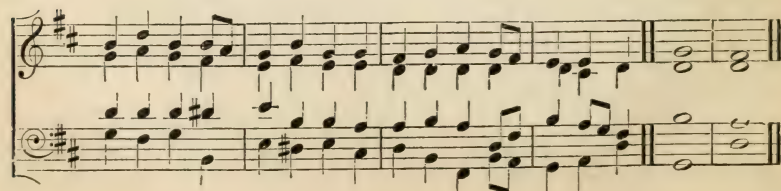
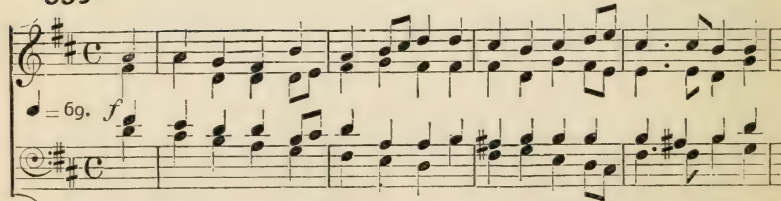
Fresh the wounds that sin hath made;  
Hear the prayers I oft have prayed,  
And in mercy send me aid.

Other comforters are gone;  
Thou canst heal, and Thou alone,  
Thou for all my sin atone.

*p* Heal me, then, my SAVIOUR, heal;  
Heal me, as I suppliant kneel;  
To Thy mercy I appeal. Amen.

559

OLIVER A. KING.





# GENERAL.

*As by one's man disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous.*

*mf* JESU, Creator of the world,  
Of all mankind Redeemer blest,  
True GOD of GOD, in Whom we see  
The FATHER'S image clear express:

Thou, by Thy love alone constrained,  
Hast made our mortal flesh Thine  
own;  
And as a second Adam come  
For the first Adam to atone.

That love all bountiful, which made  
The starry sky, and sea and earth,  
Took pity on our lost estate,  
And brake the bondage of our birth.

O JESU, in Thy heart divine  
That self-same love doth ever flow;  
For ever mercy to mankind  
Doth from that ceaseless fountain  
flow.

For this Thy Sacred Heart was pierced,  
And with the Blood and Water ran,  
To cleanse us from the stain of guilt,  
And be the hope and strength of man.

*f* To GOD the FATHER, GOD the SON,  
All laud, and praise, and glory be;  
With Thee, O Blessed PARACLETE,  
Henceforth through all eternity.  
Amen.

560\* RICHARD REDHEAD.

## PART I.

*Thy Name is as ointment poured forth.*

*p* JESU, the very thought of Thee  
With sweetness fills the breast:  
But sweeter far Thy face to see,  
And in Thy presence rest.

*mf* Nor voice can sing, nor heart can  
Nor can the memory find [frame,  
A sweeter sound than Thy blest Name,  
The SAVIOUR of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,  
O Joy of all the meek:  
To those who fall how kind Thou art,  
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find! Ah! this  
Nor tongue nor pen can show:  
The love of JESUS, what it is,  
None but His loved ones know.

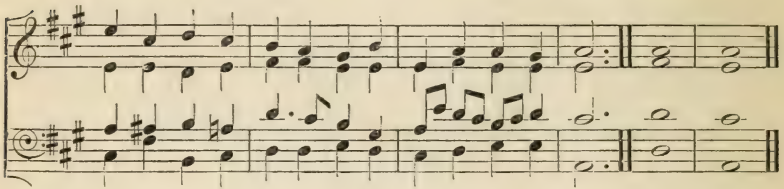
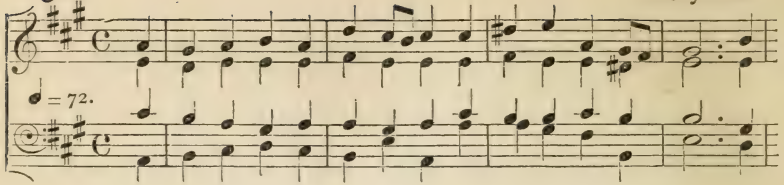
JESU, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our Prize wilt be;  
In Thee be all our glory now,  
And through eternity.

\* This and the three following Tunes may be used consecutively, if desired, in which case only the last Amen should be used.

GENERAL.

560

Anonymous.



PART II.

*mf* O JESU, Light of all below,  
Thou Fount of life and fire,  
Surpassing all the joys we know,  
And all we can desire :

Thee will we seek, at home, abroad,  
Who everywhere art nigh ;  
Thee in our bosom's cell, O LORD,  
As on our bed we lie.

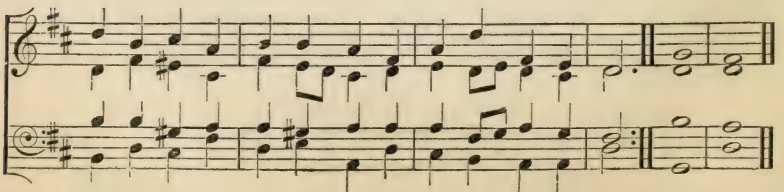
With Mary to Thy tomb we'll haste,  
Before the dawning skies,  
And all around with longing cast  
Our souls' enquiring eyes ;

*p* Beside Thy grave will make our moan,  
And sob our hearts away ;  
Then at Thy Feet sink trembling down,  
And there adoring stay ;

Nor from our tears and sighs refrain,  
Nor Thy dear knees release,  
O JESU, till from Thee we gain  
Some blessed word of peace.

*mf* JESU, our only Joy be Thou,  
As Thou our prize wilt be ,  
JESU, be Thou our glory now,  
Our hope, our victory.

Old Melody.



# GENERAL.

## PART III.

*mf* O JESU, King most wonderful,  
Thou Conqueror renowned;  
Thou Sweetness most ineffable,  
In Whom all joys are found!

When once Thou visitest the heart,  
Then truth begins to shine;  
Then earthly vanities depart;  
Then wakens love divine.

Thy wondrous mercies are untold,  
Through each returning day;  
Thy love exceeds a thousand fold  
Whatever we can say;

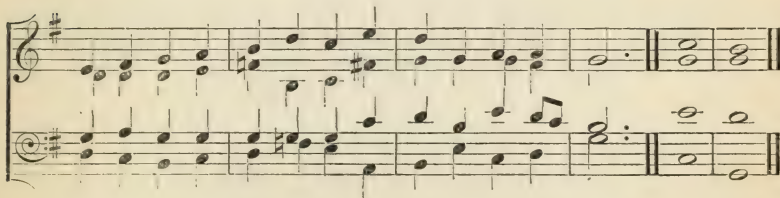
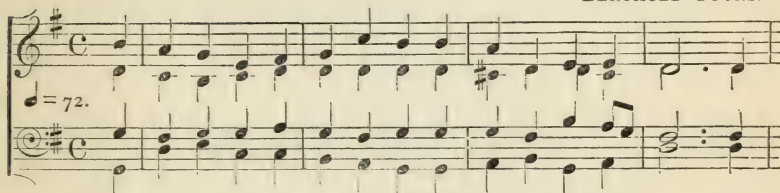
That love, which in Thy Passion drained  
For us Thy precious Blood;  
That love whereby the Saints have gained  
The vision of their God.

May every heart confess Thy Name,  
And ever Thee adore;  
And, seeking Thee, itself inflame  
To seek Thee more and more!

Thou, Who hast loved us from the womb,  
Pure source of all our bliss,  
Our only Hope of life to come,  
Our happiness in this :

*p* Grant us, while here on earth we stay,  
Thy love to feel and know;  
And when from hence we pass away,  
To us Thy glory show.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



## PART IV.

*mf* O JESU, Thou the Beauty art  
Of angel-worlds above;  
Thy Name is music to the heart,  
Inflaming it with love.

Celestial Sweetness unalloyed,  
Who eat Thee, hunger still;  
Who drink of Thee still feel a void,  
Which nought but Thou can fill.

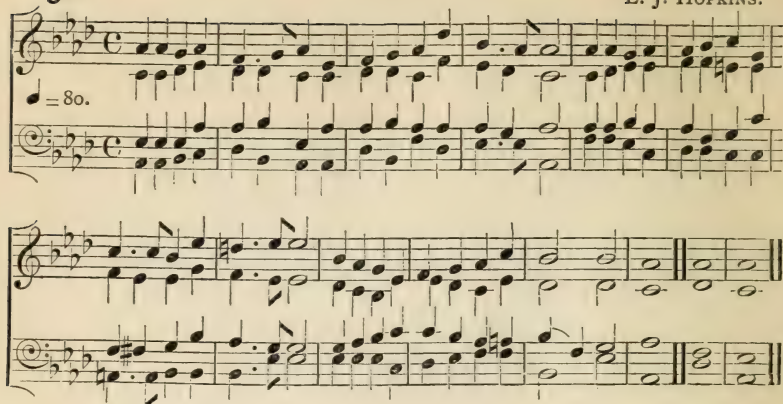
*p* O most sweet JESU, hear the sighs  
Which unto Thee we send:  
To Thee our inmost spirit cries,  
To Thee our prayers ascend.

Abide with us, and let Thy Light  
Shine, LORD, on every heart;  
Dispel the darkness of our night,  
And joy to all impart.

*mf* JESU, our Love and Joy, to Thee,  
The Virgin's Holy SON,  
*f* All might and praise and glory be  
While endless ages run. Amen.

561

E. J. HOPKINS.



*Oh, save me, for Thy mercies' sake.*

*p* JESU, LORD of life and glory,  
 Bend from heaven Thy gracious ear;  
 While our waiting souls adore Thee,  
 Friend of helpless sinners hear:  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

*mf* From the depths of nature's blindness,  
 From the hardening power of sin,  
 From all malice and unkindness,  
 From the pride that lurks within,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

When temptation sorely presses,  
 In the day of Satan's power,  
 In our times of deep distresses,  
 In each dark and trying hour,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

When the world around is smiling,  
 In the time of wealth and ease,  
 Earthly joys our hearts beguiling,  
 In the day of health and peace,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

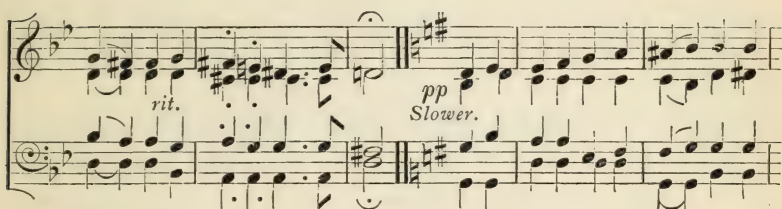
*p* In the weary hours of sickness,  
 In the times of grief and pain,  
 When we feel our mortal weakness  
 When the creature's help is vain,  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD.

*pp* In the solemn hour of dying,  
 In the awful judgment-day,  
 May our souls, on Thee relying,  
 Find Thee still our Hope and Stay:  
 By Thy mercy,  
 O deliver us, good LORD. Amen.



562

J. BARNEY.



*A man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest.*

JESU, Lover of my soul,  
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,  
While the gathering waters roll,  
While the tempest still is high:  
Hide me, O my SAVIOUR, hide,  
Till the storm of life be past;  
Safe into the haven guide,  
O receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none;  
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;  
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,  
Still support and comfort me.  
All my trust on Thee is stayed,  
All my help from Thee I bring:  
Cover my defenceless head  
With the shadow of Thy wing.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found  
Grace to cleanse from every sin;  
Let the healing streams abound,  
Make and keep me pure within.  
Thou of Life the Fountain art,  
Freely let me take of Thee;  
Spring Thou up within my heart,  
Rise to all eternity. Amen.

80. *mf* *cres.*

*p* *Slower.* *cres.*

*f* *dim.* *p*

*Whom have I in heaven but Thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire beside Thee.*

JESU, my LORD, my GOD, my all,  
Hear me, blest SAVIOUR, when I call;  
Hear me, and from Thy dwelling-place  
Pour down the riches of Thy grace.  
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore:  
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, too late I Thee have sought:  
How can I love Thee as I ought?  
And how extol Thy matchless fame,  
The glorious beauty of Thy Name?  
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore:  
O make me love Thee more and more.

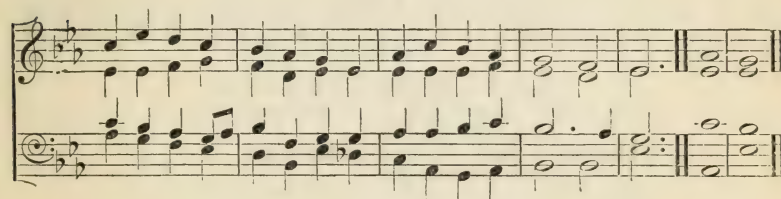
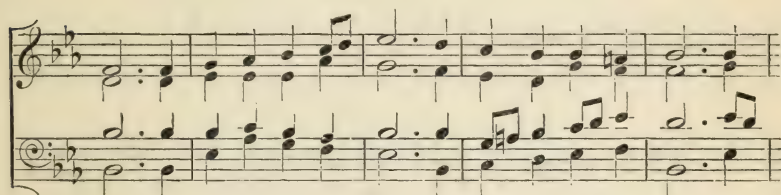
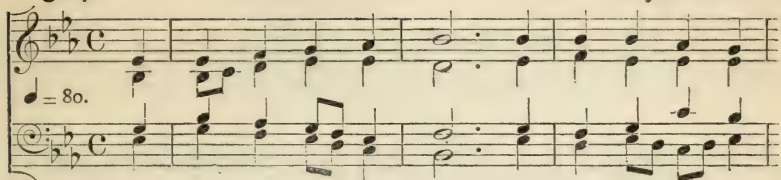
JESU, what didst Thou find in me,  
That Thou hast dealt so lovingly?  
How great the joy that Thou hast brought,  
So far exceeding hope or thought.  
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore:  
O make me love Thee more and more.

JESU, of Thee shall be my song,  
To Thee my heart and soul belong:  
All that I have or am is Thine,  
And Thou, blest SAVIOUR, Thou art mine.  
JESU, my LORD, I Thee adore:  
O make me love Thee more and more. Amen.

GENERAL.

564

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*Unto you which believe He is precious.*

*f* JESUS, transporting sound!  
The joy of earth and heaven!  
No other help is found,  
None other name is given,  
By which we can salvation have:  
But JESUS came the world to save.

*mf* JESUS, harmonious Name!  
It charms the hosts above:  
They evermore proclaim,  
And wonder at His love:  
'Tis all their happiness to gaze,  
O JESUS CHRIST, on Thy blest Face.

Thy Name the sinner hears,  
And is from sin set free;  
'Tis music in his ears,  
'Tis life and victory:  
Glad songs of praise his lips employ;  
His heart is filled with holy joy.

JESU, for all mankind  
The LAMB of GOD once slain;  
Who hast Thy life resigned  
For every soul of man:  
O sovereign SON, to Thee we cry;  
Let Thy Blood cleanse us; else we die.

O JESU, full of grace,  
In praise we fly to Thee;  
Our sinful souls upraise,  
And from guilt set us free:  
Support our weakness with Thy might,  
And shield us in the threatening fight.

*p* Grant us to do Thy will,  
And in Thy strength go on  
From grace to grace, until  
We stand before Thy Throne:  
O JESU, JESU, hear our call:  
For Thou hast died to ransom all. Amen.

565

J. BARNDY.

*To be enlightened with the light of the living.*

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead Thou me on:

The night is dark, and I am far from home,

Lead Thou me on.

Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see

The distant scene; one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou

Shouldst lead me on;

I loved to choose and see my path; but now

Lead Thou me on.

I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,

Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still

Will lead me on

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till

The night is gone,

And with the morn those angel faces smile,

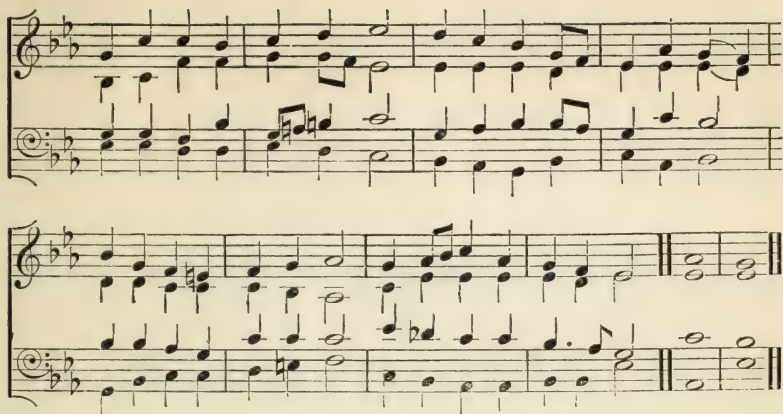
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

Amen.

566

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.





*And the Lord turned, and looked upon Peter.*

*p* LORD, our strength and righteousness,  
Hear us from Thy lofty Throne.  
JESU, refuge in distress;  
Soften Thou each heart of stone:  
Stone to flesh, O GOD, convert;  
Look, and break the hardened heart.

All our inmost sins reveal  
By Thy SPIRIT; all reprove;  
Make us see and sadly feel  
Sins against Thy light and love:  
Sins that crucified our GOD,  
Trampling on His precious Blood.

JESU, seek Thy wandering sheep;  
Make us restless to return:  
Bid us look on Thee and weep,  
Bitterly as Peter mourn:  
By Thy Bloody Sweat, we pray,  
Wash our every sin away.

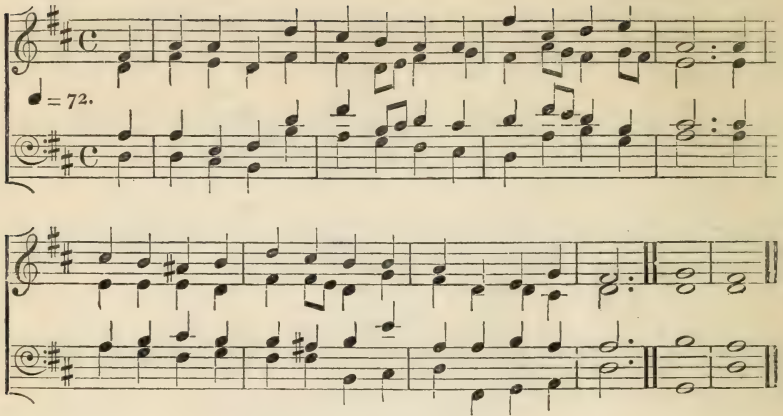
Let us in Thy sight appear  
As the publican distressed,  
Come, not daring to draw near,  
Smite on the unworthy breast,  
Groan the sinner's only plea,—  
GOD be merciful to me.

Oh, that we in Mary's place  
To Thy presence might draw nigh;  
Fearing to look on Thy face,  
Kneeling there with downcast eye,  
Might the solemn task repeat,  
Weep, and wash, and kiss Thy feet.

Let Thy SPIRIT shed abroad  
In our hearts, O Love divine,  
Love, the perfect love of GOD;  
Make and keep us only Thine:  
And from sin for ever free  
Give us, JESUS, rest in Thee. Amen.

567

JAMES TURLE.



*Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit.*

*mf* My GOD, how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy majesty how bright;  
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat,  
In depths of burning light.

*p* How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting LORD;  
By saints and angels day and night  
Incessantly adored.

*mf* How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity.

*p* O how I fear Thee, Living GOD,  
With deepest, tenderest fears;  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

*mf* Yet I may love Thee too, O LORD,  
Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

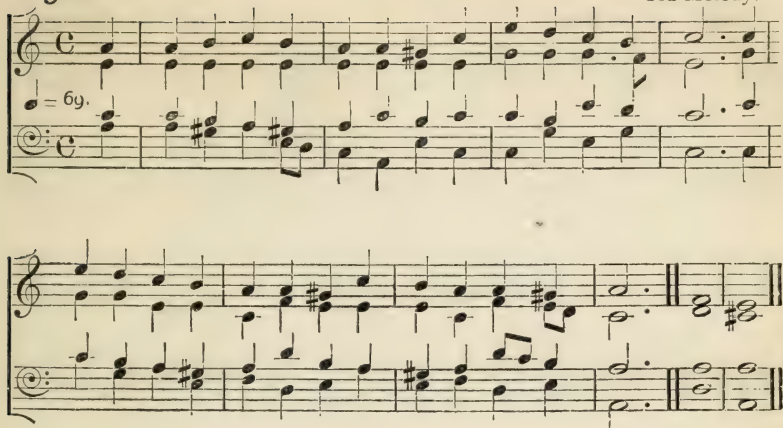
No earthly father loves like Thee,  
No mother, e'er so mild,  
Bears and forbears as Thou hast done  
With me Thy sinful child.

Only to sit and think of God,  
O what a joy it is!  
To think the thought, to breathe the Name:  
Earth has no higher bliss.

FATHER of JESUS, love's reward,  
What rapture will it be  
Prostrate before Thy throne to lie,  
And gaze, and gaze on Thee. Amen.

568

Old Melody.



*We love Him, because He first loved us.*

*p* My GOD, I love Thee ; not because  
I hope for heaven thereby,  
Nor yet because who love Thee not  
Must burn eternally.

Thou, O my JESUS, Thou didst me  
Upon the Cross embrace ;  
For me didst bear the nails, and spear,  
And manifold disgrace,

And griefs and torments numberless,  
And sweat of agony ;  
Yea, death itself ; and all for me  
Who was Thine enemy.

Then why, O blessèd JESUS CHRIST,  
Should I not love Thee well ?  
Not for the hope of winning heaven,  
Nor of escaping hell ;

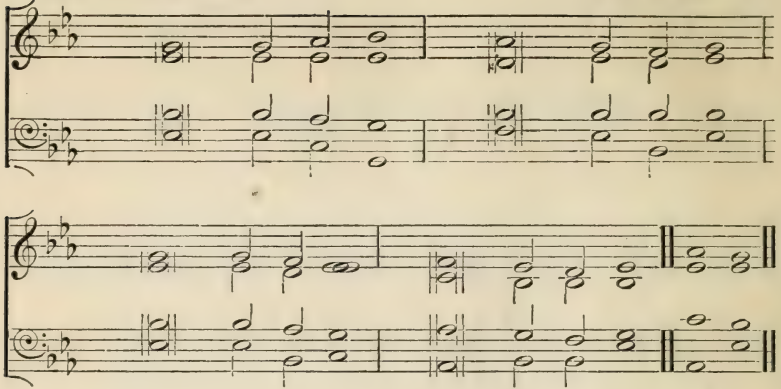
Not with the hope of gaining ought,  
Not seeking a reward ;  
But as Thyself hast loved me,  
O ever-loving LORD.

*f* So would I love Thee, dearest LORD,  
And in Thy praise will sing ;  
Solely because Thou art my GOD,  
And my eternal KING. Amen.

569

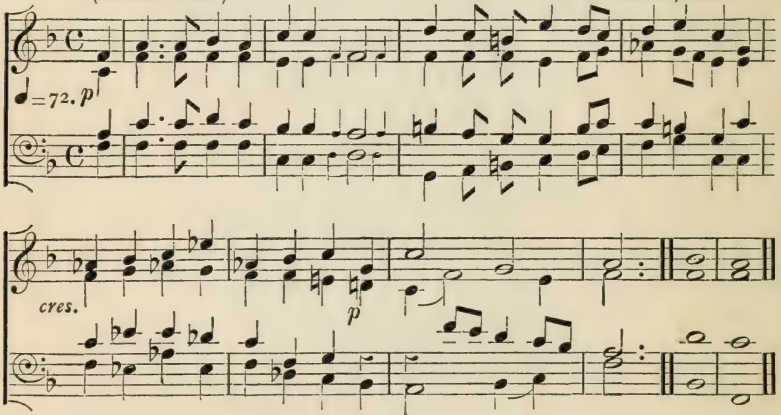
(First Tune.)

A. H. D. TROYTE.



(Second Tune.)

PHILIP ARMES, Mus.D.

*Thy will be done.*

*p* MY GOD, my FATHER, | while I stray,  
Far from my home, in | life's rough way,  
O teach me from my | heart to say  
Thy will be done.

Though dark my path, and | sad my lot,  
Let me be still and | murmur not,  
Or breathe the prayer di | vinely taught,  
Thy will be done.

What though in lonely | grief I sigh  
For friends beloved no | longer nigh,  
Submissive would I | still reply  
Thy will be done.

If Thou shouldst call me | to resign  
What most I prize, it | ne'er was mine :  
I only yield Thee | what is Thine ;  
Thy will be done.

Let but my fainting | heart be blest  
With Thy sweet SPIRIT | for its guest,  
My God, to Thee I | leave the rest :  
Thy will be done.

*mf* Renew my will from | day to day,  
Blend it with Thine, and | take away  
All that now makes it | hard to say  
Thy will be done. Amen.

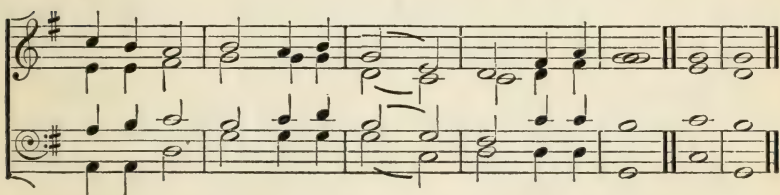
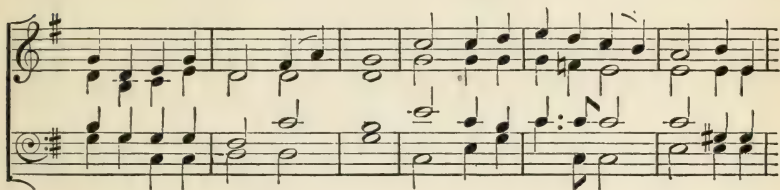
\*.\* The small notes should be used in verses 3, 4, and 5.



GENERAL.

570

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*And he took of the stones of that place, and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.*

*mf* NEARER, my GOD, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ;  
E'en though it be a cross  
That raiseth me :  
Still all my song shall be,  
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

Though, like a wanderer,  
The sun gone down,  
Darkness comes over me,  
My bed a stone ;  
Yet in my dreams I'd be  
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

There let my way appear  
Steps unto heaven ;  
All that Thou sendest me  
In mercy given ;  
Angels to beckon me  
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee !

So shall my stony couch  
Give me repose :  
I will a Beth-el raise  
Out of my woes :  
So by my griefs to be  
Nearer, my GOD, to Thee,  
Nearer to Thee ! Amen.

\*.\* Repeat the last line of each verse.

## GENERAL.

571

Sir JOHN GOSS.

*Draw me, we will run after Thee.**p* NEARER, O GOD, to Thee !

Hear Thou our prayer ;  
 E'en though a heavy cross  
 Fainting we bear,  
 Still all our prayer shall be,  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

If, where they led the LORD,  
 We too are borne,  
 Planting our steps in His,  
 Weary and worn ;  
 There even let us be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

If Thou the cup of pain  
 Givest to drink,  
 Let not the trembling lip  
 From the draught shrink ;  
 So by our woes to be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*mf* Though the great battle rage  
 Hotly around,  
 Still where our Captain fights  
 Let us be found ;  
 Through toils and strife to be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

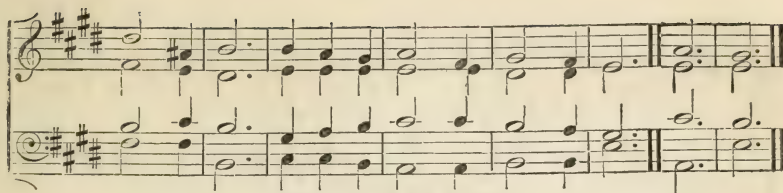
*pp* When, our course finished, we  
 Breathe our last breath,  
 Entering the shadowy  
 Valley of death ;  
 There even shall we be  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee !

*mf* And when Thou, LORD, once more  
 Glorious shalt come,  
 Oh ! for a dwelling-place,  
 In Thy bright home !  
 Through all eternity  
 Nearer, O God, to Thee,  
 Nearer to Thee ! Amen.

\* \* \* Repeat the last line but one of each verse.

572

W. G. CUSINS.



*O praise God in His Holiness.*

*f* O God of life, Whose power benign  
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,  
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

*mf* O FATHER, Uncreated LORD,  
Be Thou in every land adored,  
Be Thou by all with faith implored.

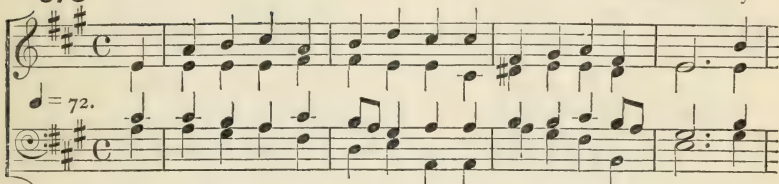
O SON of GOD, for sinners slain,  
We bless Thee, LORD, Whose dying pain  
For us did endless life regain.

O HOLY GHOST, Whose guardian care  
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,  
May we in Thy communion share.

*f* O Holy Blessèd TRINITY,  
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;  
In us, O God, exalted be. Amen.

573

Old Melody.



*Lord, Thou hast been our refuge; from one generation to another.*

*mf* O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is Thine Arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

*f* Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting Thou art GOD,  
To endless years the same.

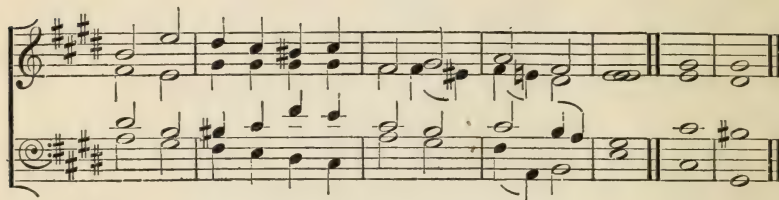
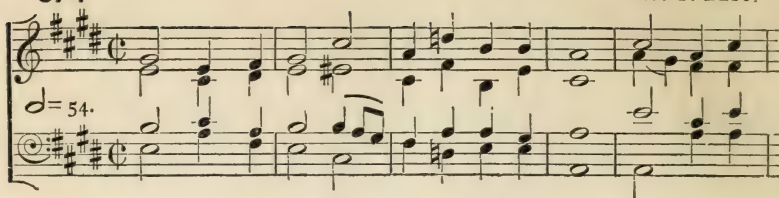
*mf* A thousand ages in Thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come;  
Be Thou our God while troubles last,  
And our eternal home. Amen.

574

W. T. BEST.



*If we live in the Spirit, let us also walk in the Spirit.*

O HOLY GHOST,  
From Whose life-giving fire  
All acts that to immortal glory tend  
Their force acquire :

Hail, LIFE of LIFE !  
Hail PARACLETE divine !  
All cleansing, sanctity, obedience, love,  
And truth, are Thine.

Thou in the Blood  
Of Him Who died for men,  
By sacramental element applied,  
Dost wash us clean.

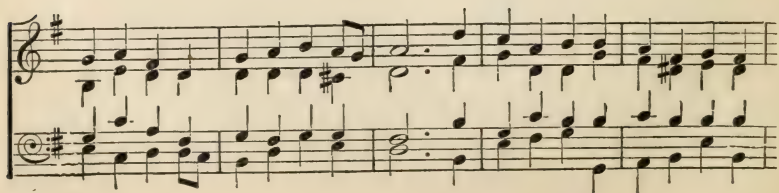
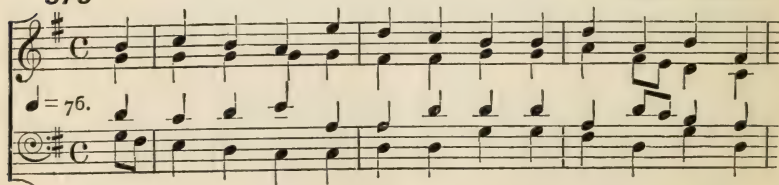
Thou, for the deeds  
Of every passing hour  
In Thee performed, impartest vigour new  
And heavenly power.

From grace to grace  
Oh ! grant us to proceed ;  
And with assisting hand our faltering steps  
To Sion lead.

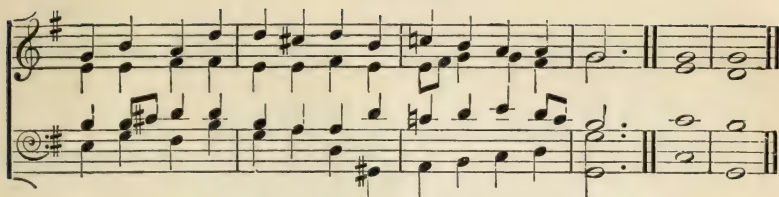
So may we mount  
In peace the holy hill ;  
And safe at last by Life's eternal Fount  
There drink our fill. Amen.

575

HENRY SMART.







*Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the Spirit which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God.*

*mf* O HOLY GHOST, Who ever One  
Art with the FATHER and the SON,  
And from Them dost proceed;  
Inflame our hearts with holy fire,  
Our lips with eloquence inspire,  
And strengthen us in need.

Each elemental change is Thine;  
The sacraments their force divine  
From Thee alone obtain;  
Thou only dost temptation quell,  
And breaking every snare of hell  
The rage of Satan chain.

*p* O Thou the weary pilgrim's rest,  
Solace of all that are oppressed,  
Befriender of the poor;  
O Thou in Whom the wretched find  
A sweet Consoler ever kind,  
A refuge ever sure:

Teach us to aim at heaven's high prize,  
And for its glory to despise  
The world and all below;  
Cleanse us from sin; direct us right;  
Illuminate us with Thy light;  
Thy peace on us bestow. Amen.

576

F. R. STATHAM.



*Mary Magdalene, out of whom He had cast seven devils.*

*p* O JESU, SON of GOD, look down  
On us with pitying eye;  
Thou, Who repentant Magdalene  
Didst call to endless joy.

*mf* Again the royal treasury  
Receives its long-lost coin;  
The gem, recovered from the dust,  
Doth all the stars outshine.

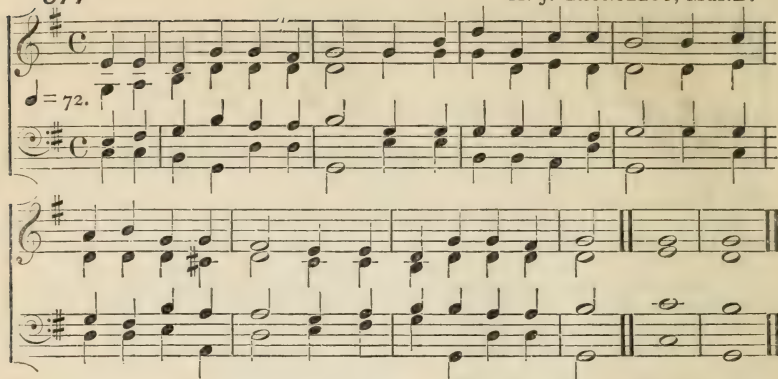
*p* O JESU, balm of every wound,  
The sinner's only stay:  
Bless Thou our penitential tears;  
And wash our guilt away.

Our nature is but frail and weak:  
And we Thine aid implore:  
Oh, land us from the storms of life  
Safe on the eternal shore.

*f* All praise for graces manifold,  
We give Thee, bounteous LORD;  
Whose mercy doth our souls forgive,  
Whose bounty doth reward. Amen.

577

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*And Mary Magdalene . . beheld where He was laid.*

*mf* Thou That art celestial Light,  
As Thou didst on Mary look  
Thou her love didst kindle bright,  
And the icy spell is broke.

Pierced with love behold her fly  
To anoint those blessed Feet;  
Bathe in tears; with tresses dry;  
With unceasing kisses greet.

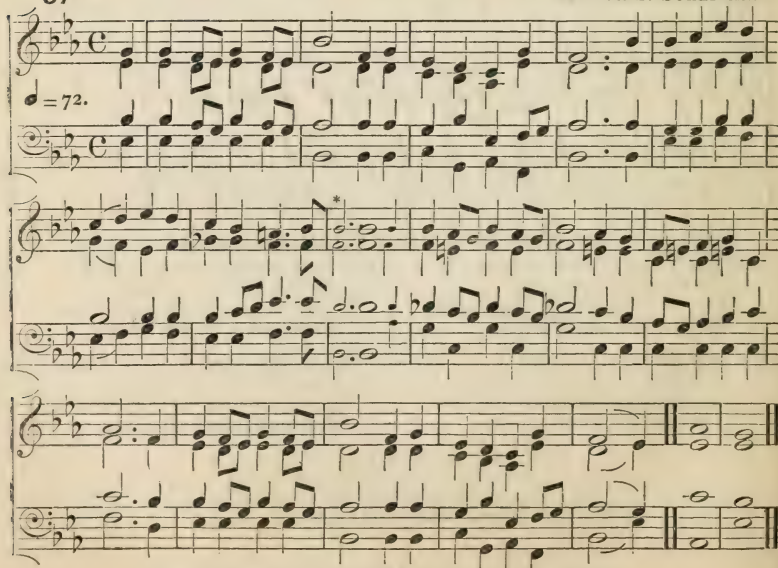
Fearless at the Cross she stands;  
Pensive watches by the Stone;  
Nought she recks yon ruffian bands;  
Love has bid all fear begone.

JESU, Very Love Thou art;  
Cleanse us from our guilty stain;  
Thou with grace canst fill the heart  
Thou lost heaven restore again.

*f* To the FATHER, and the SON,  
And the SPIRIT ever Blest,  
As of old, so aye shall run  
Hymns of praise that never rest. Amen.

578

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



\* The small notes to be used for the second and third verses.

# GENERAL.

*It is the voice of my beloved that knocketh, saying, Open to me.*

*p* O JESU, Thou art standing  
Outside the fast-closed door,  
In lowly patience waiting  
To pass the threshold o'er :  
Shame on us, Christian brethren,  
His Name and sign who bear,  
Oh shame, thrice shame upon us,  
To keep Him standing there.

O JESU, Thou art knocking :  
And lo ! that Hand is scarred,  
And thorns Thy Brow encircle,  
And tears Thy Face have marred.  
O love that passeth knowledge  
So patiently to wait !  
O sin that hath no equal  
So fast to bar the gate !

*pp* O JESU, Thou art pleading  
In accents meek and low,  
" I died for you, My children,  
And will ye treat Me so ?"  
O LORD, with shame and sorrow  
We open now the door :  
Dear SAVIOUR, enter, enter,  
And leave us never more. Amen.

579

German.

*Who gave Himself for our sins.*

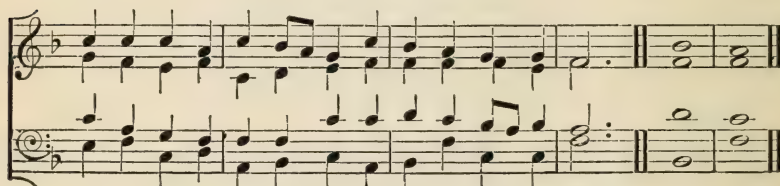
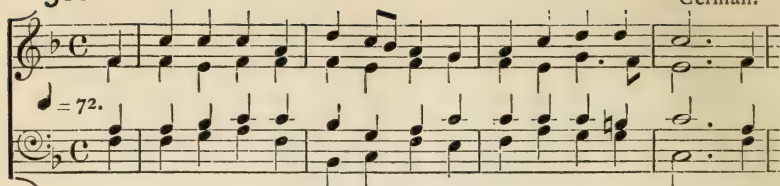
O SACRED Head, now wounded,  
With grief and shame bowed down,  
Now scornfully surrounded  
With thorns, Thine only crown :  
O Sacred Head, what glory,  
What bliss till now was Thine !  
Yes, though despised and gory,  
I joy to call Thee mine.  
What Thou, my LORD, hast suffered,  
Was all for sinners' gain :  
Mine, mine was the transgression,  
But Thine the deadly pain.  
Lo, here I fall, my SAVIOUR !  
'Tis I deserve Thy place ;  
Look on me with Thy favour,  
Vouchsafe to me Thy grace.

The joy can ne'er be spoken,  
Above all joys beside,  
When in Thy Body broken,  
I thus with safety hide.  
O LORD of life, desiring  
Thy glory now to see,  
Beside Thy Cross expiring  
I'd breathe my soul to Thee !  
Be near me when I'm dying,  
O show Thy Cross to me !  
And to my succour flying  
Come, LORD, and set me free !  
These eyes, new faith receiving,  
From JESUS shall not move,  
For he who dies believing  
Dies safely through Thy love !

Amen.

580

German.



*The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge.*

*mf* O LIGHT in darkness, Joy in grief;  
O Heaven begun on earth;  
JESU, my LORD, my treasure, who  
Can tell what Thou art worth?

O JESU, JESU, Blessèd LORD,  
What art Thou not to me?  
Each hour brings joys before unknown,  
Each day new liberty.

What limit is there to Thy love?  
Thy flight where wilt Thou stay?  
On! on! our LORD is sweeter far  
To-day than yesterday.

For Thou to us art all in all,  
Our honour and our wealth,  
Our heart's desire, our body's strength,  
Our soul's eternal health.

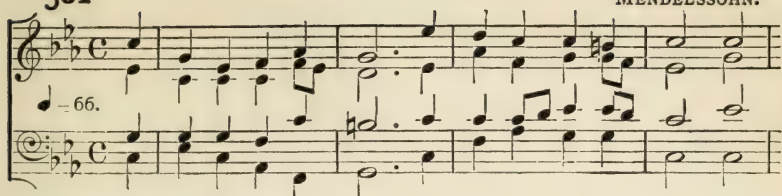
Burn, burn, O Love; within our hearts  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned and burned away.

O love of JESUS, blessèd love,  
So will it ever be;  
Time cannot hold Thy wondrous growth,  
No, nor eternity! Amen.



581

MENDELSSOHN.



*My soul thirsteth for Thee, my flesh also longeth after Thee.*

*p* O LORD, refresh Thy flock;  
 Athirst to Thee we cry :  
 Thou art the spiritual Rock,  
 Whence we must drink or die.

Preserve us, LORD, from death :  
 Thou art the Lamb Whose Blood,  
 Sprinkled on Israel's doors in faith,  
 A token was for good.

With many a bitter thought  
 Of cherished sin subdued,  
 'Tis meet that, drest in pilgrim garb,  
 We take Thee for our food.

Away the signs are cast,  
 And now Thyself we see ;  
 Yet let each sign that cheered the past  
 Still lift our hearts to Thee !

*f* JESU, Eternal SON,  
 To Thee all glory be,  
 With FATHER, SPIRIT, THREE in ONE,  
 Through all eternity. Amen.

582

(First Tune.)

German.

♩ = 58.

(Second Tune.)

JAMES TURLE.

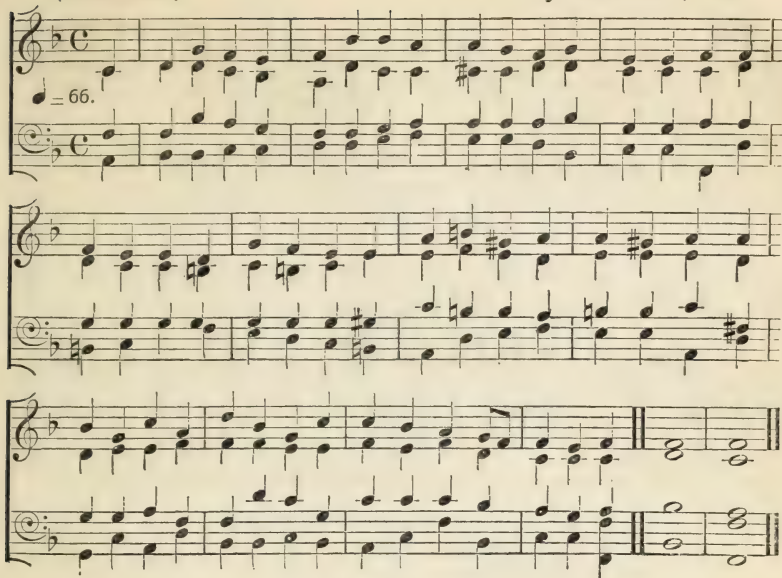
♩ = 69.

rit.

## GENERAL.

(Third Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.

*God is love.*

*p* O LOVE, Who formedst us to wear  
 The image of Thy Godhead here ;  
 Who soughtest us with tender care  
 Through all our wanderings wild and drear :  
*cres.* O LOVE, we give ourselves to Thee,  
*dim.* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*p* O LOVE, Who e'er life's earliest dawn  
 On us Thy choice hast gently laid ;  
 O LOVE, Who here as Man wast born,  
 And wholly like to us wast made :  
*cres.* O LOVE, we give ourselves to Thee,  
*dim.* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

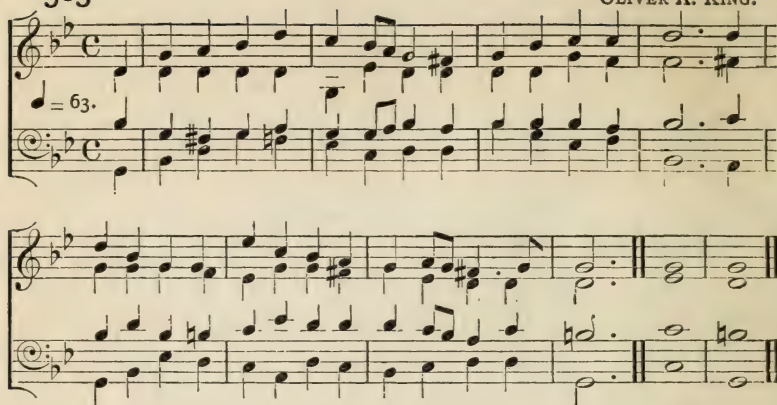
*p* O LOVE, Who once in time wast slain,  
 Pierced through and through with bitter woe ;  
 O LOVE, Who wrestling thus didst gain  
 That we eternal joy might know :  
*cres.* O LOVE, we give ourselves to Thee,  
*dim.* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*p* O LOVE, Who lovest us for aye,  
 Who for our souls dost ever plead ;  
 O LOVE, Who didst our ransom pay,  
 Whose power sufficeth in our stead :  
*cres.* O LOVE, we give ourselves to Thee,  
*dim.* Thine ever, only Thine to be.

*p* O LOVE, Who once shalt bid us rise  
 From out this dying life of ours ;  
 O LOVE, Who once o'er yonder skies  
 Shall set us in the fadeless bowers :  
*cres.* O LOVE, we give ourselves to Thee,  
*dim.* Thine ever, only Thine to be. Amen.

583

OLIVER A. KING.



*Remember me, O Lord, according to the favour that Thou bearest unto Thy people.*

*p* O THOU, from Whom all goodness flows,  
 I lift my heart to Thee;  
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,  
 Dear LORD, remember me.

When on my groaning burdened heart  
 My sins lie heavily,  
 Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:  
 In love remember me.

Temptations sore obstruct my way,  
 And ills I cannot flee;  
 O give me strength, LORD, as my day:  
 For good remember me.

If worn with pain, disease, and grief,  
 This feeble frame should be,  
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief;  
 Hear, and remember me.

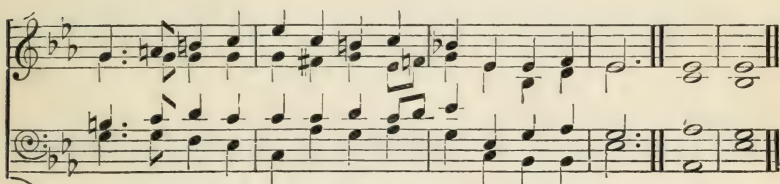
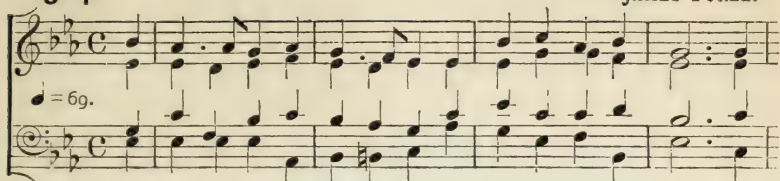
If on my face for Thy dear Name  
 Shame and reproaches be  
 All hail reproach, and welcome shame,  
 If Thou remember me.

*fp* And when at last I sink in death,  
 And meet Thy just decree,  
 Then, SAVIOUR, mark my trembling breath  
 And still remember me. Amen.



584

JAMES TURLE.



*Who can express the noble acts of the Lord : or shew forth all His praise.*

*mf* O UNITY of Threefold Light,  
Send out Thy brightest ray,  
And scatter our transgressions' night,  
And turn it into day.

Make us those temples pure and fair  
Thy glory loveth well,  
The spotless tabernacles where  
Thou may'st vouchsafe to dwell.

The glorious hosts of peerless might  
That ever see Thy Face,  
Thou mak'st the mirrors of Thy light,  
The vessels of Thy grace.

Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave,  
Hast pleasure in the lay ;  
Deign now our praises to receive,  
Albeit from lips of clay.

And yet Thyself they cannot know,  
Nor pierce the veil of light  
That hides Thee from the Thrones below,  
As in profoundest night.

How then can mortal accents frame  
Due tribute to the KING ?  
Thou, only, while we praise Thy Name,  
Forgive us as we sing. Amen.

585

(First Tune.)

E. SILAS.

*dolce.*  
♩ = 72.  
*p*  
*cres.*  
*f*  
*dim.*  
*p*

(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY

♩ = 88.  
*Org.*  
*Org.*

# GENERAL.

*Oh that I had wings like a dove!*

*mf* PLEASANT are Thy courts above,  
In the land of light and love;  
Pleasant are Thy courts below,  
In this land of sin and woe.  
Oh, my spirit longs and faints  
For the converse of Thy saints,  
For the brightness of Thy face,  
For Thy fulness, GOD of grace!

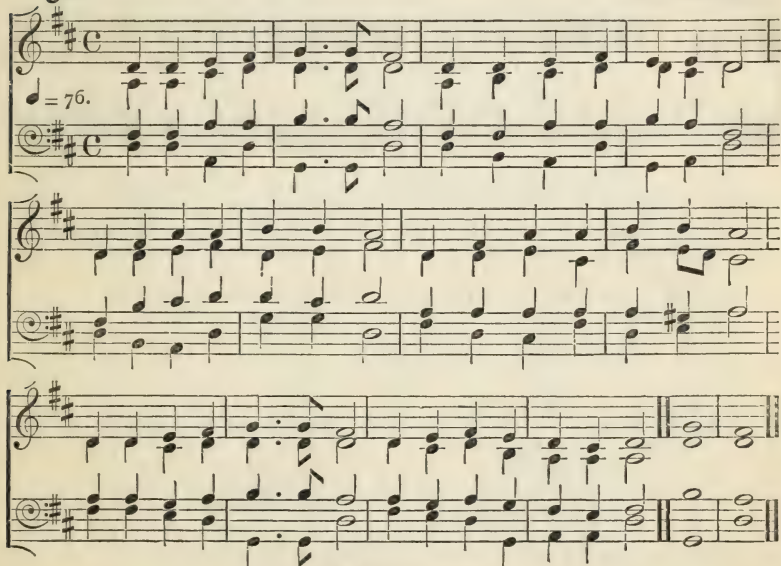
Happy birds that sing and fly  
Round Thy Altars, O Most High;  
Happier souls that find a rest  
In our Heavenly FATHER's breast!  
Like the wandering dove, that found  
No repose on earth around,  
They can to their ark repair,  
And enjoy it ever there.

Happy souls! their praises flow  
Even in this vale of woe;  
Waters in the desert rise,  
Manna feeds them from the skies:  
On they go from strength to strength,  
Till they reach Thy throne at length,  
At Thy feet adoring fall,  
Who hast led them safe through all.

*p* LORD, be mine this prize to win!  
Guide me through a world of sin:  
Keep me by Thy saving grace;  
Give me at Thy side a place;  
Sun and shield alike Thou art;  
Guide and guard my erring heart!  
Grace and glory flow from Thee;  
Shower, oh, shower them, LORD, on  
me. Amen.

586

R. REDHEAD.



*The Rock of our salvation.*

*mf* Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee;  
Let the Water and the Blood,  
From Thy riven Side which flowed,  
Be of sin the double cure,  
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of mine hands  
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;  
Could my zeal no languor know,  
Could my tears for ever flow,  
All for sin could not atone:  
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,  
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;  
Guilty, plead Thy righteousness;  
Helpless, flee to Thee for grace;  
Foul, I to the fountain fly,  
Wash me, SAVIOUR, or I die.

*p* While I draw this fleeting breath,  
When my eyelids close in death,  
When I soar through tracts unknown,  
*cres.* See Thee on Thy judgment throne,  
*f* Rock of ages, cleft for me,  
Let me hide myself in Thee. Amen.

*Every day will I give thanks unto Thee: and praise Thy Name for ever and ever.*

*f* SAVIOUR, blessèd SAVIOUR,  
Listen whilst we sing,  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

*p* Nearer, ever nearer,  
CHRIST, we draw to Thee,  
Deep in adoration  
Bending low the knee:  
Thou for our redemption  
Cam'st on earth to die;  
Thou, that we might follow,  
Hast gone up on high.

*mf* Great and ever greater  
Are Thy mercies here,  
True and everlasting  
Are the glories there,  
Where no pain, or sorrow,  
Toil, or care, is known,  
Where the angel-legions  
Circle round Thy throne.

*p* Dark and ever darker  
Was the wintry past,  
Now a ray of gladness  
O'er our path is cast;  
Every day that passeth,  
Every hour that flies,  
Tells of love unfeignèd,  
Love that never dies.

*mf* Clearer still and clearer  
Dawns the light from heaven,  
In our sadness bringing  
News of sin forgiven.  
Life has lost its shadows,  
Pure the light within;  
Thou hast shed Thy radiance  
On a world of sin.

Brighter still and brighter  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done.  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, Blessèd SAVIOUR,  
Find a rest at last.

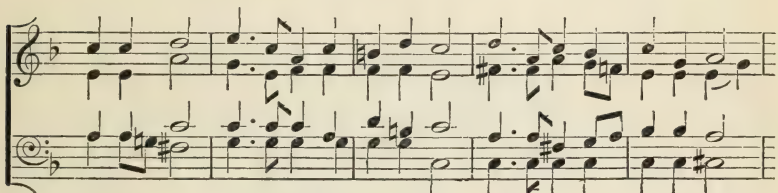
Onward, ever onward,  
Journeying o'er the road  
Worn by saints before us,  
Journeying on to God;  
Leaving all behind us  
May we hasten on,  
Backward never looking  
Till the prize is won.

*f* Higher then and higher  
Bear the ransomed soul,  
Earthly toils forgotten,  
SAVIOUR, to its goal;  
Where in joys unthought of  
Saints with angels sing,  
Never weary raising  
Praises to their KING. Amen.



588

HENRY LESLIE.



*The world seeth Me no more ; but ye see Me.*

SON of Man, to Thee we cry ;  
By the mighty mystery  
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,  
By Thy pure and holy birth,  
LORD, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be.

LAMB of GOD, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy bitter agony,  
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,  
By Thy spirit's parting groan,  
LORD, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be.

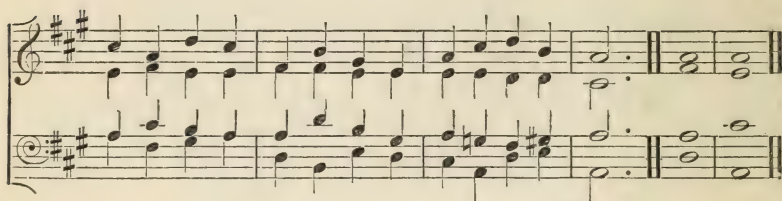
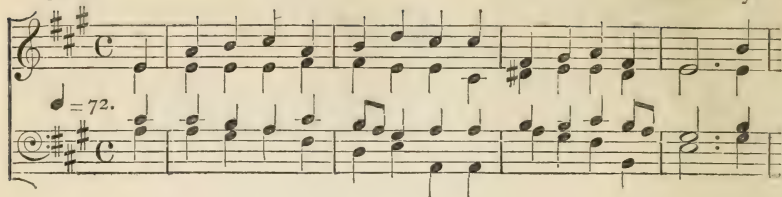
PRINCE of Life, to Thee we cry ;  
By Thy glorious majesty,  
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,  
By Thy power to help and save,  
LORD, Thy presence let us see,  
Thou our Light and SAVIOUR be.

LORD of glory, GOD most high,  
Man exalted to the sky,  
With Thy love our bosom fill ;  
Help us to perform Thy will ;  
Then Thy glory we shall see,  
Thou wilt bring us home to Thee. Amen.

\*\*\* The last line of each verse should be repeated.

589

Old Melody.



*Jesus saith unto him, I am the way, and the truth, and the life.*

*mf* THOU art the Way: by Thee alone  
From sin and death we flee;  
And he, who would the FATHER seek,  
Must seek Him, LORD, by Thee.

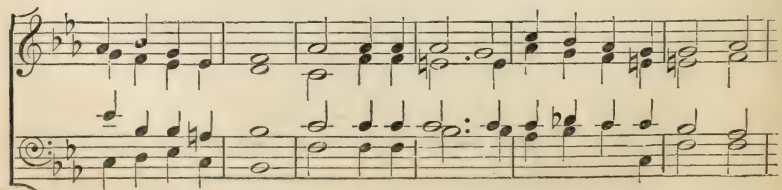
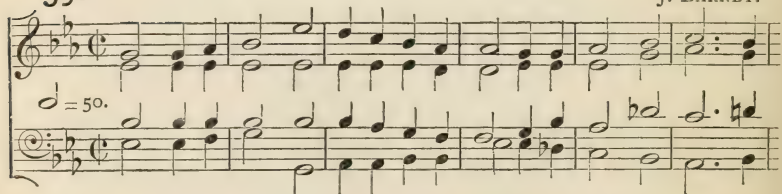
Thou art the Truth: Thy word alone  
True wisdom can impart;  
Thou only canst inform the mind,  
And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life: the rending tomb  
Proclaims Thy conqu'ring arm;  
And those who put their trust in Thee  
Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life:  
Grant us that Way to know,  
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,  
Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

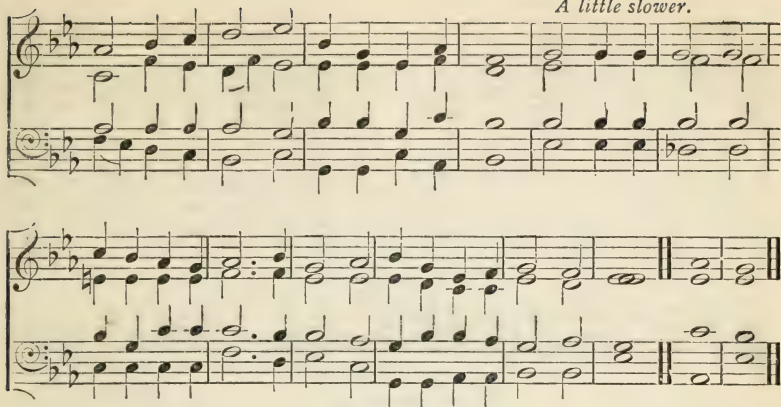
590

J. BARNBY.



GENERAL.

*A little slower.*



*Lord, Thou knowest all things.*

*mf* THOU knowest, LORD, the weariness and sorrow  
Of the sad heart that comes to Thee for rest ;  
Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,  
Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;  
We come before Thee at Thy gracious word,  
And lay them at Thy feet : Thou knowest, LORD.

*mf* Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly  
On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;  
How the good Shepherd followed, and how kindly  
He bore it home, upon His shoulders laid ;  
And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,  
And brought back life, and hope, and strength again,

Thou knowest all the present ; each temptation,  
Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;  
All to each one assigned of tribulation,  
Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;  
All pensive memories, as we journey on,  
Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

Thou knowest all the future ; gleams of gladness  
By stormy clouds too quickly overcast ;  
Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,  
And the dark river to be crossed at last.

† Oh ! what could hope and confidence afford  
To tread that path ; but this, Thou knowest, LORD !

Thou knowest, not alone as GOD, all-knowing ;  
As Man, our mortal weakness Thou hast proved :  
On earth, with purest sympathies o'erflowing,  
O SAVIOUR, Thou hast wept, and Thou hast loved ;  
And love and sorrow still to Thee may come,  
And find a hiding-place, a rest, a home.

Therefore we come, Thy gentle call obeying,  
And lay our sins and sorrows at Thy feet ;  
On everlasting strength our weakness staying,  
Clothed in Thy robe of righteousness complete :  
*cres.* Then rising and refreshed, we leave Thy Throne,  
And follow on to know as we are known. Amen.

GENERAL.

59I (First Tune.)

FERDINAND HILLER, Mus.D.

$\text{♩} = 46.$  *dolce.*

*dol.*

*dim. pp f ff*

(Second Tune.)

Old Melody.

$\text{♩} = 84$



GENERAL.



*And God said, Let there be light : and there was light.*

THOU, Whose Almighty Word,  
Chaos and darkness heard,  
And took their flight ;  
Hear us, we humbly pray,  
And where the Gospel-day  
Sheds not its glorious ray  
Let there be light !

Thou, Who didst come to bring  
On Thy redeeming wing  
Healing and sight ;  
Health to the sick in mind,  
Sight to the inly blind,  
Oh, now to all mankind  
Let there be light !

SPIRIT of truth and love,  
Life-giving, holy Dove,  
Speed forth Thy flight ;  
Move on the waters' face,  
Spreading the beams of grace,  
And in earth's darkest place  
Let there be light !

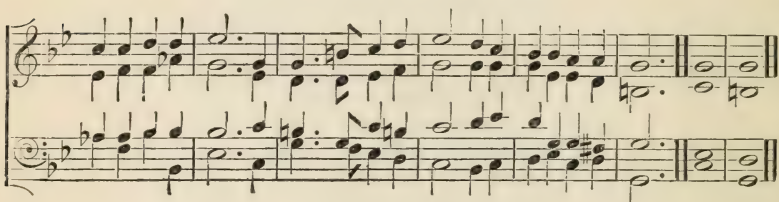
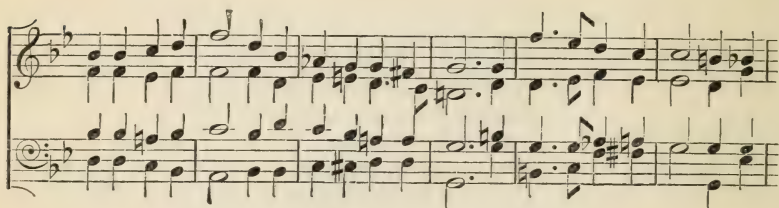
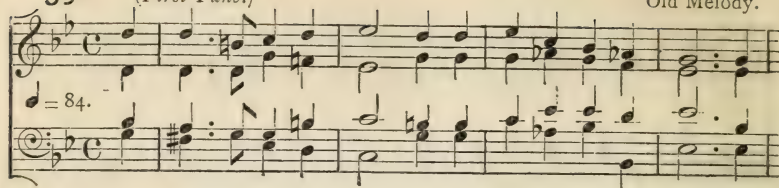
Blessèd and HOLY THREE,  
Glorious TRINITY,  
Grace, Love, and Might ;  
Boundless as ocean's tide,  
Rolling in fullest pride,  
Through the world, far and wide,  
Let there be light ! Amen.

GENERAL.

592

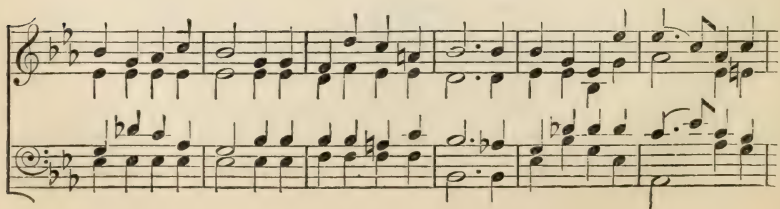
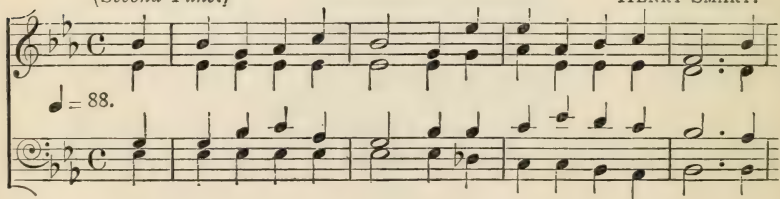
(First Tune.)

Old Melody.

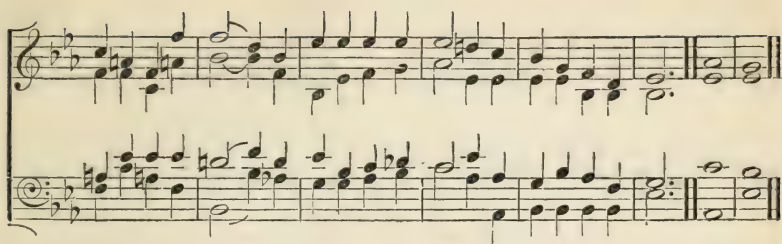


(Second Tune.)

HENRY SMART.



GENERAL.



*In Thy Name shall they rejoice all the day.*

*f* To Thee, O GOD and SAVIOUR,  
The soul exulting springs,  
Rejoicing in Thy favour,  
Almighty KING of kings.  
We'll celebrate Thy glory  
With all Thy saints above,  
And tell the joyful story  
Of Thy redeeming love.

*p* Soon as the morn with roses  
Bedecks the dewy east,  
And when the sun reposes  
Upon the ocean's breast,  
Our voice in supplication  
Well pleased Thou shalt hear,  
O grant us Thy salvation,  
And to our souls draw near.

*mf* By Thee through life supported,  
We pass the dangerous road,  
By angel-hosts escorted  
Up to Thy bright abode;  
Then cast our crowns before Thee,  
And all our conflicts o'er  
Unceasingly adore Thee,  
Upon the eternal shore. Amen.

## 593 (First Tune.)

German.

## (Second Tune.)

Hon. and Rev. F. R. GREY.

*Sing unto the Lord, and praise His Name.*

*f* THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Ruler of the earth and sea,  
Hear us, while we lift to Thee  
*pp* Holy chant and psalm.

*mf* Light of lights; with morning, shine;  
Lift on us Thy Light divine;  
And let charity benign  
*pp* Breathe on us her balm.

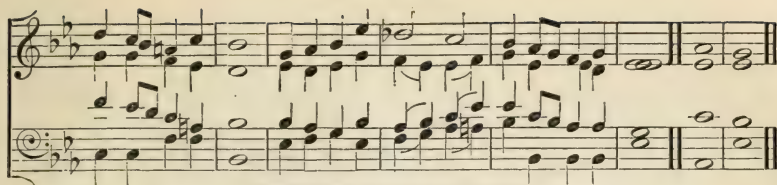
*p* Light of lights; when falls the even,  
Let it close on sin forgiven;  
Fold us in the peace of heaven,  
*pp* Shed a vesper calm.

*mf* THREE in ONE, and ONE in THREE,  
Darkling here we worship Thee;  
With the saints hereafter we  
Hope to bear the palm. Amen.

## 594

Anonymous.





*Now the day draweth toward evening.*

WHEN day's shadows lengthen,  
JESU, be Thou near;  
Pardon, comfort, strengthen;  
Chase away my fear;  
Love and hope be deepened,  
Faith more strong and clear.

When the night grows darkest,  
And the stars are pale,  
When the foemen gather  
In death's misty vale,  
Be Thou Sword and Buckler,  
Be Thou Shield and Mail.

Come, Thou Food of angels,  
Source of every grace,  
In Thy FATHER'S mansions  
Give me soon a place;  
That unveiled in splendour  
I may see Thy Face.

By the Jordan's ripples  
Passing through the shade,  
Let me hear that promise

Once for ever made—  
It is I, thy JESUS,  
Be not thou afraid.

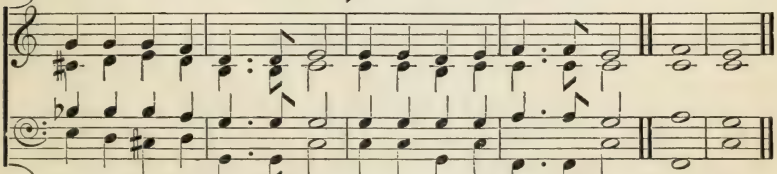
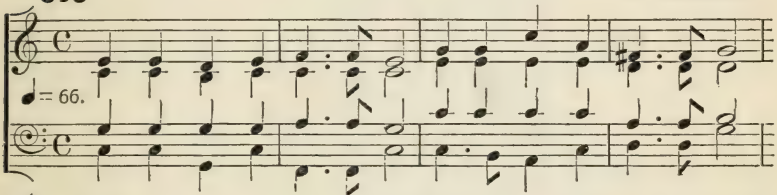
Then be near me, JESU,  
Enemies shall flee:  
Hidden GOD and SAVIOUR,  
Thou my Comfort be:  
Food, and Priest, and Victim,  
Let me feed on Thee.

So shall no fears chill me  
On that unknown shore;  
For in death He conquered,  
And can die no more.  
His Hand guards and guides me  
To the City's door.

Blessèd warfare over,  
Endless rest alone,  
Tears no more nor sorrow,  
Neither sigh nor moan,  
But a song of triumph  
Round about the Throne. Amen.

595

R. REDHEAD.



*Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows.*

*p* WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,  
When our bitter tears o'erflow,  
When we mourn the lost, the dear;

*pp* JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*p* Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,  
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,  
Thou hast shed the human tear;

*pp* JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls  
For our own departing souls;  
When our final doom is near;  
JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*p* Thou hast bowed the dying head,  
Thou the blood of life hast shed,  
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;

*pp* JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*p* When the heart is sad within  
With the thought of all its sin;  
When the spirit shrinks with fear;

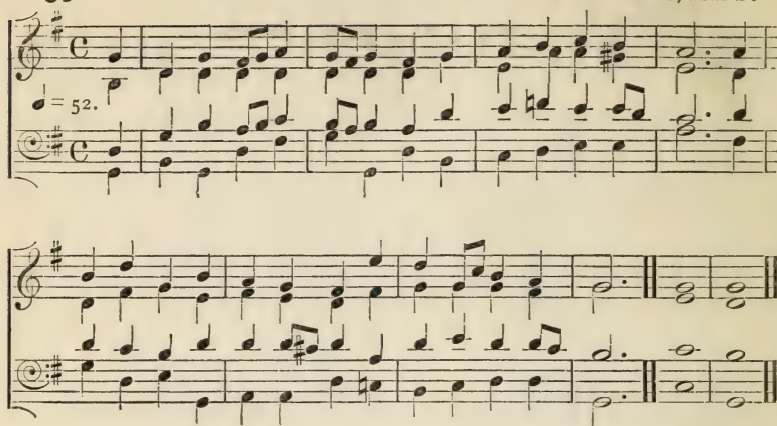
*pp* JESU, Son of Mary, hear.

*p* Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,  
Though the sins were not Thine own;  
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;

*pp* JESU, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

596

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*Ye shall find rest unto your souls.*

*mf* ALL ye who seek for sure relief  
In trouble and distress,  
Whatever sorrow vex the mind,  
Or guilt the soul oppress :

JESUS, Who gave Himself for you,  
Upon the Cross to die,  
Opens to you His sacred Heart :  
Oh, to that Heart draw nigh.

*p* Ye hear how kindly He invites ;  
Ye hear His words so blest ;  
“ All ye that labour, come to Me,  
And I will give you rest.”

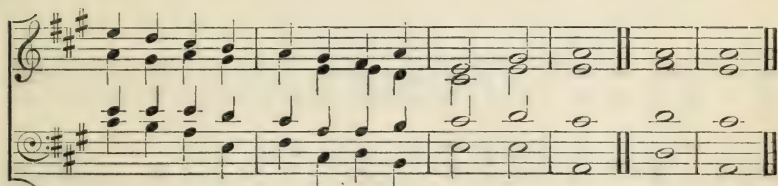
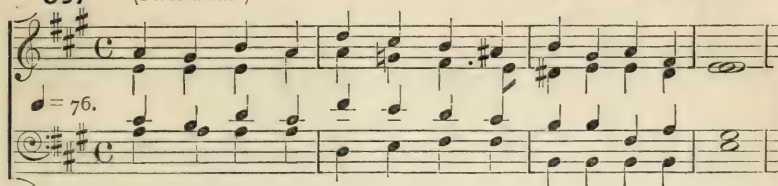
*mf* O JESUS, Joy of saints on high,  
Thou Hope of sinners here,  
Attracted by those loving words  
To Thee we lift our prayer.

*cres.* Wash Thou our wounds in that dear Blood  
Which forth from Thee doth flow ;  
New grace, new hope inspire ; a new  
And better heart bestow. Amen.

597

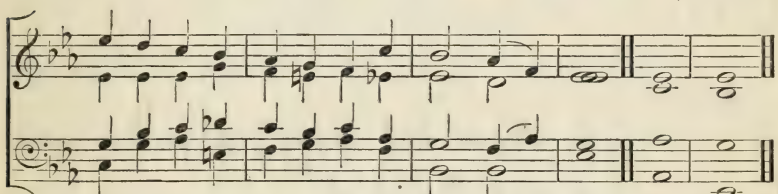
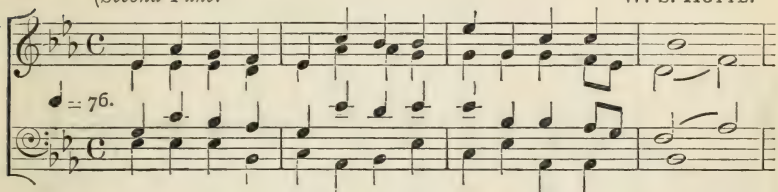
(First Tune.)

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



(Second Tune.)

W. S. HOYTE.



*If any man serve Me, let him follow Me; and where I am, there shall also My servant be.*

*mf* ART thou weary, art thou languid,  
Art thou sore distrest? [ing;  
"Come to Me," saith One, and "com-  
Be at rest."

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,  
If He be my Guide? [prints,  
"In His Feet and Hands are Wound-  
And His Side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,  
That His Brow adorns?  
"Yea, a Crown, in very surety :  
But of Thorns!"

If I find Him, if I follow,  
What His guerdon here?  
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,  
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,  
What hath He at last?  
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,  
Jordan past!"

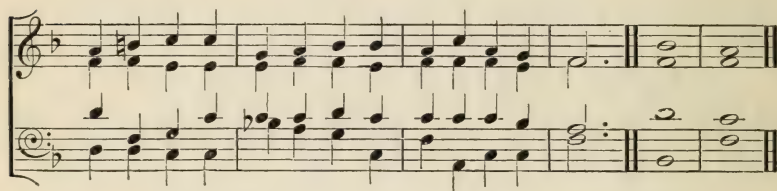
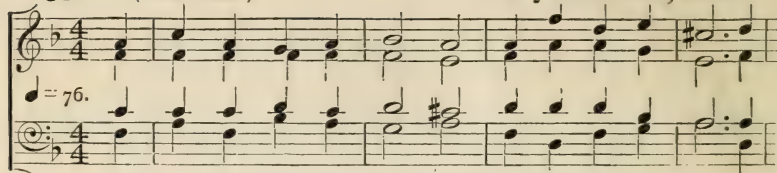
If I ask Him to receive me,  
Will He say me nay?  
"Not till earth, and not till heaven,  
Pass away!"

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,  
Is He sure to bless?  
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins,  
Answer, Yes!" Amen.

598

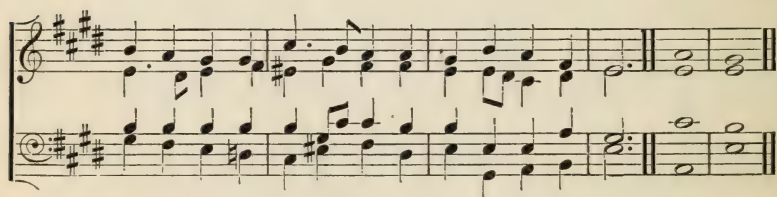
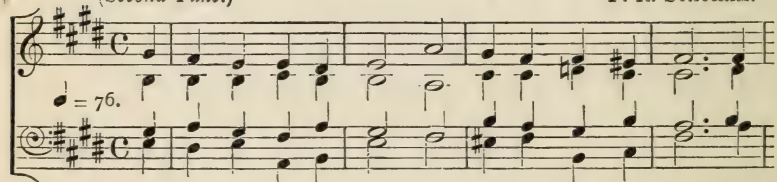
(First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D.



(Second Tune.)

F. R. STATHAM.

*Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God.*

*mf* BLEST are the pure in heart,  
For they shall see our GOD;  
The secret of the LORD is theirs;  
Their soul is CHRIST's abode.

The LORD, Who left the heavens,  
Our life and peace to bring,  
And dwelt in lowliness with men,  
Their pattern and their King;

Still to the lowly soul  
He doth Himself impart,  
And for His dwelling and His throne  
Choozeth the pure in heart.

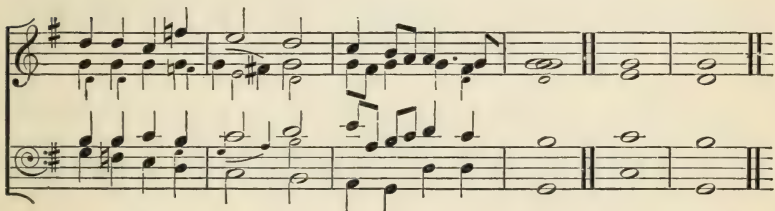
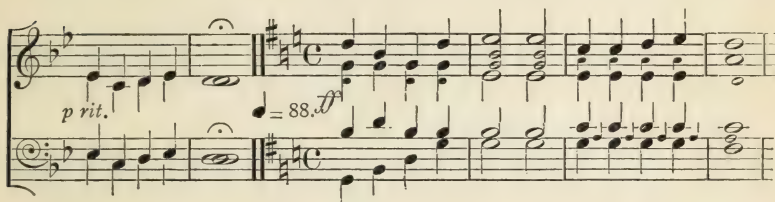
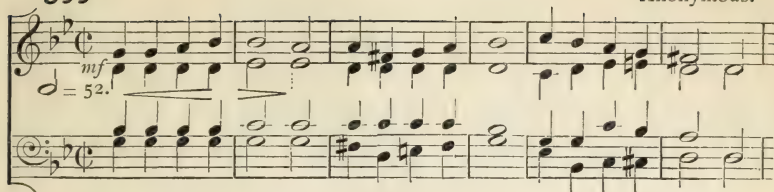
*p* LORD, we Thy presence seek;  
May ours this blessing be;  
Give us the pure and lowly heart,  
A temple meet for Thee.

*f* All glory, LORD, to Thee,  
Whom heaven and earth adore;  
To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
One GOD for evermore. Amen.



599

Anonymous.



*Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might.*

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them  
On the holy ground,  
How the troops of Midian  
Prowl and prowl around ?  
Christian, up and smite them,  
Counting gain but loss :  
Smite them by the merit  
Of the Holy Cross.

Christian, dost thou feel them,  
How they work within,  
Striving, tempting, luring,  
Goading into sin ?  
Christian, never tremble,  
Never be downcast !  
Smite them by the virtue  
Of the Lenten fast.

Christian, dost thou hear them,  
How they speak thee fair ?  
" Always fast and vigil ?  
Always watch and prayer ? "  
Christian, answer boldly,  
" While I breathe I pray : "  
Peace shall follow battle,  
Night shall end in day.

Well I know thy trouble,  
O My servant true ;  
Thou art very weary,—  
I was weary too :  
But that toil shall make thee  
Some day all Mine own :  
And the end of sorrow  
Shall be near My throne. Amen.

GENERAL.

600

(First Tune.)

J. BARNEY.

$\text{♩} = 92. \text{ mf}$

*dim. e rall.*

(Second Tune.)

BERTHOLD TOURS.

$\text{♩} = 84.$

# GENERAL.



## PART I.

*They desire a better country, that is, an heavenly.*

For thee, O dear, dear country,  
 Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
 For very love beholding  
 Thy happy name, they weep:

The mention of thy glory  
 Is unction to the breast,  
 And medicine in sickness,  
 And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion !  
 O Paradise of joy !  
 Where tears are ever banished,  
 And smiles have no alloy :

Beside thy living waters  
 All plants are, great and small  
 The cedar of the forest,  
 The hyssop of the wall.

With jaspers glow thy bulwarks,  
 Thy streets with emeralds blaze ;  
 The sardius and the topaz  
 Unite in thee their rays :

Thy ageless walls are bonded  
 With amethyst unpriced :  
 Thy saints build up its fabric,  
 The Corner-Stone is CHRIST.

The Cross is all thy splendour,  
 The Crucified thy praise ;  
 His laud and benediction  
 Thy ransomed people raise :

JESUS, the heavenly Bridegroom,  
 True God and Man they sing ;  
 The Crown is He to guerdon,  
 The Prince of peace, the King.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
 Thou hast no time, bright day !  
 Dear fountain of refreshment  
 To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages  
 They raise thy holy tower !  
 Thine is the victor's laurel,  
 And thine the golden dower.

GENERAL.

600 (First Tune.)

ALEXANDER EWING.

♩ = 80.

*p*

(Another arrangement.)

ALEXANDER EWING.

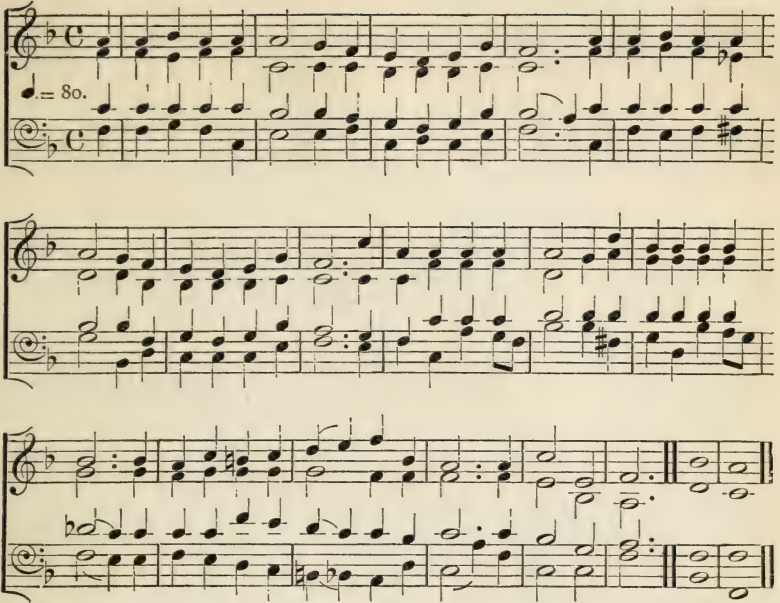
♩ = 80.



GENERAL.

(Second Tune.)

HY. HUGO PIERSON.



PART II.

JERUSALEM the golden,  
With milk and honey blest;  
Beneath thy contemplation  
Sink heart and voice oppressed.

I know not, O I know not,  
What social joys are there;  
What radiancy of glory,  
What light beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Sion,  
Conjubilant with song,  
And bright with many an angel,  
And all the martyr throng:

The Prince is ever in them,  
The daylight is serene,  
The pastures of the blessed  
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David,  
And there, from care released,  
The song of them that triumph,  
The shout of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader  
Have conquered in the fight,  
For ever and for ever  
Are clad in robes of white.

GENERAL.

600

(First Tune.)

ALEX. S. COOPER.

(Second Tune.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES, M.A., Mus.D.

# GENERAL.

## PART III.

JERUSALEM the glorious !  
 The glory of the elect !  
 O dear and future vision  
 That eager hearts expect !  
 E'en now by faith I see thee :  
 E'en here thy walls discern :  
 To thee my thoughts are kindled,  
 And strive, and pant, and yearn.  
 For there the band of Prophets  
 United praise ascribes,  
 And there the twelvefold chorus  
 Of Israel's ransomed tribes :

*The following may be sung at the end of each Part.*

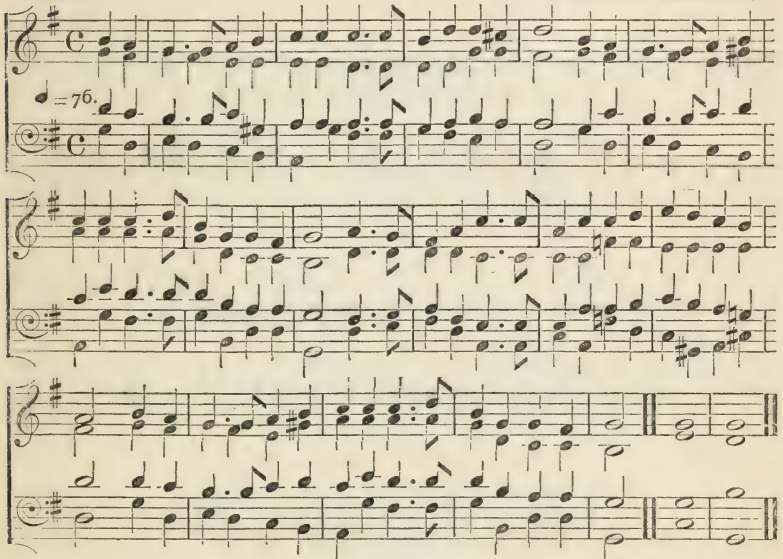
O sweet and blessed Country  
 The home of God's elect !  
 O sweet and blessed Country,  
 That eager hearts expect !

The lily-beds of Virgins,  
 The roses' Martyr-glow,  
 The cohort of the Fathers  
 Who kept the faith below.  
 And there the Sole-Begotten  
 Is LORD in regal state ;  
 He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
 He, Lamb Immaculate.  
 O land of endless glory !  
 O state that fears no strife !  
 O fields that know no sorrow !  
 O realm and home of life !

JESU, in mercy bring us  
 To that dear land of rest ;  
 Who art, with GOD the FATHER,  
 And SPIRIT, ever blest. Amen.

601

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*They drank of that spiritual Rock that followed them : and that Rock was Christ.*

*mf* GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,  
 Sion, City of our God ;  
 He, Whose word cannot be broken,  
 Formed thee for His own abode ;  
 On the Rock of Ages founded,  
 What can shake thy sure repose ?  
 With salvation's walls surrounded,  
 Thou mayest smile at all thy foes.  
 Thine the streams of living waters  
 Springing from the throne above ;  
 Thither speed thy sons and daughters,  
 There all thirst they slake in love :  
 Who can faint while such a river  
 Ever will their thirst assuage ;  
 Grace, which, like the LORD, the Giver,  
 Never fails from age to age ?

On their way, around them hovering,  
 Pillared cloud or fire appear,  
 For a glory and a covering ;  
 Shewing that the LORD is near.  
 From their banner thus deriving  
 Light by night, and shade by day,  
 Bread from heaven, all heart-reviving,  
 For their daily food have they.  
 SAVIOUR, we of Sion's City  
 Members through Thy grace became ;  
 Though the world deride or pity,  
 We will glory in Thy Name.  
 Fading is the worldling's pleasure,  
 All his boasted pomp and show ;  
 Solid joys and lasting treasure  
 None but Sion's children know.

Amen.

602

J. BARNBY.

♩ = 52. *f*

*p*

*pp* *ff* *rit.*

*I create Jerusalem a rejoicing, and her people a joy.*

HARK! hark, my soul: angelic songs are swelling  
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:  
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling  
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more.  
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,  
 "Come, weary souls, for JESUS bids you come;"  
 And, through the dark its echoes sweetly ringing,  
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.  
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,  
 The voice of JESUS sounds o'er land and sea;  
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,  
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee.  
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.



# GENERAL.

Rest comes at length ; though life be long and dreary,  
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past ;  
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,  
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.  
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night.

Angels sing on : your faithful watches keeping,  
 Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above ;  
 Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,  
 And life's long shadows break in cloudless love.  
 Angels of JESUS, Angels of light,  
 Singing to welcome the pilgrims of the night. Amen.

603

BERTHOLD TOURS.



*In Thy Name shall they rejoice all the day.*

*mf* How sweet the Name of JESUS sounds !  
 'Tis music to the ear !  
 It soothes our sorrows, heals our  
 And drives away our fear. [wounds,

*p* It makes the wounded spirit whole,  
 And calms the troubled breast ;  
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,  
 And to the weary rest.

*mf* Dear Name ! the Rock on which I  
 My shield and hiding-place, [build,  
 My never-failing treasury, filled  
 With boundless stores of grace.

JESUS, my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,  
 My Prophet, Priest, and King,  
 My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,  
 Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,  
 And cold my warmest thought ;  
 But when I see Thee as Thou art,  
 I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim  
 With every fleeting breath ;  
 And may the music of Thy Name  
 Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

604

E. J. HOPKINS.

*Ye are not as yet come to the rest and to the inheritance, which the Lord your God giveth you.*

*mf* If thou wouldest life attain,  
If with CHRIST thou wouldest reign,  
Reaping wisdom from the past,  
Know, that long as life may last,  
Toil and conflict thee await  
In thy present earthly state.

Labour, while it yet is day;  
Labour, while you labour may;  
Labour, for the night is long;  
Labour, for the foe is strong;  
Labour, for the prize is great;  
Labour, for the hour is late.

*p* Soon the struggle will be past;  
Calm and peace will come at last;  
Soon through death's transporting door,  
All thy pains and labours o'er,  
Thou shalt go to join the blest  
In the realms of endless rest;

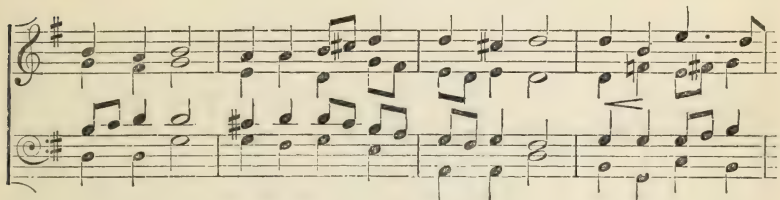
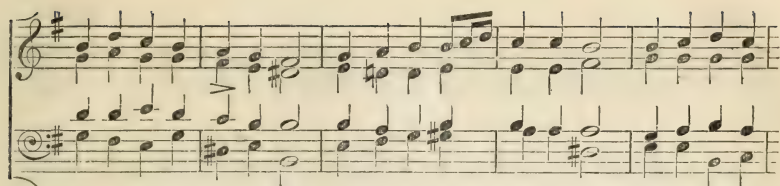
*pp* Rest, from toil and anxious care;  
Rest, from earthly wear and tear;  
Rest, from ever present sin;  
Rest without, and rest within;  
Rest, which no abatement knows;  
Rest, and infinite repose.

*p* JESU, Who for me didst die  
On the Cross of Calvary,  
Not in ought that is my own,  
But in Thy true Blood alone,  
Do I put my trembling trust:  
Spare, O spare, a worm of dust! Amen.

605

German.

GENERAL.



*Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the glory of their Father.*

*mf* IN the far celestial land  
 Countless angels radiant stand :  
 Love divine their souls inspires  
 With a zeal that never tires ;  
*cres.* Evermore their voices raise  
 Sweetest hymns of joy and praise  
*f* To the KING, Whose effluence bright  
 Gladdens their entranced sight.

*mf* Clothed in glory like the morn,  
 On unflagging pinions borne  
 Ranged on high in dazzling tiers,  
 Through the calm unchanging years,  
*cres.* Those exultant angel throngs  
 Pour a flood of thrilling songs,  
*f* " Holy, Holy, Holy," cry  
 To the mighty TRINITY.

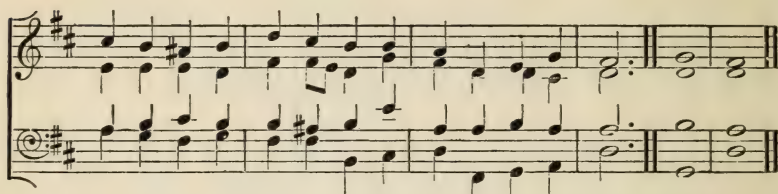
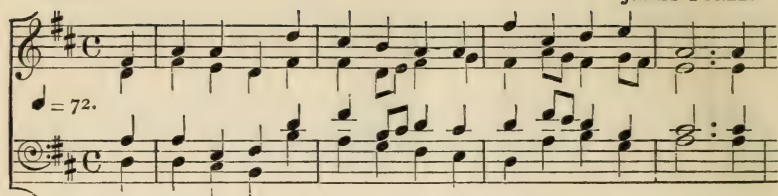
*f* Cherubim and Seraphim  
 Echo the enraptured hymn ;  
 Fraught with love's ecstatic glow  
 Their unearthly accents flow.  
 All with glad harmonious voice  
 And adoring hearts rejoice ;  
 All in tuneful sweet accord  
 Hail their ever-present LORD.

*mf* Blessed Country, home of peace,  
 Land whose anthems never cease,  
 Where the weary faint no more ;  
 Where the mourners' griefs are o'er :  
 On whose fair immortal strand  
 God's own bright and happy band,  
 Men and angels, dwell secure  
 Midst the joys that aye endure.

*f* Land, whose citizens are dight  
 In the robes of purest white ;  
 Where God's charity benign  
 Heart to heart doth firmly twine.  
 With heaven's richest mercies blest,  
 They abide in endless rest.  
 May we share that bright abode,  
 Dwell for aye with CHRIST in GOD. Amen

606

JAMES TURLE.



*When shall I come to appear before the presence of God,*

*mf* JERUSALEM, my happy home !

When shall I come to thee ?

When shall my labours have an end ?

Thy joys when shall I see ?

When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls

And pearly gates behold ?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,

And streets of shining gold ?

In thee no sickness may be seen,

Nor cold nor darksome night ;

There every saint shines as the sun ;

There God Himself gives light.

Apostles, martyrs, prophets, there

Around my SAVIOUR stand ;

And all I love in CHRIST below

Will join the glorious band.

*p* Jerusalem, my happy home,

My soul still pants for thee :

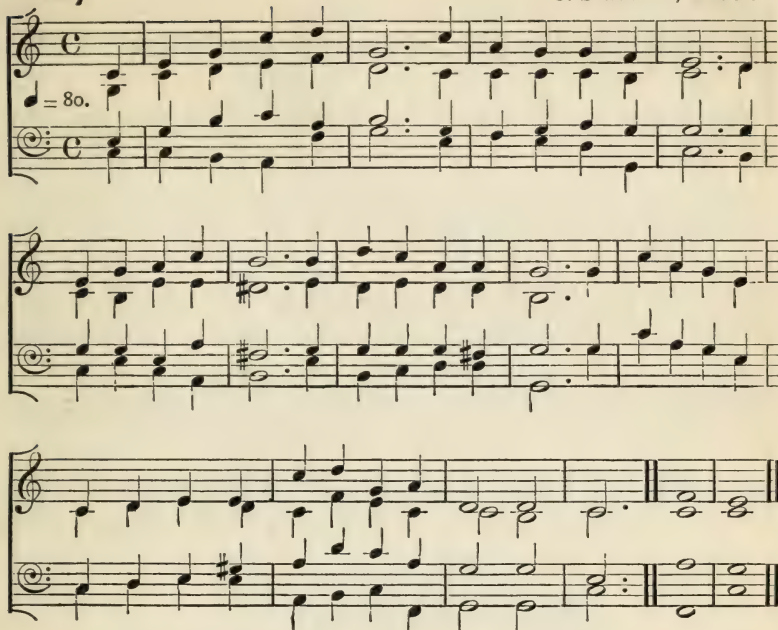
Then shall my labours have an end,

When I thy joys shall see. Amen.



607

C. STEGGALL, Mus.D.

*He hath prepared for them a city.**mf* JERUSALEM on high

My song and city is,  
My home whene'er I die,  
The centre of my bliss :

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

There dwells my LORD, my King,

Judged here unfit to live :

There angels to Him sing,  
And lowly homage give.

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

The patriarchs of old

There from their travels cease :

The prophets there behold  
Their longed-for Prince of Peace.

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

The LORD's apostles there  
I might with joy behold ;  
The harpers I might hear  
Harping on harps of gold.

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

The bleeding martyrs, they  
Within those courts are found,  
Clothed in their white array,  
Their scars with glory crowned.

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ?

Ah me ! ah me ! that I  
In Kedar's tents here stay !  
No place like that on high ;  
LORD, thither guide my way !

O happy place!  
When shall I be,  
My God, with Thee,  
To see Thy face ? Amen.

608

W. H. GLADSTONE.

*He shall have dominion from sea to sea.*

*f* JESUS shall reign where'er the sun  
Doth his successive journeys run :  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

*mf* People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on His love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on His Name.

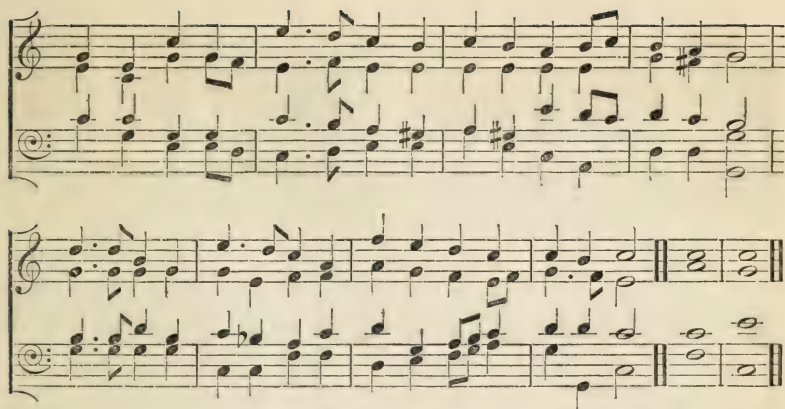
Blessings abound where'er He reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains ;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more ;  
In Him the sons of Adam boast  
More blessings than their Father lost.

*f* Let every creature rise and bring  
All praise and honour to our KING ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen. Amen.

609

HENRY SMART.



*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. But God hath revealed them unto us by His Spirit.*

*mf* LIGHT's abode, Celestial Salem,  
Vision whence true peace doth spring,  
Brighter than the heart can fancy,  
Mansion of the Highest KING ;

*f* O how glorious are the praises  
Which of thee the prophets sing !

There for ever and for ever  
Alleluia is out-poured ;  
For unending, for unbroken,  
Is the feast-day of the LORD ;

*mf* All is pure, and all is holy  
That within thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour  
Dims the brightness of the air ;  
Endless noon-day, glorious noon-day,  
From the Sun of suns is there ;  
There no night brings rest from labour,  
There unknown are toil and care.

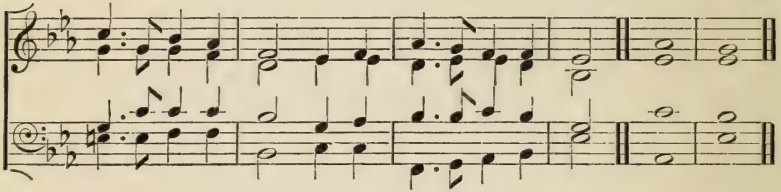
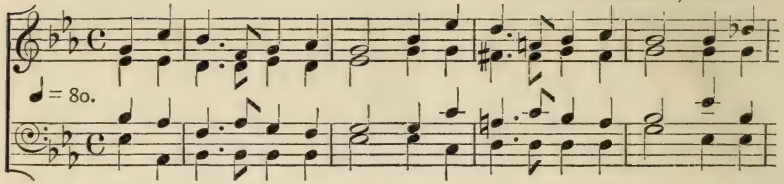
*f* O how glorious and resplendent,  
Fragile body, shalt thou be,  
When endued with so much beauty,  
Full of health, and strong and free.  
Full of vigour, full of pleasure  
That shall last eternally !

Now with gladness, now with courage,  
Bear the burden on thee laid,  
That hereafter these thy labours  
May with endless gifts be paid,  
And in everlasting glory  
Thou with brightness be arrayed.

Laud and honour to the FATHER,  
Laud and honour to the SON,  
Laud and honour to the SPIRIT,  
Ever THREE and ever ONE,  
Consubstantial, Co-eternal,  
While unending ages run. Amen.

610

G. M. GARRETT, Mus.D.

*Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.*

*mf* OFT in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christians, onward go;  
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,  
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Let not sorrow dim your eye,  
Soon shall every tear be dry;  
Let not fear your course impede,  
Great your strength, if great your need.

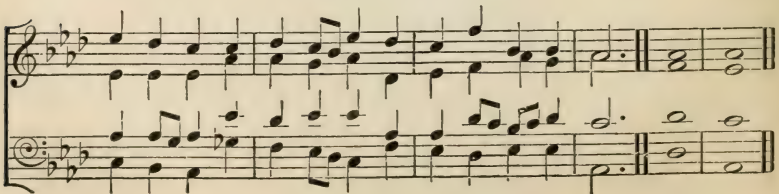
Let your drooping hearts be glad;  
March in heavenly armour clad;  
Fight, nor think the battle long,  
Soon shall victory wake your song.

*f* Onward then to glory move;  
More than conquerors ye shall prove;  
Though opposed by many a foe,  
Christian soldiers, onward go!

*ff* Hymns of glory and of praise,  
FATHER, unto Thee we raise;  
Holy JESUS, praise to Thee  
With the SPIRIT ever be. Amen.

611

F. R. STATHAM.





# GENERAL.

*For he that hath, to him shall be given.*

*mf* O GIFT of gifts ! O grace of Faith !  
My God, how can it be.  
That Thou, Who hast discerning Love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

How many hearts Thou mightst have  
More innocent than mine : [had  
How many souls more worthy, far,  
Of that sweet boon of Thine.

Ah Grace ! into unlikelyest hearts  
It is Thy boast to come :  
The glory of Thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.

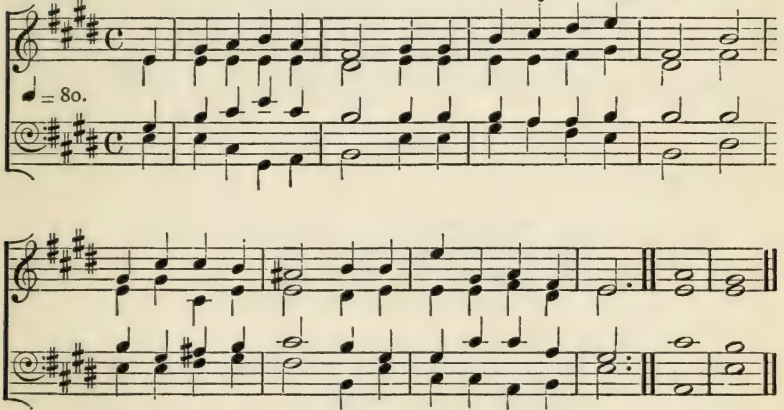
How can they live, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief ?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest  
Seem trifles less than light ; [cross,  
Earth looks so little and so low,  
When faith shines full and bright.

Thy choice, O God of goodness, then  
I lovingly adore ;  
O give me grace to keep Thy grace,  
And grace to gain it more. Amen.

612

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*We are journeying to the place of which the Lord said, I will give it you.*

*f* O HAPPY band of pilgrims,  
If onward ye will tread,  
With JESUS as your Fellow,  
To JESUS as your Head !

O happy if ye labour  
As Jesus did for men :  
O happy, if ye hunger  
As JESUS hungered then !

*mf* The Cross that JESUS carried  
He carried as your due :  
The Crown that JESUS weareth  
He weareth it for you.

The faith by which ye see Him,  
The hope in which ye yearn,  
The love that through all trouble  
To Him alone will turn :

What are they but forerunners  
To lead you to His sight ?  
What are they save the effluence  
Of uncreated Light ?

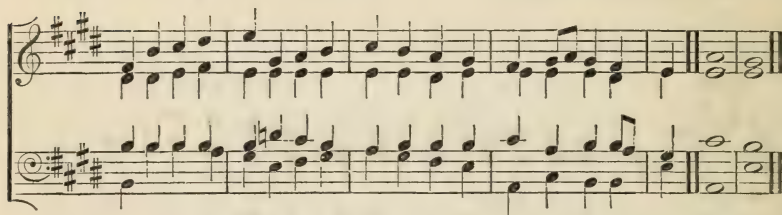
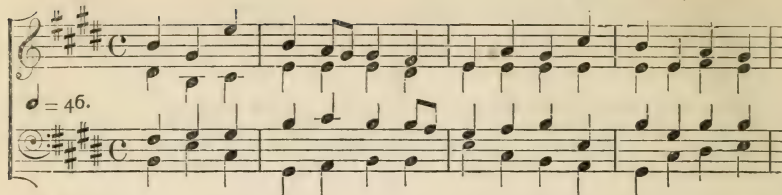
The trials that beset you,  
The sorrows ye endure,  
The manifold temptations  
That death alone can cure :

What are they, but His jewels  
Of right celestial worth ?  
What are they but the ladder,  
Set up to heaven on earth ?

O happy band of pilgrims,  
Look upward to the skies ;  
Where such a light affliction  
Shall win you such a prize. Amen.

613

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.



*Behold how good and joyful a thing it is : brethren, to dwell together in unity.*

*f* O LORD, how joyful 'tis to see  
The brethren join in love to Thee :  
On Thee alone their heart relies,  
Their only strength Thy grace supplies.

*mf* How sweet, within Thy holy place,  
With one accord to sing Thy grace,  
Besieging Thine attentive ear  
With all the force of fervent prayer.

*p* O may we love the House of God,  
Of peace and joy the blest abode ;  
O may no angry strife destroy  
That sacred peace, that holy joy.

*mf* The world without may rage, but we  
Will only cling more close to Thee,  
With hearts to Thee more wholly given,  
More weaned from earth, more fixed on heaven.

*p* LORD, shower upon us from above  
The sacred gift of mutual love ;  
Each other's wants may we supply,  
And reign together in the sky. Amen.

614

CH. GOUNOD.

*And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it.*

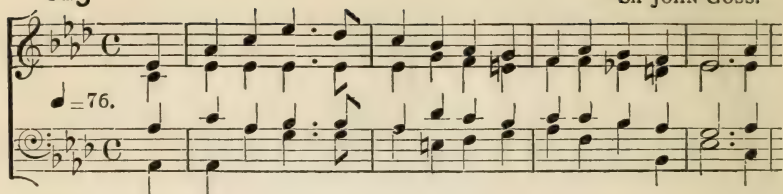
*mf* ON the fount of life eternal  
 Gazing wistful and athirst ;  
 Yearning, straining, from the prison  
 Of confining flesh to burst ;  
 Here the soul an exile sighs  
 For her native Paradise.  
 Who can paint that lovely city,  
 City of true peace divine,  
 Whose pure gates for ever open  
 Each in pearly splendour shine ;  
 Whose abodes of glory clear  
 Nought defiling cometh near ?  
 There no stormy winter rages ;  
 There no scorching summer glows ;  
 But through one perennial spring-tide,  
 Blooms the lily with the rose ;  
 And the LAMB, with purest ray,  
 Scatters round eternal day.  
 There the saints of GOD, resplendent  
 As the sun in all his might,  
 Evermore rejoice together,  
 Crowned with diadems of light ;  
 And from peril safe at last,  
 Reckon up their triumphs past.

Purged from every least defilement  
 That was grief to them before ;  
 Flesh and spirit now agreeing,  
 And at enmity no more :  
 Peace is their's without alloy,  
 Peace and plenitude of joy.  
 Where the SAVIOUR'S Risen Body  
 Sits aloft in glorious state,  
 Thither, like the crowding eagles,  
 Countlessly they congregate ;  
 And with angels share the food  
 That unites the soul with GOD.  
 There in strains harmonious blending,  
 They their dulcet anthems sing ;  
 And, on harps divinely thrilling,  
 Glorify their glorious KING ;  
 Aided by whose arm of might,  
 They were victors in the fight.  
 Happy they, who with them seated  
 Shall in all their glory share !  
 O that we, our days completed,  
 Might be but admitted there !  
 There with them the praise to sing  
 Of our glorious GOD and KING.

Look, O JESUS, on Thy soldiers,  
 Worn and wounded in the fight ;  
 Grant, O grant us, rest for ever,  
 In Thy beatific sight ;  
 And Thyself our guerdon be  
 Through a long eternity. Amen.

615

Sir JOHN GOSS.



*If I go not away, the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart, I will send Him unto you.*

*mf* Our blest Redeemer, ere He breathed  
His tender last farewell,  
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed  
With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,  
A gracious willing Guest,  
While He can find one humble heart  
Wherein to rest.

*p* And His that gentle voice we hear,  
Soft as the breath of even,  
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,  
And speaks of heaven.

*mf* And every virtue we possess,  
And every conquest won,  
And every thought of holiness,  
Are His alone.

*p* SPIRIT of purity and grace,  
Our weakness, pitying, see;  
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,  
And worthier Thee.

*f* O praise the FATHER; praise the SON;  
Blest SPIRIT, praise to Thee;  
All praise to GOD, the THREE in ONE,  
The ONE in THREE. Amen.



616

German.

*The Lord is my stony rock, and my defence.*

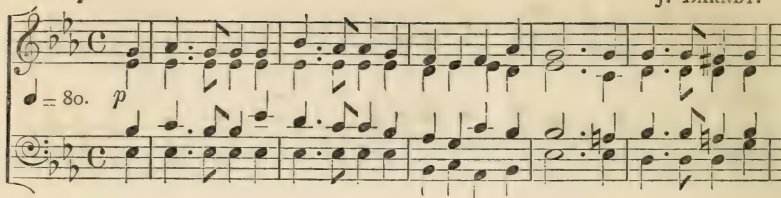
*f* OUR GOD stands firm, a rock and tower,  
A shield when danger presses ;  
A ready help in every hour,  
When doubt or pain distresses !  
For our malignant Foe  
Unswerving aims his blow ;  
His fearful arms the while,  
Dark power and darker guile :  
His hidden craft is matchless.

Our strength is weakness in the fight ;  
Our courage soon defection :  
But comes a Warrior, clad in might,  
A Prince of God's election !  
Who is this wondrous Chief,  
That brings this glad relief ?  
The field of battle boasts  
CHRIST JESUS, LORD of hosts,  
Still conquering and to conquer !

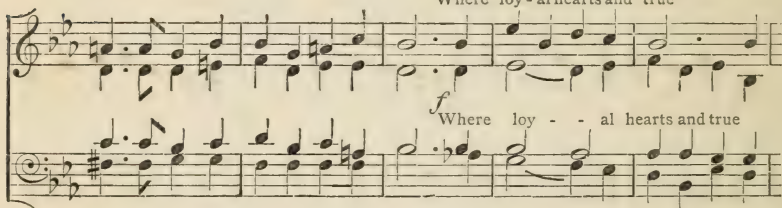
Then, LORD, arise, lift up Thine arm !  
With mighty succour stay us !  
Oh, turn aside the deadly harm,  
When Satan would betray us ;  
That rescued by Thy hand  
In triumph we may stand,  
And round Thy footstool crowd,  
In joy to sing aloud  
High praise to our REDEEMER ! Amen.

617

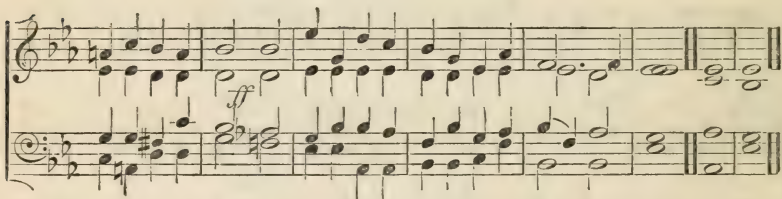
J. BARNBY.



Where loy-al hearts and true



Where loy - - al hearts and true

*There the wicked cease from troubling ; and the weary are at rest.*

O PARADISE, O Paradise,  
 Who doth not crave for rest ?  
 Who would not seek the happy land,  
 Where they that loved are blest ?  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 The world is growing old ;  
 Who would not be at rest and free  
 Where love is never cold ?  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 'Tis weary waiting here ;  
 I long to be where JESUS is,  
 To feel, to see Him near ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I want to sin no more ;  
 I want to be as pure on earth,  
 As on thy spotless shore ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I greatly long to see  
 The special place my dearest LORD  
 Is destining for me ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true, &c.

O Paradise, O Paradise,  
 I feel 'twill not be long ;  
 Patience ! I almost think I hear  
 Faint fragments of thy song ;  
 Where loyal hearts and true  
 Stand ever in the light,  
 All rapture through and through,  
 In God's most holy sight. Amen.

The musical score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The tempo is marked '♩ = 76'. The score consists of four systems of staves. The piano part is written in the bass clef, and the vocal parts are written in the treble clef. The music features a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests and dynamic markings like 'mf'.

*Why will ye die, O house of Israel?*

*mf* SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
 GOD, your MAKER, asks you why;  
 GOD, Who did your being give,  
 Made you with Himself to live:  
 He the fatal cause demands,  
 Asks the work of His own hands,  
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why  
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
 GOD, your SAVIOUR, asks you why;  
 GOD, Who did your souls retrieve,  
 GOD, Who died that ye might live.  
 Will ye let Him die in vain,  
 Crucify the LORD again?  
 Why, ye ransomed sinners, why  
 Will ye slight His grace and die?

SINNERS, turn; why will ye die?  
 GOD, the SPIRIT, asks you why;  
 GOD, Who daily with you strove,  
 Wooed you to embrace His love.  
 Will ye not His grace receive?  
 Will ye still refuse to live?  
 Why, ye long-sought sinners, why  
 Will ye grieve your GOD, and die?

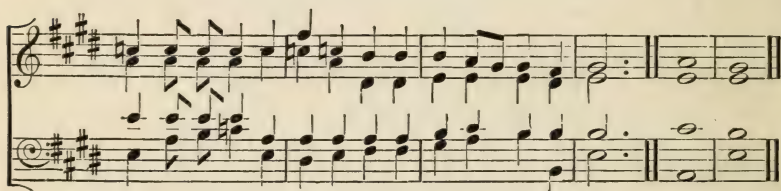
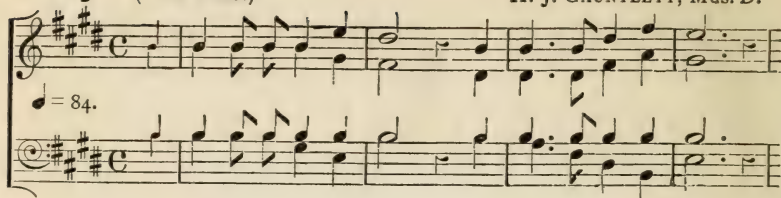
You, to whom He gave His grace,  
 Made His own peculiar race;  
 You, whom He ordained to be  
 Like Himself, eternally;  
 You, who spurned Him, turned aside  
 Into sin, and wandered wide:  
 O ye dying sinners, why,  
 Why will ye for ever die?

What could your REDEEMER do  
 More than He hath done for you?  
 Could He more than shed His Blood  
 To procure your peace with GOD?  
 Now, e'en now, your SAVIOUR stands,  
 All day long He spreads His hands,  
 Crying, "Come to Me;" O why,  
 Why will ye resolve to die?

Can ye doubt that GOD is love,  
 Or that prayer His heart will move?  
 Will ye not His Word believe?  
 Will ye not return, and live?  
 See, your dying LORD appears:  
 JESUS weeps; believe His tears:  
 Mingled with His Blood they cry,  
 Why will ye resolve to die?

## 619 (First Tune.)

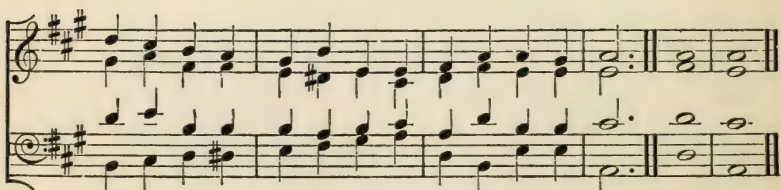
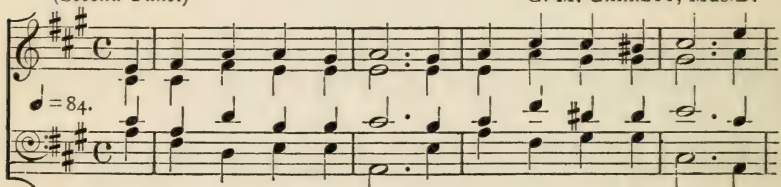
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus. D.



•• The small notes should be used in verses 3 and 4.

## (Second Tune.)

G. M. GARRETT, Mus. D.



*Put on the whole armour of God.*

*f* SOLDIERS of CHRIST, arise,  
And put your armour on,  
Strong in the strength which GOD supplies  
Through His eternal SON.

Strong in the LORD of Hosts,  
And in His mighty power;  
Who in the strength of JESUS trusts  
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,  
With all His strength endued:  
And take, to arm you for the fight,  
The panoply of GOD.

From strength to strength go on,  
And wrestle, fight, and pray;  
Tread all the powers of darkness down,  
And win the well-fought day:

*p* That having all things done,  
And all your conflicts past,  
Ye may obtain, through CHRIST alone,  
A crown of joy at last.

*f* JESU, Eternal SON,  
We praise Thee and adore,  
Who art with GOD the FATHER One  
And SPIRIT evermore. Amen.



620

(First Tune.)

HENRY SMART.

*He is the Head of the Body, the Church.*

*mf* THE Church's one foundation  
 Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;  
 She is His new creation  
 By water and the Word:  
 From heaven He came and sought her  
 To be His holy Bride;  
 With His own Blood He bought her,  
 And for her life He died.  
 Elect from every nation,  
 Yet one o'er all the earth,  
 Her charter of salvation  
 One LORD, one Faith, one Birth:  
 One Holy Name she blesses,  
 Partakes one Holy Food,  
 And to one hope she presses  
 With every grace endued.

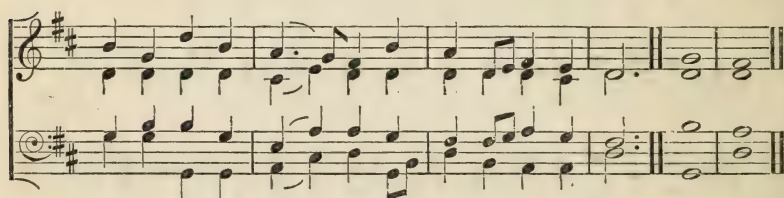
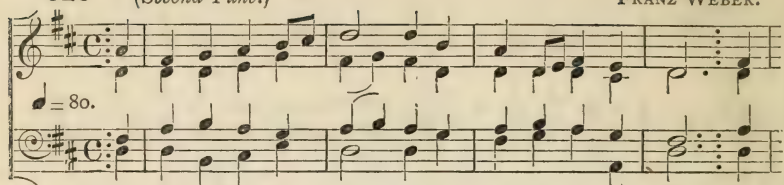
Though with a scornful wonder  
 Men see her sore oppress,  
 By schisms rent asunder,  
 By heresies distrest:  
 Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
 Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
 And soon the night of weeping  
 Shall be the morn of song.  
 Mid toil and tribulation  
 And tumult of her war,  
 She waits the consummation  
 Of peace for evermore;  
 Till with the vision glorious  
 Her longing eyes are blest,  
 And the great Church victorious  
 Shall be the Church at rest.

Yet she on earth hath union  
 With GOD the THREE in ONE;  
 And mystic sweet communion  
 With those whose rest is won.  
 Oh, happy saints and holy!  
 LORD, give us grace that we  
 Like them, the meek and lowly,  
 On high may dwell with Thee! Amen.

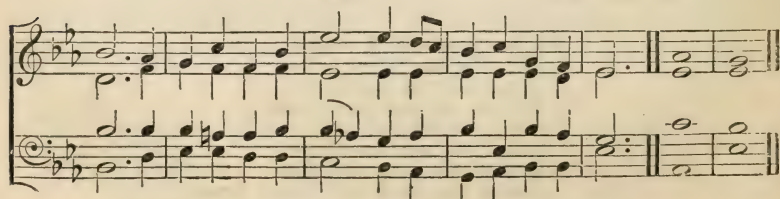
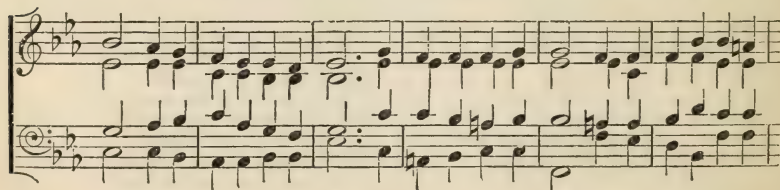
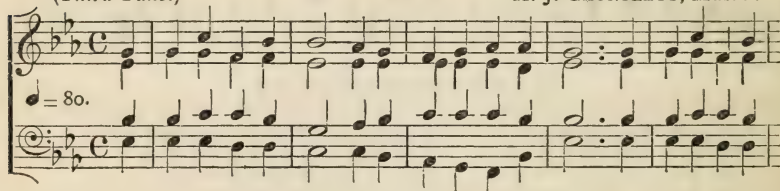
620

*(Second Tune.)*

FRANZ WEBER.

*(Third Tune.)*

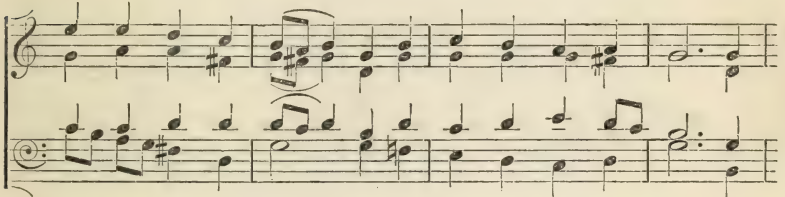
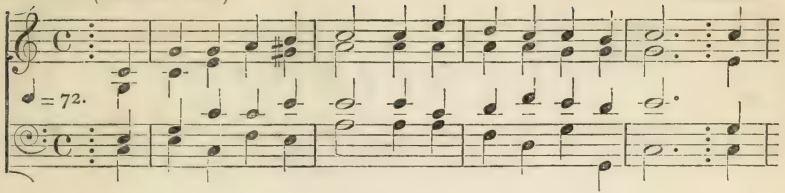
H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



GENERAL.

(Fourth Tune.)

German.



*He is the Head of the Body, the Church.*

*mf* THE Church's one foundation  
Is JESUS CHRIST her LORD;  
She is His new creation  
By water and the Word:  
From heaven He came and sought her  
To be His holy Bride;  
With His own Blood He bought her,  
And for her life He died.

Elect from every nation,  
Yet one o'er all the earth,  
Her charter of salvation  
One LORD, one Faith, one Birth:  
One Holy Name she blesses,  
Partakes one Holy Food,  
And to one hope she presses  
With every grace endued.

Though with a scornful wonder  
Men see her sore oppress,  
By schisms rent asunder,  
By heresies distrest:

Yet saints their watch are keeping,  
Their cry goes up, "How long?"  
And soon the night of weeping  
Shall be the morn of song.

Mid toil and tribulation,  
And tumult of her war,  
She waits the consummation  
Of peace for evermore;  
Till with the vision glorious  
Her longing eyes are blest,  
And the great Church victorious  
Shall be the Church at rest.

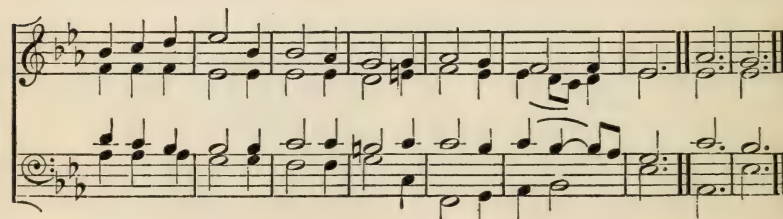
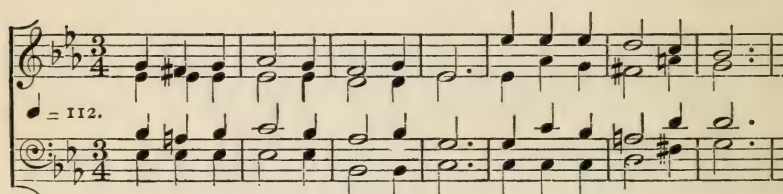
Yet she on earth hath union  
With GOD the THREE in ONE;  
And mystic sweet communion  
With those whose rest is won.  
Oh, happy saints and holy!  
LORD, give us grace that we  
Like them, the meek and lowly,  
On high may dwell with Thee!

Amen.

GENERAL.

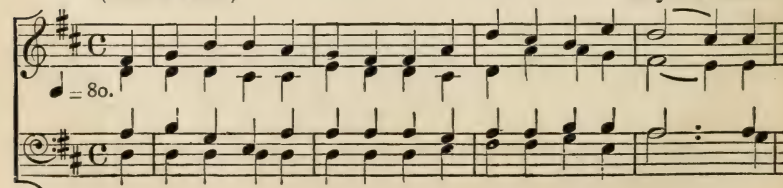
621 (First Tune.)

Rev. F. A. J. HERVEY, M.A.



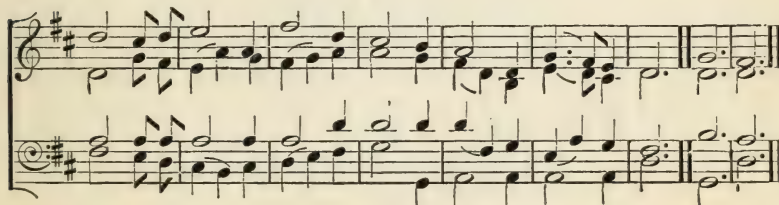
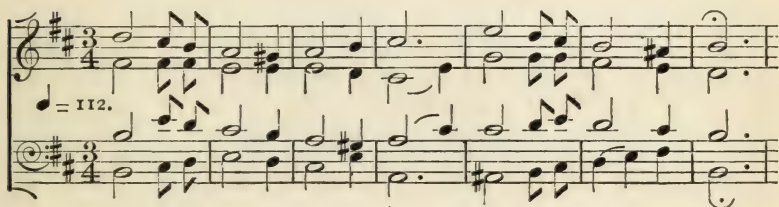
(Second Tune.)

Sir JOHN GOSS.





GENERAL.



*The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*

*mf* THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away!

*p* Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,  
Oh, for the golden floor,  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore!

*mf* The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint!

*p* Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our KING,  
Nor weary day nor night.

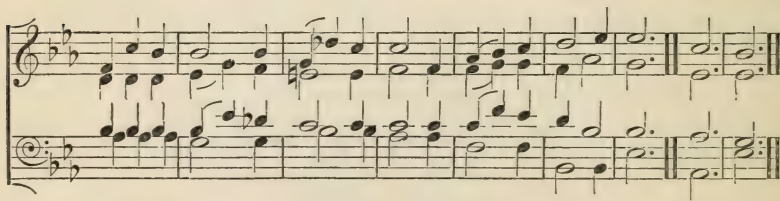
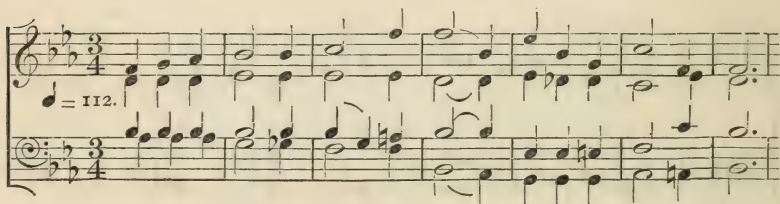
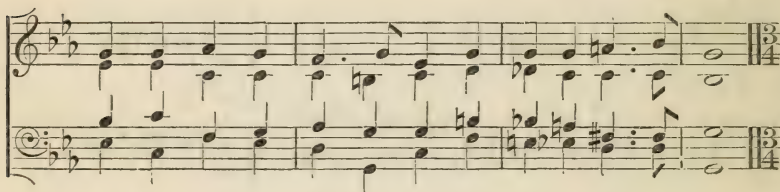
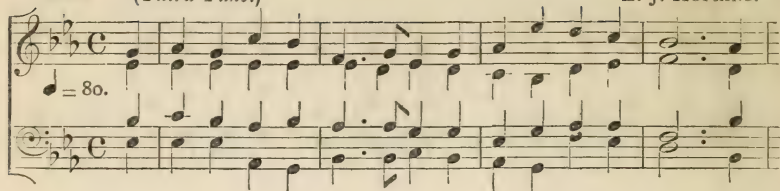
*mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher;  
But there are perfectness, and peace  
Beyond our best desire.

*p* Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, LORD,  
And by Thy Life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

GENERAL.

62I (Third Tune.)

E. J. HOPKINS.



*The things which are seen are temporal ; but the things which are not seen are eternal.*

*mf* THE roseate hues of early dawn,  
The brightness of the day,  
The crimson of the sunset sky,  
How fast they fade away !  
*p* Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,  
Oh, for the golden floor,  
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,  
That setteth nevermore !

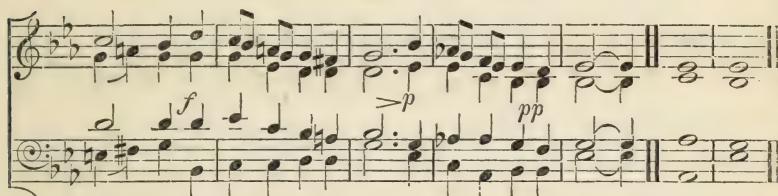
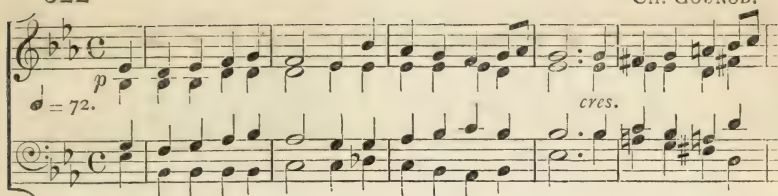
*mf* The highest hopes we cherish here,  
How fast they tire and faint ;  
How many a spot defiles the robe  
That wraps an earthly saint !  
*p* Oh, for a heart that never sins,  
Oh, for a soul washed white,  
Oh, for a voice to praise our KING,  
Nor weary day nor night.

*mf* Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,  
And grace to lead us higher ;  
But there are perfectness, and peace  
Beyond our best desire.

*p* Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, LORD,  
And by Thy Life laid down,  
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,  
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

522

CH. GOUNOD.



*Let all those that put their trust in Thee rejoice; let them ever shout for joy, because Thou defendest them. For Thou, Lord, wilt bless the righteous; and with favour wilt Thou compass him as with a shield.*

*p* THE night is closing o'er us,  
And shadows stalk abroad;  
With hymn then, and with anthem,  
Give we ourselves to God.

And Thou, O Sun of angels,  
Watch o'er us from above;  
We fear no midnight terrors,  
Protected by Thy love.

True Light shine forth, let darkness  
Far from our souls be thrust;  
That peace to all flow richly,  
Who Thee the SAVIOUR trust:

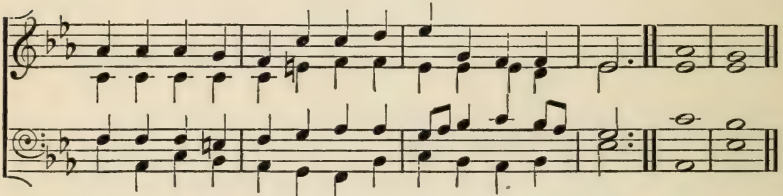
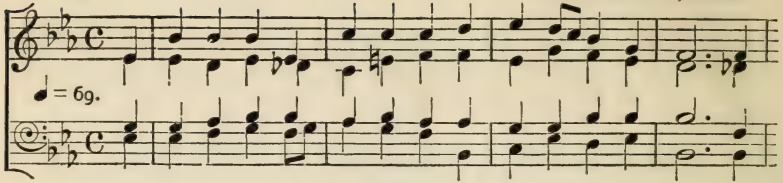
So, when as Judge Thou sittest,  
In robes of light arrayed,  
We all may joy before Thee,  
Untroubled, undismayed.

*f* To Thee be praise, LORD JESU,  
Sun of the angel-host;  
With GOD the Eternal FATHER,  
And GOD the HOLY GHOST. Amen.

\* \* \* The last line in each verse should be repeated.

623

WILLIAM SPARK, Mus.D.



*And the kingdom and dominion, and the greatness of the kingdom under the whole heaven, shall be given to the people of the saints of the Most High, Whose kingdom is an everlasting kingdom.*

**f** THE Head that once was crowned with  
Is crowned with glory now; [thorns  
A royal diadem adorns  
The Mighty Victor's brow.

The highest place that heaven affords  
Is His, is His by right,  
The KING of kings, and LORD of lords,  
And heaven's eternal Light.

The Joy of all who dwell above,  
The Joy of all below,  
To whom He manifests His love,  
And grants His Name to know.

To them the Cross, with all its shame,  
With all its grace, is given:  
Their name an everlasting name,  
Their joy the joy of heaven.

**mf** They suffer with their LORD below,  
They reign with Him above,  
Their profit and their joy to know  
The mystery of His love.

**f** The Cross He bore is life and health,  
Though shame and death to Him;  
His people's hope, His people's wealth,  
Their everlasting theme. Amen.

624

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.





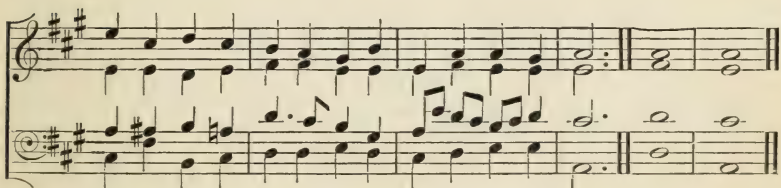
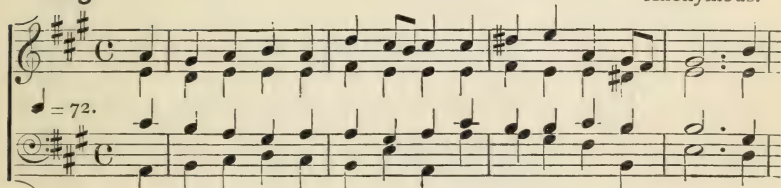
# GENERAL.

*I will alway give thanks unto the Lord : His praise shail ever be in my mouth.*

<p><i>f</i> THROUGH all the changing scenes of          In trouble and in joy, [life,          The praises of my GOD shall still          My heart and tongue employ.</p> <p>O magnify the LORD with me,          With me exalt His name ;          When in distress to Him I called,          He to my rescue came.</p> <p>The hosts of GOD encamp around          The dwellings of the just ;          Deliverance He affords to all          Who on His succour trust.</p>	<p><i>mf</i> O make but trial of His love :          Experience will decide          How blessed are they and only they,          Who in His truth confide.</p> <p>Fear Him, ye saints, and ye will then          Have nothing else to fear :          Make you His service your delight ;          Your want shall be His care.</p> <p><i>f</i> To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,          The GOD Whom we adore,          Be glory, as it was, is now,          And shall be evermore. Amen.</p>
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625

Anonymous.



*And every thing shall live whither the river cometh.*

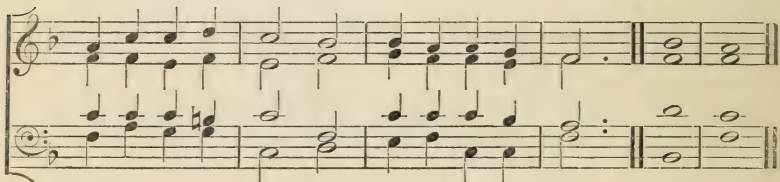
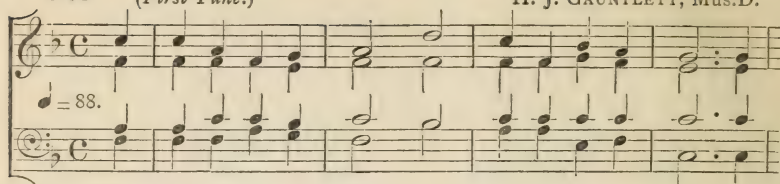
<p><i>mf</i> THERE is a River deep and broad,          Its course no mortal knows ;          It fills with joy the Church of GOD,          And widens as it flows.</p> <p>More clear than crystal is the stream,          And bright with endless day ;          The waves with every blessing teem,          And life and health convey.</p> <p>Where'er they flow contentions cease,          And love and meekness reign ;          The LORD Himself commands the          And foes conspire in vain. [peace,</p>	<p>Along the shores angelic bands          Watch every moving wave ;          With holy joy their breast expands,          When men the waters crave.</p> <p>To them distressed souls repair,          The LORD invites them nigh ;          They leave their cares and sorrows          They drink, and never die. [there,</p> <p><i>p</i> Flow on, sweet Stream, more largely          The earth with glory fill ; [flow,          Flow on, till all the SAVIOUR know,          And all obey His will. Amen.</p>
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GENERAL.

626

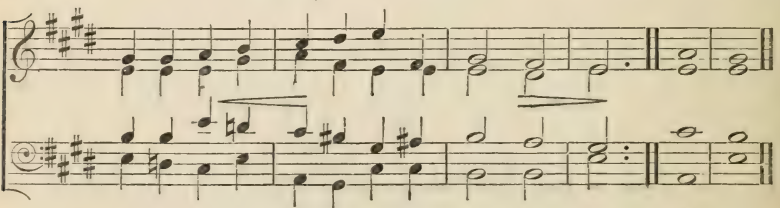
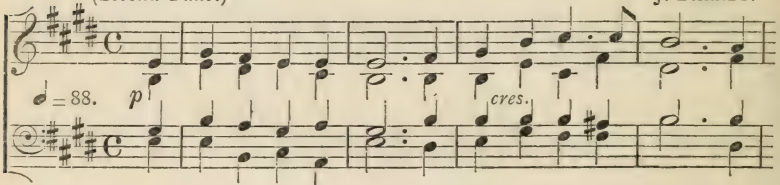
(First Tune.)

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



(Second Tune.)

J. BARNBY.



*Lord, I have loved the habitation of Thy house : and the place where Thine honour dwelleth.*

*mf* We love the place, O God,  
Wherein Thine honour dwells :  
The joy of Thine abode  
All other joy excels.

We love the House of prayer,  
Wherein Thy servants meet :  
For Thou, O LORD, art there  
Thy chosen ones to greet.

We love the sacred Font :  
Wherein the HOLY DOVE  
Bestows, as He is wont,  
The new birth from above.

*p* We love Thine Altar, LORD ;  
Its mysteries revere ;  
For there in faith adored  
We find Thy presence near.

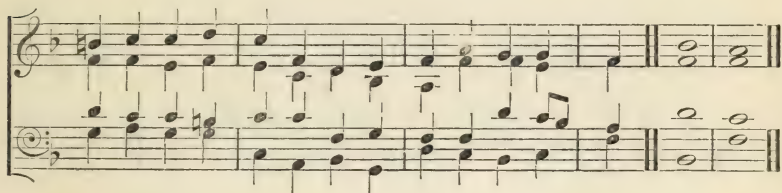
*mf* We love Thy priests, who come  
Thy mercy to proclaim,  
To call the wanderers home,  
And magnify Thy Name.

*f* We love to tell abroad  
The joys that here are given :  
This is the House of GOD,  
And this the gate of heaven.

*mf* Let holy thoughts and rites  
Employ us, LORD, till we  
Through love of such delights  
Thy glorious Presence see. Amen.

627

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*He ever liveth to make intercession for them.*

*mf* WHERE high the heavenly temple stands,  
The house of GOD, not made with hands,  
A great High Priest our nature wears,  
The Guardian of mankind appears.

He, Who for men their surety stood,  
And poured on earth His precious Blood,  
Pursues in heaven His mighty plan,  
The SAVIOUR and the Friend of man.

Though now ascended up on high,  
He bends to earth a Brother's eye ;  
And still remembers, in the skies,  
His tears, His prayers, His agonies.

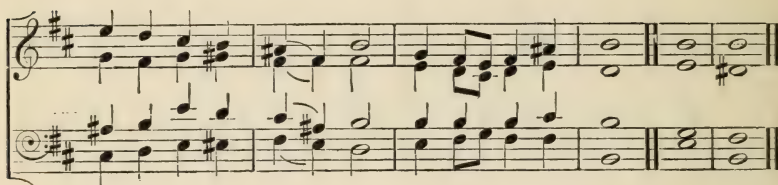
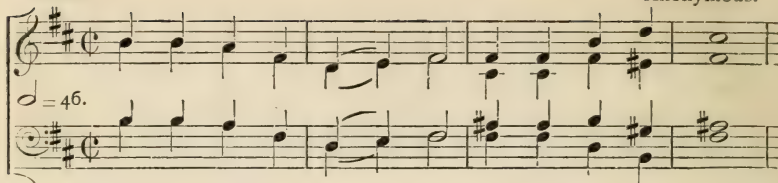
In every pang that rends the heart  
The Man of sorrows had a part ;  
Touched with the feeling of our grief,  
He to the sufferer sends relief.

With boldness, therefore, at the Throne  
Let us make all our sorrows known,  
And ask the aid of heavenly power  
To help us in the evil hour.

*f* All praise to GOD the FATHER be,  
All praise, Eternal SON, to Thee,  
Whom with the SPIRIT we adore  
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

628

Anonymous.



*I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us.*

*p* WHERE the mourner weeping  
Sheds the secret tear,  
God His watch is keeping  
Though none else be near.

JESUS ne'er will leave thee,  
All thy wants He knows,  
Feels the pains that grieve thee,  
Sees thy hidden woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven  
When thy spirits quail,  
When, by tempests driven,  
Heart and courage fail.

When in grief we languish,  
He will dry the tear,  
Who His children's anguish  
Soothes with succour near.

All our woe and sadness,  
In this world below,  
Balance not the gladness  
We in heaven shall know ;

*mf* When our gracious SAVIOUR,  
In the realms above,  
Crowns us with His favour,  
Fills us with His love. Amen.

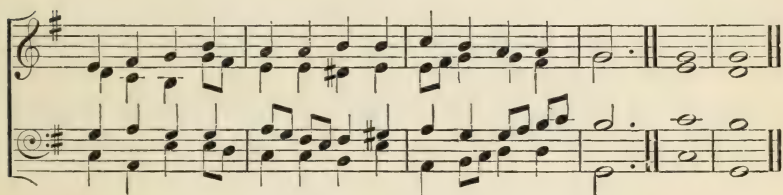
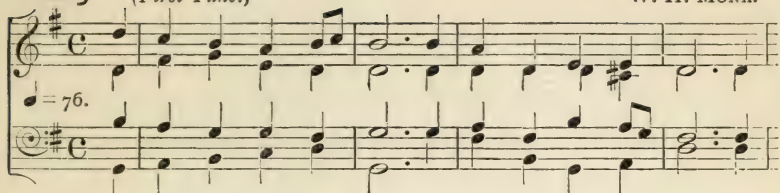


GENERAL.

629

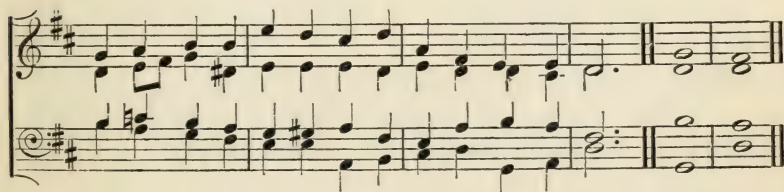
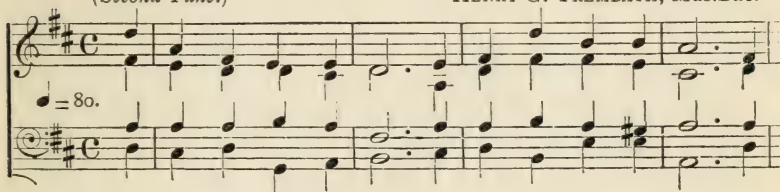
(First Tune.)

W. H. MONK.



(Second Tune.)

HENRY G. TREMBATH, Mus.Bac.



*Let your loins be girded about, and your lights burning.*

*mf* YE servants of the LORD,  
Each in his office wait,  
Observant of His heavenly word,  
And watchful at His gate.

*f* Let all your lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden flame :  
Gird up your loins, as in His sight,  
For awful is His Name.

Watch : 'tis your LORD's command,  
And while we speak, He's near :  
Mark the first signal of His hand,  
And ready all appear.

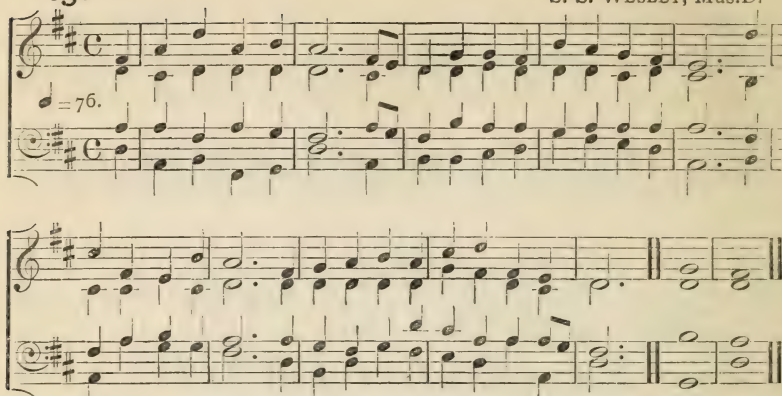
*mf* O happy servant he,  
In such a posture found !  
He shall his LORD with rapture see,  
And be with honour crowned.

The banquet CHRIST shall spread  
With His own royal hand,  
And raise that faithful servant's head  
Amid the angelic band.

*f* To GOD, the FATHER, SON,  
And SPIRIT, ever Blest,  
The ONE in THREE, the THREE in ONE,  
Be endless praise addressed. Amen.

630

S. S. WESLEY, Mus.D.

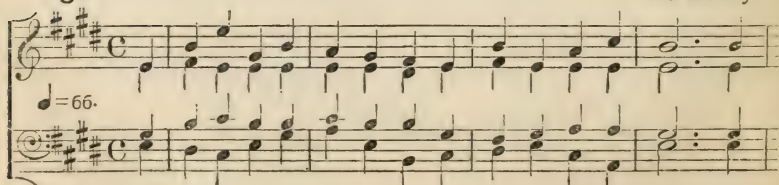


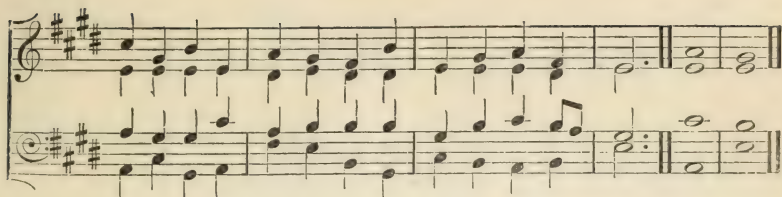
*Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named.*

- f* YE angel-hosts above,  
Ye righteous souls at rest in Paradise,  
Ye faithful still on earth, [rise.  
Let all your songs to God in concert
- mf* Nor are those spirits mute, [long;  
Who to the Church Expectant now be-  
They to the Saving Name  
In adoration pour their thankful song.
- Yea, their one MAKER's praise  
The countless orders of creation  
sing:  
Innumerable worlds  
Pay homage to the Universal KING.
- f* With these the Church on earth  
In ceaseless worship bears its equal  
In every land and tongue [part:  
Go up glad hymns of praise from voice  
and heart.
- Before the eternal Throne  
The Elders, seated round the crystal  
sea,  
Cast down their golden crowns  
In worship of the TRIUNE MAJESTY.
- mf* O when shall discords cease?  
When shall CHRIST's family on earth  
be one?  
When shall His will supreme [done?  
As with one mind by all His saints be
- ff* Responsive rolls the chant  
From side to side in heaven's own  
liturgy:—  
"Thrice HOLY, LORD of Hosts, [be."  
Which was, and is, and evermore shall
- p* Blest SPIRIT, may Thy grace [blend,  
Our hymns of earth with those of angels  
Until their notes be changed  
For that "new song" of heaven that  
ne'er shall end!
- f* To Thee, O TRINITY:  
To Thee, O FATHER; Thee, Eternal SON;  
O HOLY GHOST, to Thee:  
Be glory while the unending ages run! Amen.

631

Old Melody.





*Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.*

*mf* BEHOLD an Israelite indeed,  
In whom no guile is found !  
For such was blest Nathanael's meed,  
Ere yet with glory crowned.

Now he who once, in bending awe,  
Beneath the fig-tree prayed,  
Sees greater things than then he saw,  
In highest heaven displayed.

*p* O when did he that vision bright  
Of wondrous glory scan,  
Of angels, to and fro, in flight  
Upon the Son of MAN ?

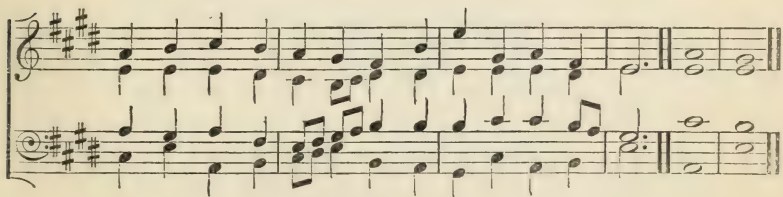
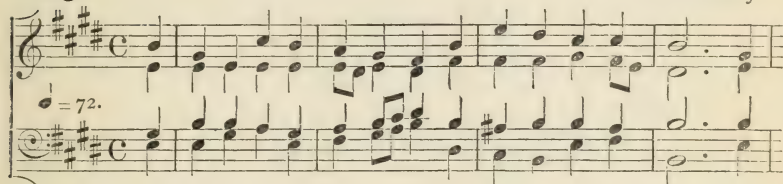
*mf* Long waiting for the sight, perchance,  
When came his Master's call,  
The Martyr, as with Stephen's glance,  
Looked up and saw it all :

Now Him Who made apostles wise,  
Who made His weak ones strong,  
He gazes on, with raptured eyes,  
Amidst the martyr-throng.

*f* To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
Whom heaven and earth adore,  
Be glory from the angel-host  
And saints for evermore. Amen.

632

Old Melody.



*The Lord is my shepherd.*

*p* My Shepherd is the living GOD ;  
I know no craving need ;  
He sets me where the green herbs grow  
Along the quiet mead.

He leads me where the waters flow,  
The waters soft and still ;  
And homeward He will gently guide  
My wandering heart and will.

I fear no ill ; for Thou, O LORD,  
With me for ever art :  
Thy Shepherd's staff, Thy guiding rod,  
Uphold my fainting heart.

Thy loving mercy still doth wait  
Through all my life on me ;  
And I within my FATHER's house  
For long bright years shall be. Amen.

633

J. BARNEY.

*Hide us under the shadow of Thy wings.*

*p* Now GOD be with us, for the night is closing,  
The light and darkness are of His disposing ;  
And 'neath His shadow here to rest we yield us,  
*pp* For He will shield us.

*p* Let evil thoughts and spirits flee before us ;  
Till morning cometh, watch, O FATHER, o'er us ;  
In soul and body Thou from harm defend us,  
*pp* Thine angels send us.

*p* Let pious thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us ;  
Our earliest thoughts be Thine when morning wakes us :  
All sick and mourners we to Thee commend them,  
*pp* Do Thou befriend them.

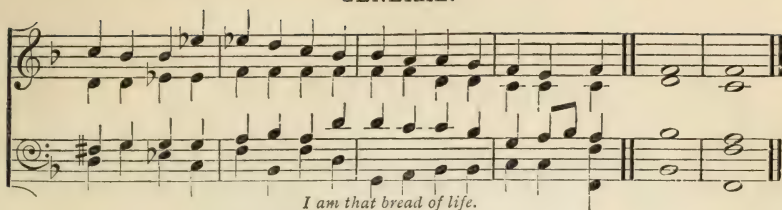
*p* We have no refuge ; none on earth to aid us  
But Thee, O FATHER, Who Thine own hast made us :  
Keep us in life ; forgive our sins ; deliver  
*pp* Us now and ever.

*f* Praise be to Thee through JESUS our salvation,  
GOD, THREE in ONE, the Ruler of creation,  
High throned, o'er all Thine eye of mercy casting,  
LORD everlasting. Amen.

634

WILLIAM SPARK, Mus.D.





*I am that bread of life.*

*mf* O Jesu, Joy of loving hearts,  
 Thou Fount of life, Thou Light of men;  
 From highest bliss that earth imparts  
 We turn, unfilled, to Thee again.  
 Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;  
 Thou savest those that on Thee call;  
 To them that seek Thee Thou art good;  
 To them that find Thee, all in all.  
 We taste Thee, O Thou living Bread,  
 And long to feast upon Thee still;  
 We drink of Thee, Thou Fountain-head,  
 And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.  
 O Jesus, ever with us stay;  
 Make all our moments calm and bright;  
 Chase Thou the night of sin away,  
 And o'er us shed Thy holy light. Amen.

635

Old Melody.



*Jesus Christ . . . the Faithful Witness, the First-begotten of the dead, and the Prince of the kings of the earth.*

*f* PRAISE to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise:  
 In all His words most wonderful;  
 Most sure in all His ways!  
*mf* O loving wisdom of our God!  
 When all was sin and shame,  
 A second Adam to the fight  
 And to the rescue came.  
 O wisest love! that flesh and blood,  
 Which did in Adam fail,  
 Should strive afresh against their foe,  
 Should strive and should prevail;

And that a higher gift than grace  
 Should flesh and blood refine,  
 God's Presence and His Very Self  
 And Essence all-divine.  
 O generous love! that He Who smote  
 In man for man the foe,  
 The double agony in man  
 For man should undergo;  
 And in the garden secretly,  
 And on the cross on high,  
 Should teach His brethren and inspire  
 To suffer and to die.

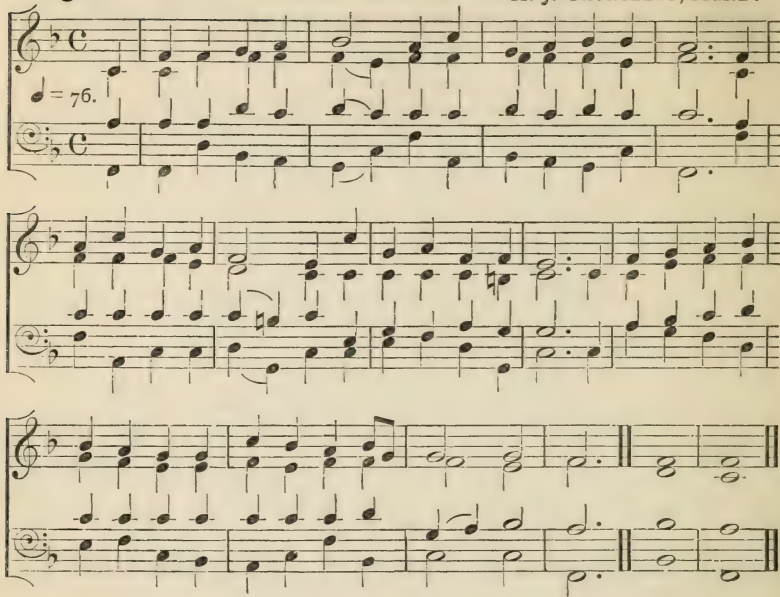
*f* Praise to the Holiest in the height,  
 And in the depth be praise:  
 In all His words most wonderful;  
 Most sure in all His ways. Amen.

# SPECIAL.

## THE SEVEN WORDS FROM THE CROSS.

636

H. J. GAUNTLETT, Mus.D.



*See that ye refuse not Him that speaketh.*

*p* DRAW near, thou lowly Christian,  
 And kneel beneath the Tree,  
 Where hangs thy LORD and SAVIOUR,  
 To shed His Blood for thee;  
 Hear how He speaks in voices seven,  
 And make thy prayer the while to heaven.

### *The First Word.*

S. Luke, xxiii. 34.

Nailed on the Cross in anguish  
 Of Soul and Body too,  
 He pleads, "Forgive them, FATHER,  
 Who know not what they do."  
 JESU, this selfish heart convert  
 To pray for those who seek my hurt.

### *The Second Word.*

S. Luke, xxiii. 43.

Next, royal grace conferring,  
 He speaks, "To thee I say,  
 Thou shalt indeed be with Me  
 In Paradise to-day."  
 LORD, with the thief remember me  
 When in Thy kingdom Thou shalt be.

## SPECIAL.

### *The Third Word.*

S. John xix. 26, 27.

Now friend and Mother cheering,  
To her, "Behold thy son;"  
And then, "Behold thy mother,"  
To that belovèd one.  
JESU, to this my heart prepare,  
For homeless ones with Thee to care.

### *The Fourth Word.*

S. Matthew xxvii. 46.

His wrath for sin declaring  
The FATHER light denies;  
"My GOD, My GOD, why hast Thou  
Forsaken Me?" He cries:  
JESU, in death's lone hour be near,  
My sins to chase, my soul to cheer.

### *The Fifth Word.*

S. John xix. 28.

Hear, in the sultry darkness,  
The word of suffering burst;  
He crieth, faint and wounded,  
With parchèd throat, "I thirst."  
Dear LORD, Thou thirstest for my soul;  
Thy fount of grace will make me whole.

### *The Sixth Word.*

S. John xix. 30.

The sponge upon the hyssop  
The Holy Writ fulfilled;  
He crieth, "It is finished,"  
Each act as GOD hath willed.  
JESU, that I Thy work complete,  
O make me for Thy service meet.

### *The Seventh Word.*

S. Luke xxiii. 46.

pp Then bows He, loudly crying,  
(Most trustful in the end,)  
"O FATHER, into Thy hands  
My Spirit I commend."  
LORD, weak and sinful, thus may I  
Still on Thy love in death rely.

Go boldly onward, Christian,  
And count earth's gain but loss,  
For love of all Thou hearest  
Beneath the precious Cross.  
To JESUS looking, run thy race,  
Then rest in death on JESUS' grace. Amen.

# SPECIAL.

## A HYMN OF FAITH.

*Praise our God, all ye His servants, and ye that fear Him, small and great.*

637

Ancient Melody.

*f* 1. PRAISE GOD, the HO - LY TRI - NI - TY, The THREE in ONE, and ONE in

$\text{♩} = 50.$

THREE: Your joy - ful hymns, ye faith - ful, raise, And swell the tide of heav'nly praise.

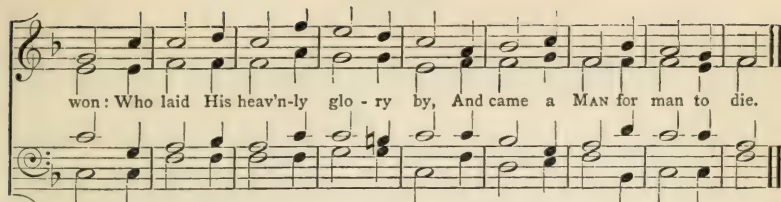
2. And first to Him, in Whom we live, To GOD the FA - THER thanks we

give: The earth, the sky, the wa - ters, prove The might of His cre - a - tive love.

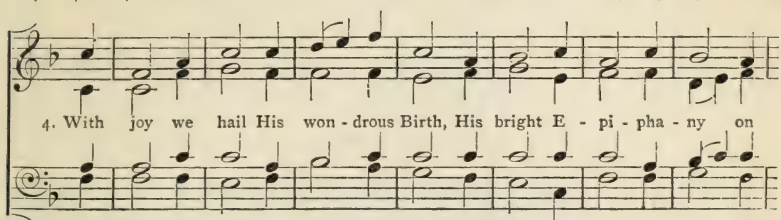
3. Then let us wor - ship GOD the SON, Who hath for us sal - va - tion



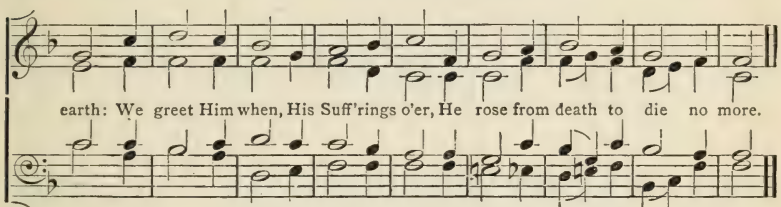
SPECIAL.



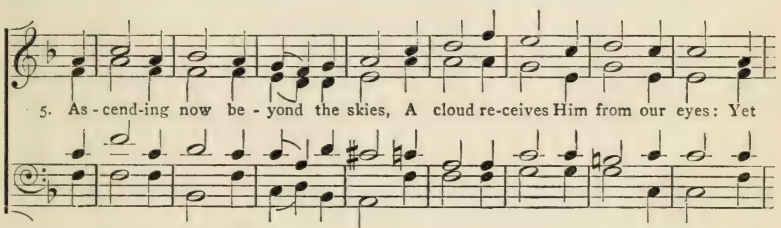
won: Who laid His heav'n-ly glo - ry by, And came a MAN for man to die.



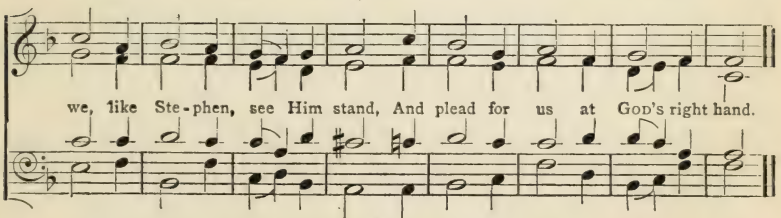
4. With joy we hail His won - drous Birth, His bright E - pi - pha - ny on



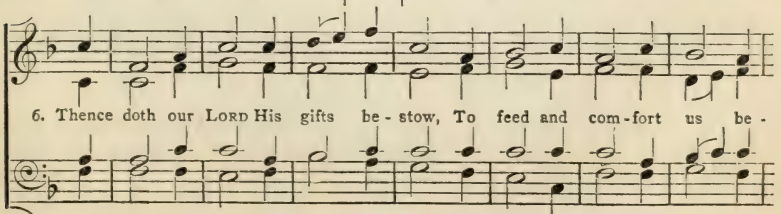
earth: We greet Him when, His Suff'rings o'er, He rose from death to die no more.



5. As - cend - ing now be - yond the skies, A cloud re - ceives Him from our eyes: Yet

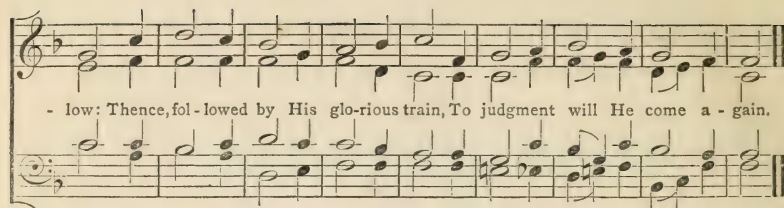


we, like Ste - phen, see Him stand, And plead for us at God's right hand.

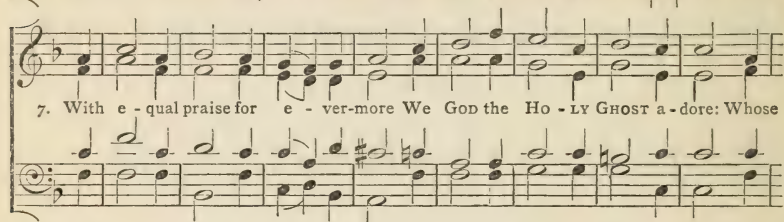


6. Thence doth our LORD His gifts be - stow, To feed and com - fort us be -

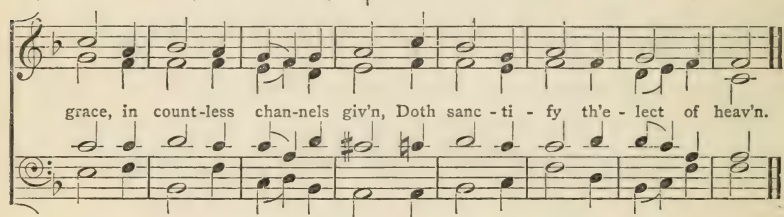
SPECIAL.



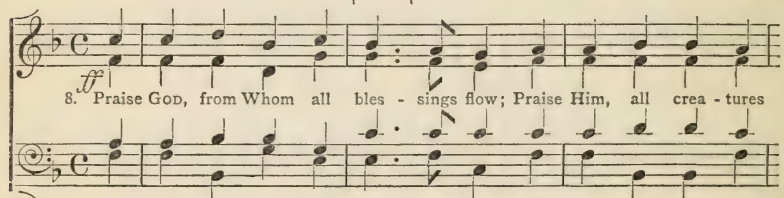
- low: Thence, fol - lowed by His glo - rious train, To judg - ment will He come a - gain.



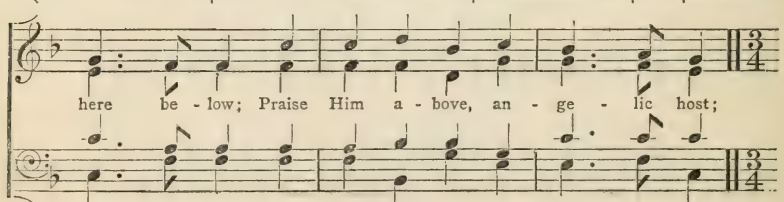
7. With e - qual praise for e - ver - more We God the Ho - ly GHOST a - dore: Whose



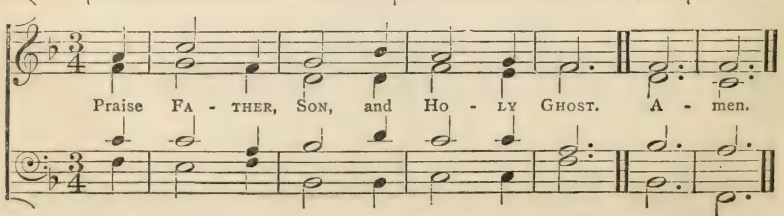
grace, in count - less chan - nels giv'n, Doth sanc - ti - fy th'e - lect of heav'n.



8. Praise God, from Whom all bles - sings flow; Praise Him, all crea - tures



here be - low; Praise Him a - bove, an - ge - lic host;



Praise FA - THER, SON, and Ho - ly GHOST. A - men.

\* \* This hymn should be sung without any pause between the verses.

SPECIAL.

AT THE HOLY EUCHARIST.

638 (Part i.)

German.



*He gave them bread from heaven.*

*f* PRAISE, O Sion, thy Salvation :  
Loudest hymns of exultation  
To thy KING and SHEPHERD raise.  
All thy utmost might it needeth ;  
He thy utmost power exceedeth :  
Thou canst ne'er express His  
praise.

This thy theme of glad thanksgiving ;  
BREAD, the Living and Life-giving,  
Is to-day before thee set.  
E'en the same we touch and take it,  
As when o'er His Board He brake it,  
Where the Brethren Twelve were met.

Here the new Law's new Oblation,  
By the new KING's revelation,  
Ends the ancient Paschal rite :  
Now the New the old effaces :  
Truth away the shadow chases ;  
Morn dispels the gloom of night.

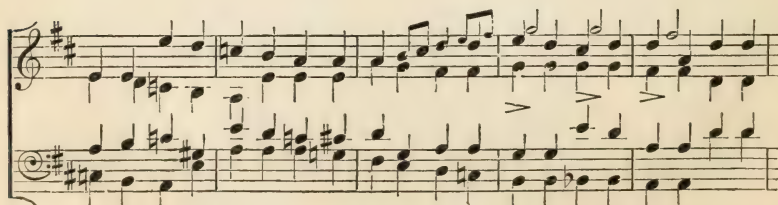
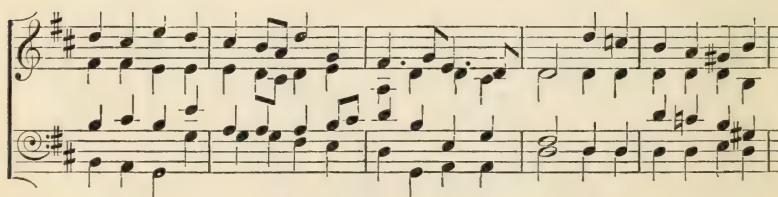
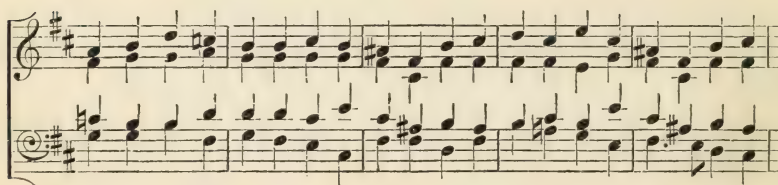
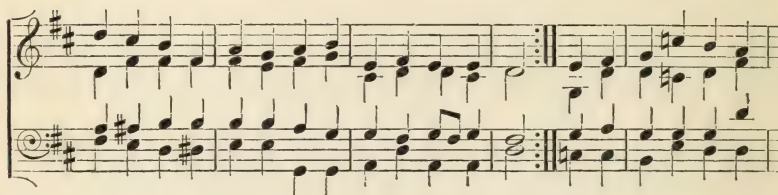
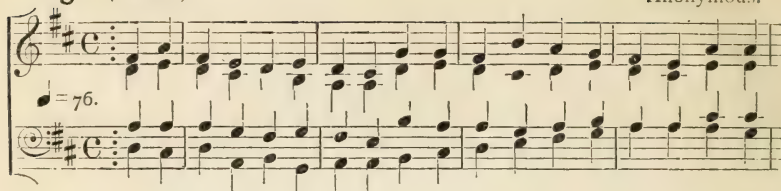
*mf* What He did at supper seated,  
CHRIST ordained to be repeated,  
His Memorial ne'er to cease ;  
Guided by His precept truly,  
Bread and Wine we offer duly ;  
Plead our sacrifice of peace.

Wondrous Myst'ry we inherit !  
Bread His Flesh, in truth and spirit,  
And the Wine His precious Blood.  
What nor sense nor sight conceiveth,  
That a living faith believeth,  
Wrought in new and wondrous mode.

SPECIAL.

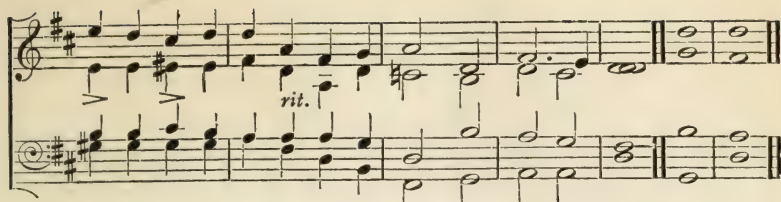
638 (Part ii.)

Anonymous.





# SPECIAL.



## PART II.

*mf* Lo, the Bread which angels feedeth,  
Made the Food the pilgrim needeth,  
To His children He concedeth,

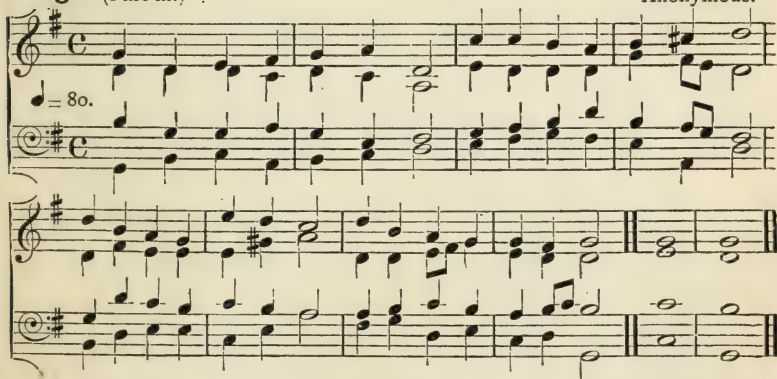
Which on dogs may ne'er be spent:  
See the Truth the Types fulfilling;  
Isaac bound, a Victim willing;  
Paschal Lamb, His life-blood spilling;  
Manna to the Fathers sent.

Very Bread, Good SHEPHERD, tend us;  
JESU, of Thy love befriend us;  
Thou refresh us, Thou defend us,  
Thine eternal goodness send us

In the land of Life to see:  
Thou Who all things canst and knowest,  
Who on earth such food bestowest,  
*cres.* Grant us with Thy Saints, though lowest,  
*f* Where the Heavenly Feast Thou showest,  
Fellow-heirs and guests to be. Amen.

638 (Part iii.)

Anonymous.



## PART III.

*mf* EARTHLY pilgrim, joyful see  
Angels' banquet spread for thee!  
Child of grace, partake, nor cast  
Unto dogs thy rich repast.  
Isaac doomed to shed his blood;  
Israel's lamb and paschal food; [night;  
Manna showered from heaven each  
Long foreshadowed this new rite.

Loving SHEPHERD, Heavenly BREAD,  
Still by Thee our souls be fed.  
Guide our souls in awe and love,  
Till they gain the life above.  
GOD, all-knowing, Source of light,  
God of boundless power and might  
Make us guests and heirs with Thee,  
Endless GODHEAD, ONE in THREE.  
Amen.

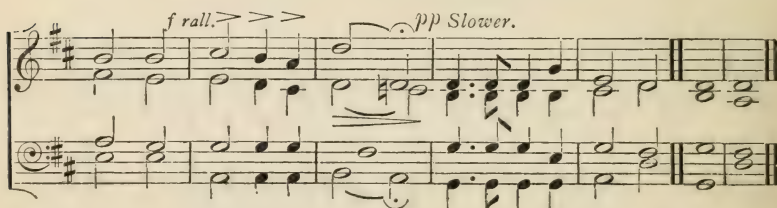
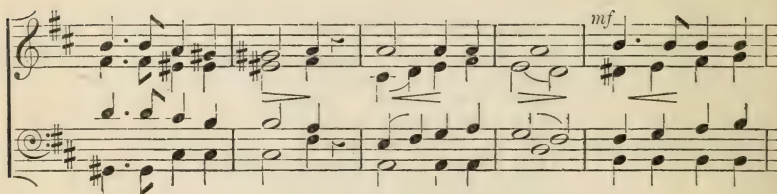
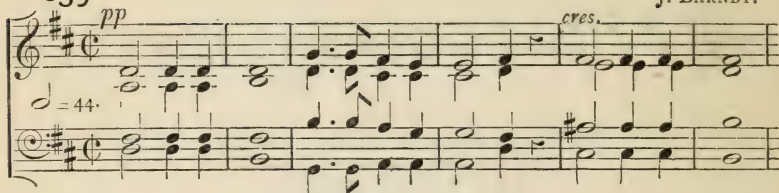
\*.\* When the whole of this Hymn is sung the Amen at the end of Part II. should be omitted.

# SPECIAL.

## AT A FUNERAL.

639

J. BARNEY.



*They that dwell under His shadow shall return ; they shall revive as the corn.*

SLEEP thy last sleep,  
Free from care and sorrow ;  
Rest, where none weep,  
Till the eternal morrow ;  
Though dark waves roll  
O'er the silent river,  
Thy fainting soul  
JESUS can deliver.

Life's dream is past,  
All its sin, its sadness ;  
Brightly at last  
Dawns a day of gladness.  
Under thy sod,  
Earth, receive our treasure,  
To rest in God,  
Waiting all His pleasure.

Though we may mourn  
Those in life the dearest,  
They shall return,  
CHRIST, when Thou appearest !  
Soon shall Thy voice  
Comfort those now weeping,  
Bidding rejoice  
All in JESUS sleeping. Amen.

# SPECIAL.

## IN A PROCESSION.

*He went forth, conquering, and to conquer.*

640

J. BARNBY.

*f*

WE march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the LORD be -

$\text{♩} = 48$ . *Gt. to 15th, with Sw. coup.*

*mf* *ff*

- fore us, With His lov - ing Eye looking down from the sky, And His

*Sw.* *Gt.*

SPECIAL.

Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. We

His Arm

Add Mixtures.

reduced to 15th.

This system contains the first two staves of music. The vocal part is on a single staff with a treble clef. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves (treble and bass clefs) grouped by a brace. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes the instruction 'Add Mixtures.' and 'reduced to 15th.'.

come in the might of the LORD of Light, In surpliced train to meet Him; And we

Sw.

This system contains the next two staves of music. The vocal part continues on the same staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the same two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes the instruction 'Sw.'.

put to flight the ar-mies of night, That the sons of the day may

Gt.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The vocal part continues on the same staff. The piano accompaniment continues on the same two staves. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. The piano part includes the instruction 'Gt.'.



SPECIAL.

*mf*

greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him. We march, we march to

*mf*

*Sw.*

The first system of the musical score consists of two vocal staves (treble and bass clef) and a piano accompaniment (grand staff). The vocal parts have a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes. The piano accompaniment features chords and moving lines in both hands. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) is placed above the first vocal staff. The tempo marking *Sw.* (Sostenuto) is placed below the piano accompaniment.

*mf*

vic - to - ry! With the Cross of the LORD be - fore us, With His

The second system continues the musical score. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The dynamic marking *mf* is placed above the first vocal staff. The piano accompaniment includes a fermata over a chord in the right hand.

*ff*

lov - ing Eye look - ing down from the sky, And His Ho - ly Arm spread

*Gt.*

The third system continues the musical score. It features the same vocal and piano parts. The dynamic marking *ff* (fortissimo) is placed above the first vocal staff. The piano accompaniment includes a fermata over a chord in the right hand. The marking *Gt.* (Grave) is placed below the piano accompaniment.

SPECIAL.

o'er us, His Ho - ly Arms spread o'er us. The o'er ... us.

His Arm

All verses except last. Last verse only.

2nd verse.

The bands of the Alien flee away,  
 When our chant goes up like thunder,  
 And the van of the LORD in serried array  
 Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder.  
 We march, we march, &c.

Our sword is the SPIRIT of GOD on high,  
 Our helmet is His salvation,  
 Our banner the Cross of Calvary,  
 Our watchword—The Incarnation.  
 We march, we march, &c.

We tread in the might of the LORD of Hosts,  
 And we fear not man nor devil;  
 For our Captain Himself guards well our coasts,  
 To defend His Church from evil.  
 We march, we march, &c.

And the choir of angels with song awaits  
 Our march to the Golden Sion;  
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,  
 And burst the bars of iron.  
 We march, we march, &c.

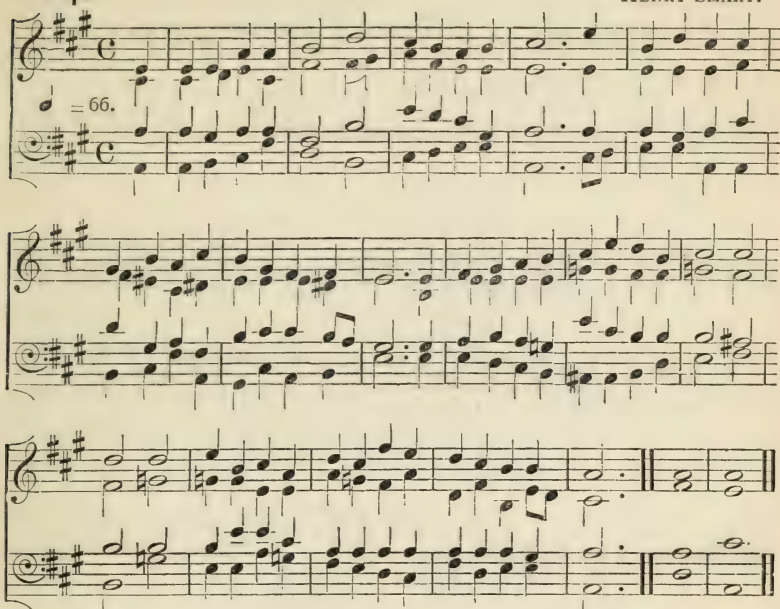
Then onward we march, our arms to prove,  
 With the banner of CHRIST before us,  
 With His Eye of love looking down from above,  
 And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

We march, we march to victory!  
 With the Cross of the LORD before us,  
 With His loving Eye looking down from the sky,  
 And His Holy Arm spread o'er us.

# HYMNS CHIEFLY FOR PRIVATE USE.

641

HENRY SMART.



*The time is short.*

*p* A FEW more years shall roll,  
A few more seasons come;  
And we shall be with those that rest  
Asleep within the tomb:  
Then, O my LORD, prepare,  
My soul for that great day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

A few more suns shall set  
O'er these dark hills of time;  
And we shall be where suns are not,  
A far serener clime:  
Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that blest day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

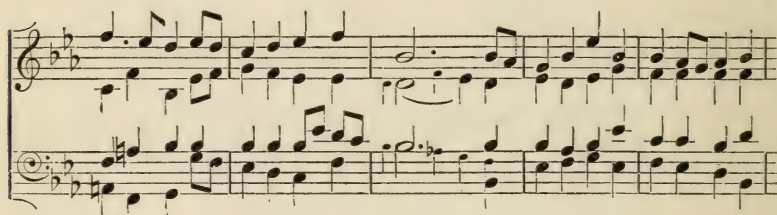
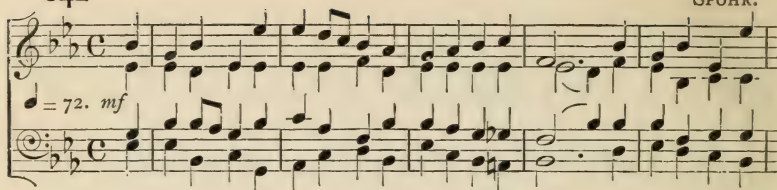
A few more storms shall beat  
On this wild rocky shore;  
And we shall be where tempests cease,  
And surges swell no more:  
Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that calm day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

A few more struggles here,  
A few more partings o'er,  
A few more toils, a few more tears,  
And we shall weep no more:  
Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that bright day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away.

'Tis but a little while,  
And He shall come again,  
Who died that we might live, Who lives  
That we with Him may reign:  
Then, O my LORD, prepare  
My soul for that glad day;  
O wash me in Thy precious Blood,  
And take my sins away. Amen.

642

SPOHR.



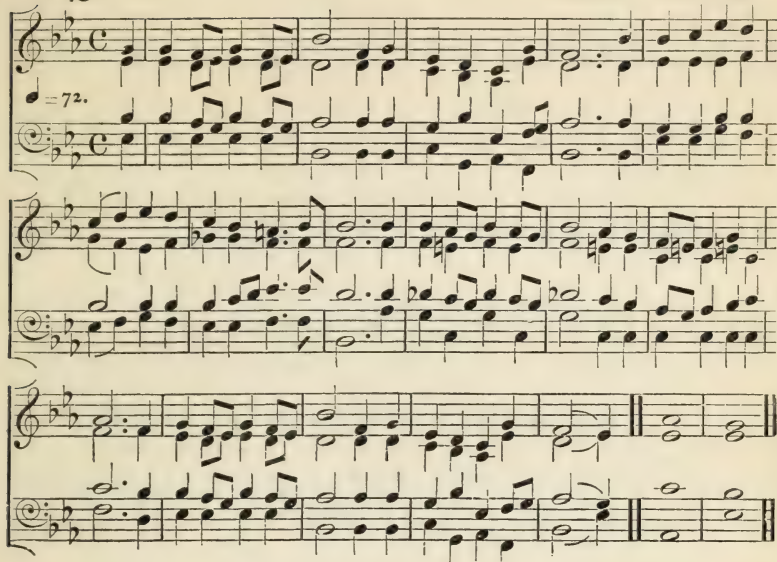
*Incline your ear, and come unto me.*

I HEARD the voice of JESUS say,  
Come unto Me and rest ;  
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down  
Thy head upon My breast.  
I came to JESUS as I was,  
Weary and worn and sad,  
I found in Him a resting-place,  
And He has made me glad.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,  
Behold I freely give  
The living water ; thirsty one,  
Stoop down and drink, and live.  
I came to JESUS, and I drank  
Of that life-giving stream ;  
My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,  
And now I live in Him.

I heard the voice of JESUS say,  
I am this dark world's Light ;  
Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,  
And all thy day be bright.  
I looked to JESUS, and I found  
In Him my Star, my Sun ;  
And in that light of life I'll walk,  
'Till travelling days are done. Amen.





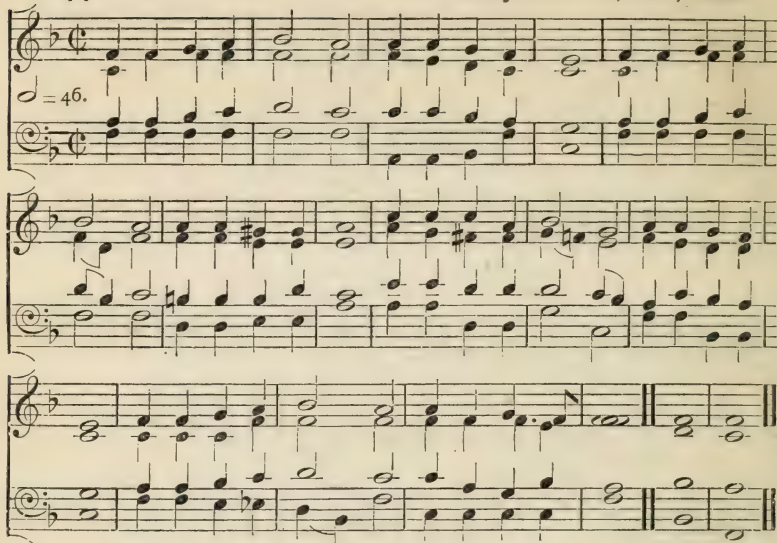
*Unto you which believe He is precious.*

*p* I NEED Thee, precious JESUS,  
 For I am full of sin ;  
 My soul is dark and guilty,  
 My heart is dead within.  
 I need the cleansing fountain  
 Where I can always flee,  
 The Blood of CHRIST most precious,  
 The sinner's perfect plea.

I need Thee, precious JESUS,  
 For I am very poor ;  
 A stranger and a pilgrim,  
 I have no earthly store.  
 I need the love of JESUS  
 To cheer me on my way,  
 To guide my doubting footsteps,  
 To be my strength and stay.

I need Thee, precious JESUS,  
 I need a friend like Thee,  
 A friend to soothe and pity,  
 A friend to care for me.  
 I need the heart of JESUS  
 To feel each anxious care,  
 To tell my every trouble,  
 And all my sorrows share.

I need Thee, precious JESUS,  
 And hope to see Thee soon,  
 Encircled with the rainbow,  
 And seated on Thy throne :  
 There, with Thy blood-bought children  
 My joy shall ever be  
 To sing Thy praises, JESUS,  
 To gaze, my LORD, on Thee. Amen.



*I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not.*

♩ In the hour of trial,  
 JESU, pray for me ;  
 Lest by base denial  
 I depart from Thee :  
 When Thou seest me waver,  
 With a look recall,  
 Nor for fear or favour  
 Suffer me to fall.

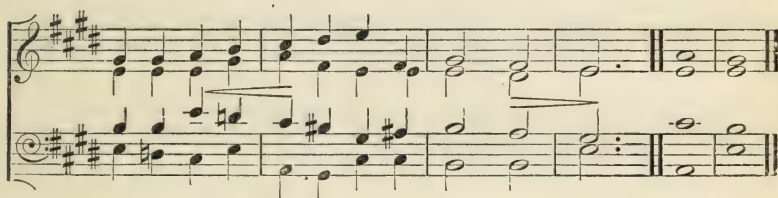
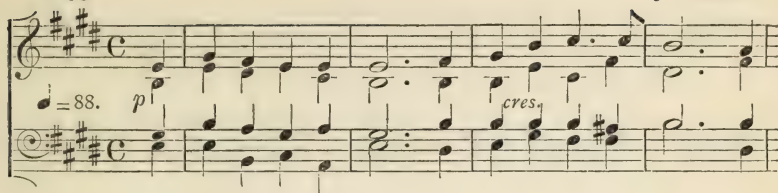
With its witching pleasures  
 Would this vain world charm,  
 Or its sordid treasures  
 Spread to work me harm ;  
 Bring to my remembrance  
 Sad Gethsemane,  
 Or in darker semblance  
 Cross-crowned Calvary.

If with sore affliction  
 Thou in love chastise,  
 Pour Thy benediction  
 On the sacrifice :  
 Then, upon Thine altar  
 Freely offered up,  
 Though the flesh may falter,  
 Faith shall drink the cup.

When in dust and ashes  
 To the grave I sink,  
 While heaven's glory flashes  
 O'er the shelving brink.  
 On Thy truth relying  
 Through that mortal strife,  
 LORD, receive me dying  
 To eternal life. Amen.

645

J. BARNBY.



*Make thy way straight before my face.*

*mf* THY way, not mine, O LORD,  
However dark it be :

▪ Lead me by Thine own hand,  
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,  
It will be still the best ;  
Winding or straight, it leads  
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;  
I would not, if I might ;  
Choose Thou for me, my God,  
So shall I walk aright.

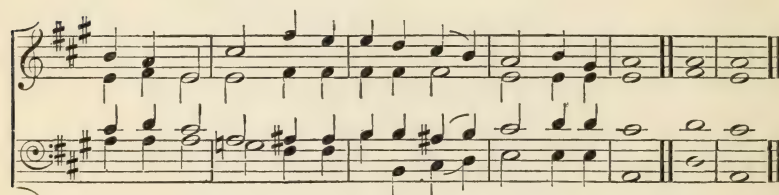
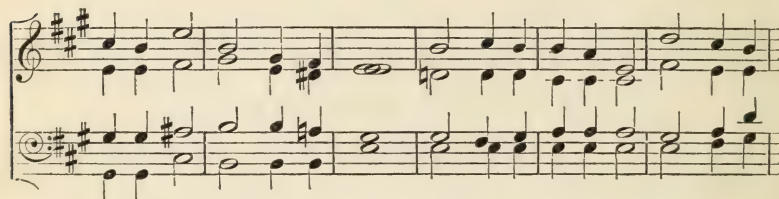
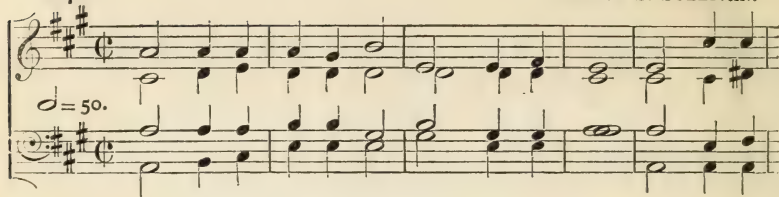
Take Thou my cup, and it  
With joy or sorrow fill,  
As best to Thee may seem ;  
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,  
My sickness, or my health ;  
Choose Thou my cares for me  
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice,  
In things or great or small ;  
Be Thou my guide, my strength,  
My wisdom, and my all. Amen.

646

ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.



*They declare plainly that they seek a country.*

*mf* WE are but strangers here,  
 Heaven is our Home ;  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
 Heaven is our Home.  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round us on every hand,  
 Heaven is our Fatherland,  
 Heaven is our Home.

What though the tempests rage ?  
 Heaven is our Home ;  
 Short is our pilgrimage,  
 Heaven is our Home.  
 And Time's wild wintry blast  
 Soon shall be overpast,  
 We shall reach Home at last ;  
 Heaven is our Home.

There at our SAVIOUR's side,  
 Heaven is our Home ;  
 May we be glorified ;  
 Heaven is our Home :  
 There are the good and blest,  
 Those we love most and best,  
 Grant us with them to rest ;  
 Heaven is our Home.

Grant us to murmur not,  
 Heaven is our Home.  
 Whate'er our earthly lot,  
 Heaven is our Home.  
 Grant us at last to stand  
 There at Thine own Right Hand,  
 JESU, in Fatherland :  
 Heaven is our Home! Amen.



# THE HYMNARY

A BOOK OF CHURCH SONG;

EDITED BY THE

Rev. WILLIAM COOKE,

HON. CANON OF CHESTER; AND THE

Rev. BENJAMIN WEBB,

VICAR OF S. ANDREW'S, WELLS STREET.

THE MUSIC EDITED BY

JOSEPH BARNBY.

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CHRISTMAS.

135

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill  
toward men.*

- 145 HARK! the herald-angels sing 10 of 7.  
Glory to the new-born KING,  
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,  
God and sinners reconciled.  
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,  
Join the triumph of the skies;  
With the angelic host proclaim  
CHRIST is born in Bethlehem.  
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born KING.

CHRIST, by highest heaven adored,  
CHRIST, the Everlasting LORD,  
Late in time behold Him come,  
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.  
Veiled in flesh the GODHEAD see!  
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!  
Pleased as Man with man to dwell,  
JESUS, our IMMANUEL.  
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born KING.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!  
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!  
Light and life to all He brings,  
Risen with healing in His wings.  
Mild He lays His glory by,  
Born that man no more may die,  
Born to raise the sons of earth,  
Born to give them second birth.  
Hark! the herald-angels sing  
Glory to the new-born KING. Amen.

## MIDNIGHT.

29

*And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh.*

93

D.C.M.

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh in  
the middle of the night,  
And blest is he whose loins are girt,  
whose lamp is burning bright;  
But woe to that dull servant, whom  
his Master shall surprise  
With lamp untrimmed, unburning,  
and with slumber in his eyes.

Do thou, my soul, keep watch, beware  
lest thou in sleep sink down,  
Lest thou be given o'er to death, and  
lose the golden crown;

But see that thou be sober, with a  
watchful eye, and thus  
Cry—Holy, Holy, Holy GOD, have  
mercy upon us.

That day, the day of fear, shall come;  
my soul, slack not thy toil,  
But light thy lamp, and feed it well,  
and make it bright with oil;

Thou knowest not how soon may  
sound the cry at eventide,  
Behold, the Bridegroom comes. Arise!  
He comes to meet the Bride.

Beware, my soul! take thou good heed,  
lest thou in slumber lie,  
And, like the five, remain without,  
and knock, and vainly cry;  
But watch, and bear thy lamp un-  
dimmed, and CHRIST shall gird  
thee on  
His own bright wedding-robe of light—  
the glory of the SON.

To Thee, O SAVIOUR, now we bring  
the tribute of our praise,  
Too small for Thee, O Bridegroom  
blest, but all that we can raise:  
All praise to Thee, great THREE in  
ONE, the GOD Whom we adore,  
As was, and is, and shall be done, when  
time shall be no more. Amen.

## HYMNS FOR THE SEASONS.

## A D V E N T.

## MORNING.

*Now it is high time to awake out of sleep.*

*I come forth from the Father, and am come into the world.*

94

C.M.

SUPERNAL WORD, proceeding from  
The Eternal FATHER's breast,  
And, in the end of ages, come  
To aid a world distrest;

Enlighten, LORD, and set on fire  
Our spirits with Thy love,  
That, dead to earth, they may aspire  
And live to joys above.

That when the Judgment-seat on high  
Shall fix the sinner's doom,  
And to the just a glad voice cry,  
Come to your destined home,—

Safe from the black and fiery flood  
Of restless, endless, pain,  
We may behold the Face of God,  
The bliss in heaven attain.

To FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,  
The GOD Whom we adore,  
From men and from the angel-host  
Be praise for evermore. Amen.

95

8.7.

HARK! the Baptist's voice is sounding:  
Night is spent, it seems to cry:  
Cast away the works of darkness;  
Day is dawning; CHRIST is nigh.

Startled by the solemn warning,  
Let the earth-bound soul arise:  
CHRIST our Sun, all gloom dispelling,  
Shines upon the morning skies.

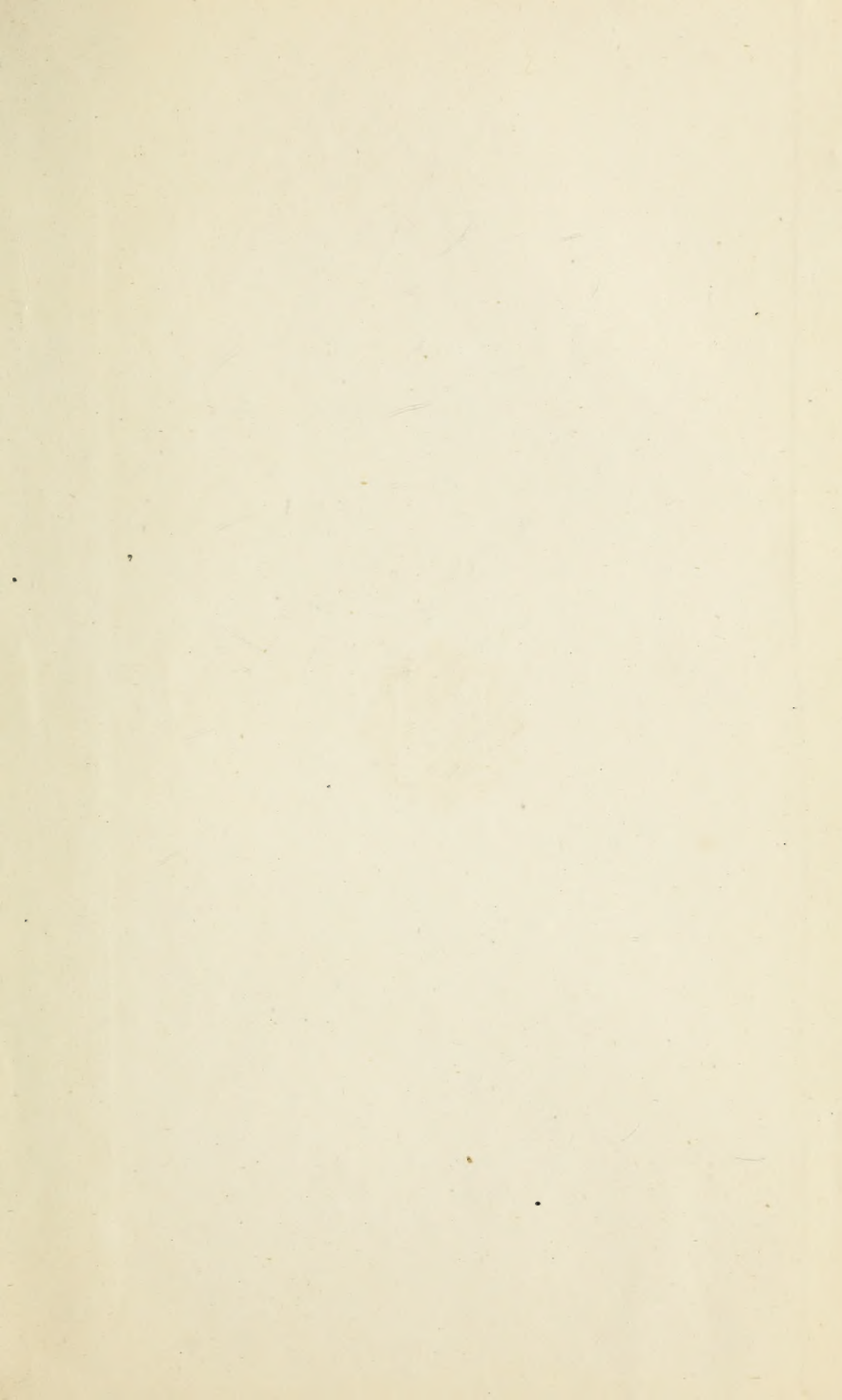
Lo! the LAMB, so long expected,  
Comes with pardon down from  
heaven;  
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,  
One and all, to be forgiven:

That, when next He comes in glory,  
And the earth is girt with dread,  
He may of His love forgive us,  
And His wing above us spread.

Honour, glory, might and blessing,  
To the FATHER and the SON,  
With the Everlasting SPIRIT,  
While eternal ages run. Amen.







450





\* \* THE \* \*

HYMNARY.

CARITAS

SPES

FIDIS